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CONTENTS OF NO. XI.

ART

PAGE

I	THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND	1
	1. The Philanthropist, and Prison and Reformatory Gazette, &c. Nos. 1—21. London; 1855-57	
	2. The Authorised Report of the First Provincial Meeting of the National Reformatory Union, held at Bristol, August 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1856. London: Cash, Bishopsgate Street.	
	3. First Annual Report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union. Presented at the Annual Meeting, February 11th, 1857. Office, 118, Pall Mall, London.	
	4. The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy. Vols. XI. and XII. 1856-57. Philadelphia: Edward C. and John Biddle.	
	5. The Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge. Philadelphia: Published by order of the Board of Contributors. T. K. and P. G. Collins, Printers; 1856.	
	6. Colonie Agricole et Penitenciaire de Mettray. Rapport Annuel adressé à MM. les Membres de la Société Paternelle. Dix-septième Année.	
II	EGYPT AND THE WHITE NILE	24
	Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot," &c. Second Edition. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co., Ludgate Hill; 1855.	
III	EPITAPHS: EUROPEAN AND INDIAN.....	64
	1. <i>Fabiola</i> ; or, The Church of the Catacombs. London: Burns and Lambert. 1855.	



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ART. I.—THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

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PHILANTHROPY is essentially cosmopolitan. It knows no distinctions of caste or country, but, like the pure faith from which it emanates, embraces the whole human race. We do not feel that we owe an apology to our readers for introducing to their notice a movement which is rapidly extending to all portions of

the civilised world, and which cannot be without interest to those who are engaged in carrying out the judicial system of our Anglo-Indian Empire.

There is something jarring at times in the application of new names to old things, and philanthropy would have sounded more familiar had it called itself by its pristine name of "brotherly love." There is a distinction, no doubt, between the ordinary virtue of charity and modern philanthropy, which may almost be regarded as the offspring of the last two centuries. Christianity had existed for nearly eighteen hundred years, and during that time we trust that several myriads of Christians had died in the unction of charity, before John Howard inculcated the amelioration of prisons, or William Wilberforce urged the abolition of negro slavery. Philanthropy is an extension or generalising of the principle of charity upon the basis of modern science and knowledge. Christianity tends towards certain general principles which form no part of its immediate action upon individual souls. For instance, many a good Christian has been a slave-holder, and yet his religion, rightly understood, tends to the abolition of slavery. So also many thousands of the faithful have been, and are, soldiers, and yet Christianity tends to the cessation of war. It is thus that the generalities of modern philanthropy may be considered as developments of the original virtue of charity, which was presented to Christians, in the first place, as an individual principle of action.

John Howard, who was one of the progenitors of modern philanthropy, may be regarded as the forerunner of this particular movement to which we desire to introduce our readers. The miserable and cruel system of prison discipline which, before his time, existed in almost every country in Christendom, was founded upon the erroneous notion of retaliation. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," are the principles of the divine law of the Old Testament, and are founded upon the great truth of God's hatred for sin and the chastisements which he has always attached to it. Christianity, while it acknowledges the evils of sin, is prohibited by its rule of mercy from dealing out vengeance against it. The only principle upon which, as Christians, we can properly inflict temporal punishment, seems to be that of prevention. At all events this became the great cry of philanthropy, in its endeavour to ameliorate the condition of prisons in almost every country in Christendom. This was the second phasis in the movement, but there was a further step to which the originators of our penitentiaries and model prisons had not yet attained. The

well-constructed gaol, with its converging corridors ventilated and heated with hot air, its separate cells provided with cranks, or arranged for industrial and reproductive discipline, its cleanliness, order, and excellent sanitary condition, were found ineffective in one most important respect, namely, in producing the reformation of the criminal. Philanthropy had not done half its work when it had only succeeded in persuading society to refrain from vengeance and cruelty. The mission of Christianity remained unaccomplished until the criminal could be converted into a penitent. The third phasis in the amelioration of prison discipline is, therefore, the reformatory movement.

Early in the present century several isolated experiments were made in various countries to reform juvenile criminals. In ethical as in the natural sciences, discoveries are often contemporaneous. The human mind having arrived at certain premises through a similarity of knowledge and the intercommunication of thought, simultaneously adopts the natural conclusions to which they lead. Thus in England, in Germany, in America, and in France, often without any collusion and within a few years of each other, reformatory schools for juvenile criminals sprang into existence.

It has been usual to trace reformatories to the "*Colonies Agricoles*," first established by Pestalozzi, in Switzerland, more than eighty years ago; but the first decided attempt to reform juvenile criminals seems to have been that of the Philanthropic Society founded by Robert Young in 1788. These were isolated sparks which were not destined to burst into a flame until many years later. One of the first reformatory schools, in the modern acceptation of the word, was that founded by the Magistrates of Warwickshire, at Stretton, on Dunsmore, in 1818, when the boys were employed in agricultural labour. That attempt was before its age, and unfortunately failed through a want of interest in the public, and when its first founders were no longer able to direct its operations.

The next reformatory movement, in point of date, seems to be that of the United States of America, when the New York House of Refuge was opened in 1824, and the Philadelphia House of Refuge in 1826. Both these institutions are still in existence and prospering. Like the English Philanthropic Society, they appear to have sprung into being without any external promptings. They have been imitated in several other cities in the Union; where the system seems to meet with general approval. They are not, however, founded upon the European principle, which originated in the *Ranhe Haus* at Hamburg, and was perfected by M. De

Metz at Mettray, namely, that of the "*Colonie Agricole*." All English authorities on reformatories seem at length to have fallen in with the fundamental notion that "in a boys' school agricultural work should, if possible, be made the principal standing occupation." We are quoting one of the very greatest and most experienced of our juvenile reformers, Miss Carpenter, the founder of the Kingswood, and the superintendent of the Red Lodge Reformatory at Bristol. She goes on to say: "The healthful invigorating influence of country out-door labour in the midst of the works of nature, has been frequently dwelt on, and can be hardly overstated both in its moral and its physical effects. Agricultural work is of a very varied nature; it affords an innocent and pleasing excitement; it calls into action all the muscles, and gives a strength and flexibility to the frame of boys, which they would not acquire so well by any other means. It is thus a good preparation for any subsequent trade in which it may be thought well to instruct them, as well as peculiarly calculated to fit them for emigration. All should, in general, be trained to it in the first instance, and should be occupied in it a part of every day. The care of animals has been found to have a beneficial moral effect, and awakens the kindly sympathies."

This was the very principle which some of the earlier efforts, and, among others, the English Philanthropic Society and the projectors of the American Houses of Refuge, had entirely overlooked.

The great Philadelphian Institution, before mentioned, contained, on the first of January 1855, three hundred and sixty-four inmates, of whom 251 were white, and 113 coloured boys and girls. The report named at the head of our article, states that much difficulty had been experienced in finding industrial employment for the boys, owing to a diminished demand for manufactured articles during the past year. In the white department the boys had been hired out to a razor-strop manufacturer, who contracted with the institution for their services. The report states that the contract had lately been withdrawn, and that the deficiency of employment consequent upon this withdrawal had only been partially supplied by the manufacture of slates. The institution had subsequently sustained a further reverse in the loss of a contract for book-binding, thus leaving the manufacture of cane seats, slates, and umbrella-furniture, as the future employments for the boys, who were kept out of work until the new workshop buildings could be placed in a condition for their occupancy. Hitherto a considerable proportion of the boys had

been sent out to work at the manufactories, but in consequence of the withdrawal of two important contracts, it became necessary to provide accommodation for them at home. The report goes on to state that the boys in the coloured department were engaged in the manufacture of umbrella-furniture, and the making and mending of shoes for the inmates of the white as well as the coloured department. Unfortunately, "the contractor for the manufacture of umbrella-furniture had not been able to employ steadily as large a number as formerly ; and throughout the year *a considerable portion of the male inmates have been engaged but for a small part of the time at any industrial employment, save sewing and knitting, which make little or no pecuniary return to the institution.*"

If any confirmation were required of the remarks of Miss Carpenter, or the views of M. De Metz, we should find it in the report of the Philadelphian Refuge. Even setting aside the questionable position taken up by some of the more zealous managers of reformatories, that by teaching the boys a trade you are placing them in a better social position than the children of honest labourers, there is always a greater difficulty in providing for artisans or handicraftsmen of any kind, than for the ordinary tillers and delvers of the soil. Whether he remains at home or emigrates to a colony, the ordinary labourer, and more especially one who is accomplished in farm husbandry, is tolerably certain to obtain employment. The artisan, on the other hand, is in danger of finding the market overstocked. The demand for labour in husbandry is so far greater than that of any particular handicraft, even those of shoemaking and tailoring, which are often at fault for want of it. It is found, too, that the ordinary system of apprenticeship is exactly adapted to supply the labour market with the requisite number of artisans in these common trades, and hence if you introduce additional hands from other sources, the market is immediately glutted. If this evil is felt with regard to the common trade of shoemaking, which is unquestionably in great requisition, what must be the result of an oversupply of umbrella-makers, or of manufacturers of cane seats, slates, and razor-strops ? It is not, however, to be presumed that the managers of the Refuge ever contemplated turning their boys adrift to make razor-strops and umbrellas in every village of the Union. The fact is, as they themselves state, that they find very great difficulty in employing their boys at all, and as their superintendent declares, they laboured under very great disadvantage in not having all their boys employed. There is only one remedy

for this. The school of the English Philanthropic Society was once similarly situated, and found an effective cure in the example of Mettray, which its able chaplain, the Rev. Sydney Turner—who, as we are pleased to say, is now appointed to the office of Government Inspector of Reformatories—has followed with signal success at Redhill.

An agricultural training possesses this great advantage over any other, that it provides the boys with an article for which they can always find a market in after life. In America the case may be different, and we understand that whatever difficulties may have been felt in furnishing employment within the walls of their refuges, there has always been an immediate demand for the services of the boys as soon as they have left these institutions. It is possible, too, that, owing to the great emigration of Irish agricultural labourers, artisans and handicraftsmen may find a readier disposal of their industry than ploughmen and diggers. It is certain that this security of employment has hitherto been the main cause of the success of the American refuges, which has been so great as to have led to a very widely-spread system of reformatory discipline in that country long before its development in Europe. It will probably be found, however, that as population increases, the demand for artificers will become less certain, and we think we can trace symptoms of the growth of such a tendency in the report before us, where it is stated that “there has been a greatly diminished demand for manufactured articles throughout America during the past year.” Whether this really means for the articles themselves, or for the labour, we cannot tell; but the latter conclusion appears the more probable. The reformatory training of the boys should unquestionably have reference, above all things, to their after lives, but we cannot help thinking that even granting the demand which exists in America for handicraftsmen, there are advantages in farm labour which cannot be attained through a more sedentary training. We prefer appealing to the testimony of one experienced in the matter, and will therefore quote the words of Mr. James Edmond Harries, the Governor of the Hurst Refuge, Walton-on-Thames, to whose able *Essay on Boys’ Reformatories*, the second prize was awarded by the Reformatory and Refuge Union since the commencement of the present year. He says:—

“Any sedentary labour, such as tailoring, shoemaking, &c., or in fact any shop-work where lads are huddled together in large numbers, cannot be considered advantageous to moral training. The silent system tends to a depression of spirits; while with no

restraint, or even such moderate restriction as an industrial teacher may be expected to be able to enforce, there remains a tendency to too much levity, loquacity, contamination, and restlessness. Therefore, however desirable it may be to teach each lad to mend his own clothes, it is not advisable to teach either tailoring or shoemaking in reformatories or refuges, with a view to the lads following such as their trade in future life. It is maintained that such trades never can be effectively taught in such schools. Experience teaches that although some may become expert in a few months, not one in fifty ever follow such training as their trade. It may be concluded that no handicraft, where large numbers are kept together almost stationary during their work, can be considered conducive to effectual moral training. Hence, is it not desirable that all reformatories and refuges should be established in the country, where the inmates can breathe a healthy atmosphere, and escape both the moral and physical contamination of crowded cities; removed from their old haunts and former companions, to begin the world anew under a more favourable sanitary regulation than they may have ever experienced before?" "These remarks," he observes, "may be considered digressive; but they are necessary as an introduction to what the writer has found to be by far the most desirable occupation for the inmates of our schools, viz., the cultivation of the soil. If it be correct that trades cannot be taught effectually in our schools, it is obvious that agricultural labour is the best training that can be given, inasmuch as it does not require much skill; is the last preparation for those who are destined to emigrate; is a healthy and invigorating work, well calculated to develop the muscle and strengthen the frame, *and an occupation in which proficiency is more easily attained.*"

Most of the earlier attempts at reformatories in Germany, as elsewhere, were established upon the system of training boys to trades; but the agricultural plan may be considered to have first taken its rise in Switzerland and Prussia, whence it found its way into Dr. Wichern's celebrated establishment of the *Ranhe Haus*, near Hamburgh, which was commenced in 1833. Dr. Wichern had been in the habit of visiting the wretched alleys of Hamburgh, a city notorious for the large proportion of its destitute and criminal population. A small band of philanthropists, of whom he was one, were burning to remedy this state of things. They hired a cottage surrounded by a few acres of land. Dr. Wichern filled it with a number of juvenile vagrants. As the number increased fresh cottages were built, and at the present moment the establishment is a hamlet consisting of upwards of twenty houses. The peculiarity of the *Ranhe Haus* consists in the small

families of which it is composed. Dr. Wichern's plan is to locate not more than twelve or fifteen children in each house, and every house is managed by a superintendent and four or five brothers, under the direction of a young candidate for holy orders in the Lutheran communion. These "brothers" are young men of from twenty to thirty years of age, of the very best character from the class of mechanics, who undergo a training of three or four years, after which they devote their life to such and similar establishments. A few years since the English public were surprised by the discovery that sisterhoods were not limited to the Roman communion, but that large establishments of women, devoted to works of mercy, had for some time flourished among the Protestants of Germany. The good example was not lost upon us. There are charitable objects of such a nature that no married or unmarried ladies, fettered by the ties of domestic life, can well undertake them, and this great fact and its remedy seemed to receive their confirmation amid the terrible carnage of Sebastopol. We should, probably, do well to learn a second lesson from our German neighbours, and thus open a career to hundreds of young men of the middle class, whose vocation would lead them to devote their lives to objects of Christian philanthropy. The young "brothers" from the *Ranhe Haus* not only get employment as managers of reformatory schools all over Germany, but they are enlisted as heads of all sorts of charitable establishments, such as hospitals and asylums. The Government of Wirtemberg employed six of them in a prison, where they were dressed in the common prison dress, and set to live and work with the prisoners for the purpose of reforming them. They are also employed as schoolmasters, "*colporteurs*," city missionaries, and Scripture readers. Mr. George Bunsen, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons in 1852, stated that the poor Germans in London were visited by three German city missionaries, all "brothers" from the *Ranhe Haus*, and that others were labouring with equal devotion in Paris, in Naples, and in Constantinople.

M. De Metz professedly founded Mettray upon the model of the *Ranhe Haus*. Early in the reign of Louis Philippe, the French Government had appointed a commission to inquire into the best means of reforming juvenile criminals. That commission arrived at the conclusion that agricultural training was best calculated to accomplish the object in view. M. De Metz himself, at that time President of the Court of Appeal in Paris, was a member of this commission. He was deputed, together with M. Léon Faucher, to inspect the *Colonies Agricoles* already founded

by the Governments of Belgium and Holland as establishments for penal servitude and for pauperism. The unsatisfactory condition of these State institutions induced M. De Metz to pursue his researches into Germany, where he became acquainted with the *Ranhe Haus* at Hamburg. He was so deeply impressed by what he saw there, and so thoroughly satisfied as to what was the true system for juvenile reformatories, that he returned to Paris, and, resigning his high judicial appointment, determined to devote himself to the voluntary work of establishing a *Colonie Agricole* for young criminals. An old friend and former schoolfellow joined him in the great work. This latter, the *Vicomte de Courtoites*, gave up his estate at Mettray, near Tours, for the purpose, and in 1839 the two friends set to work in earnest to establish the colony.

The self-denying spirit in which these Christian philanthropists embarked in their undertaking, reminds us of the achievements of some of the early saints. No work could be found more truly worthy of such pure self-denial, since it is indeed part and parcel of the Gospel mission. Miss Carpenter has thus admirably expressed his truth in her late essay, which is given in the February number of the "*Philanthropist*," cited at the commencement of our article. "The work of a reformatory," says this eminent follower of De Metz, "approaches more nearly than any other which can be imagined to that for which the Saviour came into the world—to seek and to save that which is lost—to lead back sinners from the error of their ways, to rescue souls from death, to cover a multitude of sins."

After building a certain number of houses capable of containing 40 boys each, the two philanthropists, keeping in view the "brotherhood" at the *Ranhe Haus*, opened a training school for the purpose of preparing a number of young men as superintendents. These superintendents receive salaries, and two or three of them are located in each house of 40 boys, which is called a "family." Here is a falling-off from the more perfect supervision of Dr. Wichern's institution, where there are no fewer than four or five brothers in each cottage of from twelve to fifteen children. M. De Metz confesses that he should have preferred smaller families, and one of our reformatory authorities, who has studied Mettray most profoundly, has declared his conviction that, "taking into account the necessary consideration of economy of cost, and some other matters of convenience in point of discipline, perhaps about twenty-five under one roof is the best number. Such at least," he says, "is the opinion which I found expressed

by De Metz and others, who have had most experience in the matter."

In a paper by Lord Brougham, read at the Provincial Meeting of the National Reformatory Union, which was held at Bristol in August last, it is stated, upon the authority of M. Duchatel, formerly Minister of the Interior, that—

"Of 669 boys received in six years, 197 were placed out as reformed, of whom only 12 have relapsed. The deaths are under two in the hundred yearly, and many constitutions enfeebled by disease have been restored to sound health. The (annual) expenses are between £11 and £12 a head. The extent of ground is about 500 acres of middling land. The boys are distributed into families of forty each, under an officer of the establishment called the father, and two elder brethren chosen by themselves; no choice has ever proved otherwise than well-directed. The food and clothing are plain, but comfortable; the labour regular—two-thirds working in the fields and gardens, the rest in workshops—the instruction, both secular and religious, is carefully attended to. Punishments are rarely found necessary, and these consist chiefly in restraint from out-door work and from walking. No restraint to prevent escape is found necessary, the common remark being, 'We don't want walls at Mettray.' No instance of an escape has ever occurred. Far from any difficulty being found in obtaining places for them, master-workmen, farmers and gardeners, are anxious to obtain more than can be supplied. Magistrates of towns, curés (rectors) of country parishes, commanders of regiments, in fine, all under whose superintendence they happen to come, bear a willing testimony to their excellent conduct: and some have so distinguished themselves as to obtain prizes for promotion. They themselves write in touching language, expressing their grateful recollections of Mettray, the spot to which, in the struggles of after life, their eyes are often directed, as the *Alma Mater* which they quitted with regret."

At the same Bristol Conference at which Lord Brougham's paper was read, and of which the authorised report stands second on our list of publications, the audience assembled at the meeting of Section A., at the Queen's Head, were both interested and instructed by the account of Mr. Frederick Hill's visit to Mettray. He describes his first impression on approaching Mettray, to have been one of astonishment at the utterly defenceless and unguarded appearance of an establishment which he knew to contain many hundreds of juvenile criminals of the worst description. You enter a wicket gate, and approach a cluster of houses which have the appearance of a hamlet, lying in the midst of a rich farm.

The church forms the central object in the village, and its steeple is seen from a considerable distance across the plain. The sacred structure, simple and unpretending as it is, gives a tone and character to the place. The air of Mettray is religious, and yet religion is not obtruded into the system. The utmost caution is exercised in offering the slightest inducement to individual acts of devotion. If a boy wishes to be devout he must face the consequences, as he would have afterwards to face them in the world. Confession and communion are made purely optional, and no notice is taken by the authorities, whether the boys approach these sacred ordinances or not. If a boy chooses to communicate, any fault which he may commit during the ensuing week receives *double punishment*. There are two Sunday services in the church, which all the boys attend, but on other days they have only family prayers in each house. The church is always open, but if a boy wishes to enter it for private devotion, he must do so during play time, which is very short. Every precaution is taken to prevent any hypocritical assumption of devotion, a sin to which M. De Metz considers these sort of boys peculiarly liable, if they can serve any end of their own by it.

At first sight, many persons, most hostile to Roman practices, might be led to imagine that their discipline of confession would afford a powerful adjunct to a *reformatory* system. In female penitentiaries, the fallen and degraded class for which they are established are frequently benefited by opening their grief to an experienced spiritual guide; but with these boys the case is wholly different, and M. De Metz, although a most devoted and pious Roman Catholic, has given it no prominent place in his plan. It is obvious that confession presupposes a moral sense, which in these boys is entirely wanting. So far from feeling shame, they would, in most cases, enjoy a sense of satisfaction in detailing those crimes which exhibited their own cleverness and skill. The primary work in the reformatory system must be to form in the boys a conscience upon which to work. No good can be done until that is achieved; but this is no mere human work, and requires prayer and patience in those who undertake these institutions.

We are told that nothing can exceed the cleanliness and neatness of the houses at Mettray. The furniture is very simple. Each boy takes it in turn to act as servant to the "family," and to make the beds for the household. The bed-rooms serve also as eating-rooms, the ventilation being so complete as to prevent any injurious consequences. The boys sleep in hammocks, which at night are suspended from one end from hooks in the walls, and

at the other from moveable poles, which can be taken down and replaced in a few minutes; so that during the day the room is clear for other purposes. The variety of articles in each room, and their neat arrangement on shelves, together with the little pictures adorning the walls (each of which is a reward for the general good conduct of the "family"), "give," we are told, "the appearance of a Swiss cottage, or of the chief room in the well-ordered cottage of a Scotch peasant, which serves for his kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-room."

The chief occupation of the boys is farm labour and the plainer kind of handicrafts connected with agriculture. This prepares them for their destination in after life; for, with the exception of those who go into the army and navy (and they are a third of the whole number), they, most of them, become agricultural labourers. A large proportion of these criminal children are, as might be expected, either orphans, illegitimate, or the children of convicts. The average period of detention is five years. All who have visited Mettray have been struck with the superiority of the countenances and general appearance of the elder boys, who have been a considerable time in the colony, over those who have recently entered its precincts—a fact which speaks strongly in favour of the reformatory system. There is a general appearance of good health among the boys. Their food is plain, but of good quality and well cooked, and their clothing is like that of the neighbouring peasantry, exhibiting no badge of degradation.

There is one peculiarity in the system of M. De Metz which deserves notice, and which might be imitated with advantage among ourselves. We allude to the system of *patronage*. The managers of Mettray find out the destination of the boys about to leave them, and place them under the watchful care of a *patron*, who from time to time corresponds with the institution, and affords the boy assistance in case of illness or want of employment. These patrons, who are often gentlemen living in different parts of the country, as well as colonels of regiments, undertake to visit or look after the youths under their care from time to time, in order to show them that they are not forgotten by those who have taken an interest in them, and to report periodically to the heads of the society at Mettray as to whether they are going on satisfactorily. There is a great demand for these boys for various situations, which is owing to the excellent training they receive.

There are Sisters of Charity to look after the boys who are sick. Mr. Frederick Hill, in his admirable paper to which we have already referred, and to which we are so much indebted,

suggests that the working of Mettray would be still further improved by an extended use of this female element in its composition ; and if, not only in illness, but in health, each "family" were superintended by a Sister of Charity, the feminine influence would do much to soften the general tone, and to impart still more of a "family" character to each of these households.

During the National Reformatory Meeting at Bristol last August, Mr. Wheatley, who has established a reformatory in the West Riding, and who is well acquainted with the working of Mettray, stated that he regarded the system pursued there "as too penal ; that the penal idea seemed the prominent one there ; for while the punishments were positive, the rewards were only negative—based upon the absence of punishment. The effect," he said, "of this system must be, he feared, to destroy or hinder the full development of individual character, fear having a contracting influence." The system of rewards pursued at Mettray is collective. It consists in giving a flag called the *Drapeau d'honneur*, to be displayed upon the house of that "family" which has had the smallest number of its members punished during the week. The advantage of this is, that it gives each boy a direct interest in the good conduct of his companions. On the other hand it is liable to abuse, and Mr. Wheatley states that he himself discovered that the family which had carried off the *Drapeau* for a third time, while he was there, was less strict in its discipline than the rest, and had consequently administered fewest punishments.

France and Germany have unquestionably taken the lead in the reformatory movement, and have tried the experiment upon a far more extensive scale than has yet been attempted in England. In the former country the institution at Mettray has led to the foundation of eleven others, of which five are private undertakings, and six under the direct authority of Government. Lyons, Bordeaux, Rouen, Orleans, and various other cities, now possess the inestimable advantages of such establishments. There are about 4,000 juvenile criminals receiving education in them, rescued from guilt and suffering, and being prepared for their restoration to society. Germany is still more in advance. In 1852, the number of reformatories in Germany already amounted to sixty-nine, since which period it has greatly increased. Besides this, there are similar institutions in Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Russia. A considerable proportion of the German reformatories were raised by private charity and the devoted exertions of individuals. In many instances the Government have contented

themselves with aiding and encouraging these private attempts, rather than endeavour to found such societies upon their own account, and we believe that we are right in stating that charitable efforts have invariably proved most successful.

In England, the movement has made immense progress during the last two years, but it is still immeasurably in arrear of the requirements of the country. It has been calculated that the annual supply of young offenders who are fit subjects for reformatories, is from 2,000 to 3,000, and that, assuming them to remain three years in the schools, accommodation would be required for about 9,000 children at once. The existing reformatories throughout the country are capable of containing about 2,700 children of both sexes. It is stated that of those who do not pass through reformatories, more than 70 per cent. relapse into crime.*

At present, all that has been efficiently done in England has been the work of private and voluntary enterprise. The Government school at Parkhurst was undertaken upon a different principle, and is conducted in a spirit which is entirely at variance with that of the modern reformatories. Up to the present time the Government has encouraged the voluntary movement, which bids fair, if left to itself, to supply, in some measure at least, the great demand which is felt for these institutions. All the Acts of Parliament which had been passed before the last Session, seemed intended to act as stimulants to private undertakings. The several Acts of 17 and 18 Victoria, chapter 86, passed in 1854, the Amending Act of 18 and 19 Victoria, chapter 87, in 1855, and the Act of 1856, proposed and carried by the exertions of Sir Stafford Northcote (19 & 20 Vict., chapter 109) all imply that, while reformatories are recognised as expedient for the cure of juvenile crime, the State will but discharge its duty by allowing and encouraging individual benevolence to carry out the work. The first of the above-named Acts, which Miss Carpenter calls the charter of reformatory schools, opens by declaring that, "Whereas reformatory schools for the better training of juvenile offenders have been and may be established by voluntary contributions in various parts of Great Britain, and it is expedient that more extensive use should

* The number of reformatories in England already certified under the 17th and 18th Victoria, c. 86, is thirty-four, capable of containing about 1,500 children. This number does not include the Philanthropic Society's School at Redhill, and several of the older established reformatory schools in and around the metropolis. Besides this, there are twenty certified reformatories in Scotland, of which the numbers are uncertain.

be made of such institutions," certain enactments shall be made. The numerous country gentlemen and other philanthropists who have practically embarked in the reformatory movement—the Barwick Bakers, the Wheatleys, the Adderleys, the Northcotes, and scores of others who have entered heart and soul into the voluntary principle, seem very naturally prepared to defend that principle at all hazards. Their consternation may be imagined, when they now find their boasted charter likely to be set aside by Sir George Grey's new Act, brought in with the object of enabling Courts of Quarter Sessions to establish new reformatories, and to subsidise existing ones by means of a rate, over the expenditure of which they are to exercise a control. This our philanthropists consider must tend to the overthrow of all purely individual management.

The promoters of the movement say, and say truly, that personal influence is essential to sound reformatory treatment. The results of the Ranhe Haus and Mettray would never have been produced by a staff of paid officials, especially if they were under the economical supervision of a committee of magistrates appointed by Quarter Sessions. At the same time, it would be quite possible for Government, or any governing body, to select a Dr. Wichern, a De Metz, a Bengough, or a Miss Carpenter, and, by affording them ample means, to enable them to extend their efforts to a wider sphere in order to meet the requirements of the country. Even the warmest advocates for the voluntary system cannot deny the fact of its inadequacy.

"We cannot disguise our conviction," says one of their journals, the '*Philanthropist*,' "that the efforts of our country gentry, honourable and useful as they are, will be comparatively of small account while our metropolis and large towns remain neglected. The crime of our country districts is small in amount, and mild in its mischievous and especially its infectious character, compared with that of London, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool." While Mr. Barwick Baker is clearing Cheltenham of its 19 twice-convicted boys, there are 2,500 criminals under fifteen, living by theft and vice within ten miles of Charing Cross. How can benevolent country squires, or even such philanthropists as Mr. Hanbury or Mr. Bowyer, do much towards stemming this amazing torrent of vice? Surely some machinery, besides mere individual benevolence, is required to meet the evil!

We fully agree with Miss Carpenter and Sir Stafford Northcote, that Quarter Sessions and committees of magistrates are not qualified to manage a reformatory. There is something in the

magisterial contact, destructive of all that delicacy of treatment which is the very essence of these institutions. It almost invariably happens that the business of Quarter Sessions falls into the hands of some two or three plodding, business-like justices, who are willing to give up their time to county business for the sake of acquiring the county management. It rarely occurs that these are men of very enlarged views; but in almost every instance they will be found to be possessed of those strict notions of order and discipline, which are the frequent accompaniments of business-like habits. Nothing can be better fitted than they are for the regulation of county finance, or for the control of the police force and the gaol; but when it comes to matters which require constant supervision and very delicate treatment, they are obviously disqualified from directly attempting anything of the kind.

Fortunately we have a somewhat apposite parallel in the new lunatic asylums. Philanthropists had established the fact that the mode of treating the insane was not only cruel in the extreme, but also inexpedient and costly, since it failed to restore to health the victims whom it tortured. These philanthropists opened private asylums, wherein they demonstrated most conclusively, not only that they could effect a cure by humane treatment, but that such an effect could only be produced where the institutions were confided to the care of very able and experienced managers. Nevertheless, the County Lunatic Asylum Bill was passed, and every county was obliged to levy a rate for the purpose of building and supporting a lunatic asylum on the new principle. Philanthropy in that case rejoiced in the step, which turned out as they had anticipated, a triumph. The Courts of Quarter Sessions levied rates, and appointed committees of management and sub-committees of inspection, and all without in the least interfering with the authority and control of the efficient practical managers. The new county asylums are, in all respects probably, superior to the best private institutions. The authorities have subsidised the best individual superintendence which could be procured, and have given stability and permanence to institutions which, if they had been dependent upon private benevolence (for we are speaking of the pauper establishments), would have been insecure and ephemeral. Private asylums and private reformatories, especially where, as in the case of a large proportion of the latter, they are the creation and possession of single individuals, are obviously only temporary, and it seems desirable that where so great an interest is at stake as the reformation of the

public criminals of the country, there should be some security as to their permanence. Supposing Mr. M. or Lord N. were to die suddenly, and that their heirs were unwilling to continue the reformatories now existing upon their estates, and mainly supported by them, what would be the consequence? Who could prevent the establishments from being broken up, and the young criminals being turned adrift upon society? This want of durability, taken in conjunction with the inadequacy of private efforts to supply the enormous requirements of the country, are the main arguments in favour of Sir George Grey's Bill. We are willing to allow that there are certain difficulties to be got over in this reformatory question, which do not present themselves in that of the county lunatic asylums; such, for instance, as the diversity of religious persuasions. We have never heard the point mooted with respect to pauper lunatics, and people seem content to let the poor creatures, of whatever denomination, attend the public services in the chapel and the instructions of the chaplain. What would the Courts of Quarter Sessions do about Roman Catholic and Quaker reformatories? They cannot in justice deny them a portion of those public rates to which all contribute. A diversity of religious instruction in the same reformatory would be highly objectionable, and still more so the exclusion or dilution of that instruction, for the supposed purpose of rendering it palatable to all denominations of rate-payers; but these are difficulties which must be faced in a country where, as in England, there is an infinite multiplicity of sects.

Nor is the question limited to schools for criminal children. The same industrial training which is found so beneficial in the case of juveniles tainted with crime, is equally efficacious with respect to that far more numerous class of destitute and pauper children from which the criminal population is supplied, in preserving them from the contamination of crime. The cause of industrial district schools for pauper children, although less exciting to the imagination than that of reformatories for young thieves who have led a romantic career of street depredations, is one equally serviceable to the community, and probably more successful in its results. The annals of the excellent school at Quatt, in Shropshire, are, in their way, as instructive as those of Mettray. In that school the pauper children of four Unions are not only rescued from the degrading atmosphere of the workhouse, but are trained to habits of industry, which an experience of seventeen years has proved to be perfectly efficacious in breaking them from their early associations,

and making them good and useful members of society. It appears to us that in any future legislation upon the subject of these institutions, the question of reformatories should not be separated from that of pauper schools, and that if the voluntary principle is to prevail in the one case, it should not be refused in the other. The same religious difficulties present themselves in each, and might no doubt be got over with the same facility in the criminal, as they have been hitherto in the pauper schools. *

If permanence and stability could be given to the voluntary system, we cannot help thinking that under those circumstances, and assisted by the present high rate of Government allowance, that system would be the best. There is always a danger of routine and something like red-tapeism creeping into institutions directly under the control of governing bodies, and the slightest admission of such a spirit into reformatories, would be their ruin. How such permanence and stability can be given to our English reformatories, is a problem which has yet to be solved. The Ranne Haus appears to have provided for the future by its extensive "brotherhood," consisting, as we have already described it, of young men who voluntarily enter the establishment and are trained to the management of the children. So also at Mettray, M. De Metz is careful to inoculate his numerous assistants with his views and with his admirable mode of superintendence. The English Roman Catholic reformatories at St. Bernard's, in Leicestershire, and at Arno's Court, near Bristol, are managed by religious orders of which the permanence is a guarantee to the continuance of the institutions. Of the former we have before us a report just issued, in which it is stated that they have already 144 juvenile delinquents within its walls, and have room for 300 boys. The latter is a reformatory for girls, and is under the care of nuns of the order of the Good Shepherd—an order founded in France within the present century, for the especial purpose for training orphans, and reforming penitents and criminals. We are informed that in every respect this female reformatory stands among the very first of the kind in England. Its superiority to most others consists in the numerous and skilfully-trained staff who conduct its management. Besides three assistants and five subordinates, there are ten sisters who devote themselves to the work, one being charged with the religious, another with the secular instruction; a third teaches needlework; a fourth presides over the dormitories; and thus, we are told, a complete organisation is effected, and a constant supervision kept up. The great want in most English reformatories, that of an effective staff, is not felt here. "It is

impossible," says the authorised report of the National Reformatory Union, "to over-estimate the influence which these devoted women, who have the advantage of rank, high education, and refined minds, can bring to bear on the criminals and outcasts committed to their care." The same document states that "several of the poor children had begged (after a very short acquaintance with the place) to be allowed to stay more than the five years of their sentence."

There seems no reason why the same sort of permanent machinery, that of "sisterhoods," should not be adopted in other female reformatories in England, or why the system of Dr. Wichern's *Ranhe Haus* should not be inoculated into our male schools for criminals. By such means as these the double object of durability, combined with the purely voluntary principle, might be amply secured.

We have said less of the particular efforts now being made in various parts of England than they perhaps deserve, ● our object has been rather to trace the movement to its source, in order to ascertain its principles. We cannot, however, altogether pass over the great work that is being done by our countrymen, who, if they have not produced Dr. Wichern or De Metz, can at all events boast of the great female apostle of the "movement," in Miss Mary Carpenter. Besides being the authoress of the standard work upon the subject—we allude to her essay published in 1851—she may be regarded as the foundress of two of the best reformatories in England, one for either sex.

The Kingswood school for boys, occupying a house near Bristol, erected by the celebrated John Wesley as a school for the sons of ministers, was opened by Miss Carpenter and Mr. Russell Scott, in September 1852, and remained under their sole management until May 1854. At that time it was a joint school for boys and girls, but Miss Carpenter, feeling the difficulty of reclaiming them while under the same roof, removed the girls to Red Lodge, which had just been opened in November of that year. The original managers resigned their functions early in 1854, owing to the dangerous illness of the one, and the removal from the neighbourhood of the other. At that time Mr. William Frere, the Senior Judge of our Sudder Court, happened to be in England, and to be residing with his family in the neighbourhood of Bristol. The reformatory was without a manager, when he kindly undertook its temporary direction, and continued for nearly a twelvemonth to superintend its whole practical management. In October 1855, on his return to India, he resigned his charge into

the hands of G. H. Bengough, Esquire, who had already shown his aptitude for juvenile reformation at Mr. Barwick Baker's school at Hardwicke, which he had assisted in organising in the spring of 1852. In September last Kingswood contained forty boys, of whom the greater proportion were employed in the cultivation of ten acres of land, of which four are pasture. Mr. Jelinger Symons complains that the management of the ground is somewhat defective; but he also expresses his regret that the soil is a light loam instead of being of a heavier quality. We cannot help thinking that in this he is totally at variance with M. De Metz, who considers facility of cultivation an encouragement to a class who require, in some measure, to be allured to industrial pursuits. Out of these forty boys, twenty-seven were employed on the land (which, by the way, seems very insufficient for the purpose), and the remaining thirteen were being instructed in tailoring and shoemaking. Of the school instruction, Mr. Symons reports with unqualified praise. Here, as in other reformatories, the managers are occasionally obliged to have recourse to severe punishments, and at Kingswood there are three strong cells varying in darkness. We observe in nearly all the reports of English reformatories, a great frequency of desertions. In the last report of Kingswood we are informed that six boys had recently absconded. When we contrast this with the assertion that no instance of an escape has ever occurred at Mettray, and take into consideration the vast difference of extent between Kingswood, Hardwicke, Stoke, or Woodbury, with their thirty or forty boys, and Mettray with its five hundred, we cannot help feeling that there must be something defective in the English schools, and that their superintendents have not yet fully mastered De Metz's secret of juvenile reformation.

The Kingswood report exhibits another assailable point in the English system:—

"It is much to be regretted," says this document, "that there exists so great a difficulty in ascertaining the fate of the children who leave our schools, a difficulty which your committee fear will always exist until some definite system of what the French call '*patronage*,' is regularly organised in this country. If the undertaking to procure employment for those who leave our schools be felt to be a difficulty, very much good might still be effected if persons in our large towns and country districts would undertake to watch over and report the progress, from time to time, of any boy or girl who by our means was placed out in the district in which they resided. Not only would the more constant and accurate intelligence, which would thus be gained, be a great

encouragement to the conductors of the school, and to the children still there, but it would assure the newly-emancipated scholar that after he had passed from the reformatory he would not escape the knowledge and approval, or disapproval, of those to whose opinion he had been accustomed to attach no inconsiderable importance."

Surely in such a country as England it would be easy to organise a system of "*patronage*" similar to that which M. De Metz has established in France. All that would be required to effect it, would be a little zeal and trouble upon the part of reformatory managers, who must all be interested in the step.

When it had been determined to separate the girls from the boys in the Kingswood reformatory, Miss Mary Carpenter undertook the superintendence of Red Lodge, whither the girls were removed. This female school contained, in 1856, forty-one girls, of whom thirty-seven were under sentences, and four were volunteers. We are informed, in the report of the present year, that "in the general discipline of the school it is attempted to combine strict and steady control, attention to order and regularity, and firmness in maintaining obedience, with that true love for the children, and evident desire to promote their comfort and happiness by all reasonable means, which can alone call forth a return of love in them, and inspire at the same time both respect and confidence. They are taught that they are not placed in the school as a punishment, but to save them from those consequences which must inevitably follow a continuance in their former mode of life. As the superintendent only is acquainted with their former delinquencies, they have now the opportunity of beginning with a new character, which their own future conduct must maintain. They are charged never to speak of their past misdeeds and associations; so much progress has now been made in this, that while in the early period of the school girls gloried in their former shame, recounted with exaggerations their ancient transgressions, and frequently indulged in what may be designated '*gaol gossip*'—it is now felt by the school to be a serious offence for any one to allude to the past history of any girl, and the *gaol* is only occasionally, referred to with shame, in private interviews with a teacher, as '*the place I came from.*' This kind of treatment of course entails more difficulty than a system of stern repression, but is already attended with far better results. Though a principle of steady obedience has not gained that firm footing which it is hoped that it will have in another year, and though the order and regularity is not what we may expect hereafter, the children *love* their

teachers, and have an evident confidence that even the punishment inflicted by them is intended solely for their benefit."

The industrial training of Miss Carpenter's school consists in washing, cooking, and house-work. They take in washing, and thus gain some remuneration for their work. Besides this, the girls are taught plain sewing and knitting, and orders are sent to the schools for such articles as are there made.

Before closing this account of Miss Carpenter's schools, we feel that it may be interesting to our readers to observe the mode recommended by that eminent philanthropist for the division of the day in these institutions:—

BOYS.

- 6 A. M.—Rise, private prayer, washing and dressing, beds turned down.
 6-30 School.
 8 Family worship, breakfast and play.
 9 Work in garden, classes, tailoring, shoemaking, &c.
 12-45 Wash, and prepare for dinner.
 1 Dinner and play.
 2 Work as before ; those in the forenoon in doors, now in the garden.
 4-45 Wash, and prepare for supper.
 5 Supper and play.
 6 School, family worship.
 8 Bed.

GIRLS.

- 6 A. M.—Rise, private prayer, wash and dress, beds turned down.
 6-30 Knitting and preparation of sewing, learning hymn and reading.
 8 Family worship, and breakfast.
 9 House-work for the whole school.
 10 School ; older girls at washing, &c.
 12-30 Play in the garden.
 1 Dinner and play.
 2 Sewing.
 5 Supper and play.
 6 Knitting ; older girls, school, and family worship.
 8 Bed.

Her table for Sunday is thus varied from those above given:—

MISS CARPENTER'S SUNDAY TABLE.

- 6-30 Rise, private prayer, wash and dress, arrange dormitories, &c.
 7 Learn hymn, catechism, &c.
 8 Breakfast and prayers.

- 9 Walk in garden.
- 9-30 School, repeat hymn, catechism, &c., read, and quiet
*occupation until time to prepare for public worship.
- 11 Public worship.
- 1 Dinner, walking in garden.
- 2-30 Religious instruction in the Scriptures.
- 4 Walking, or quiet employment in doors.
- 5 Supper.
- 6 Public worship.
- 8 Bed.

Having attempted to afford our Indian readers some notion of the reformatory system, both in its principles and practice, we cannot close our remarks without expressing our strong conviction that the time has come when this great philanthropic movement should be extended to our Asiatic Empire. Our Government has already adopted the reformatory principle on a large scale, with the most complete success, in respect to the Thugs, who, by means of an industrial training similar in kind to that of the European and American schools, have been weaned from a state of almost fiendish depravity, and trained to habits of industry and order. The races with whom we have to do are far more easily impressed for good or evil than any of those among whom the plan of Dr. Wichern and De Metz has hitherto been tried; and we have no doubt that the effects of combined conciliation and firmness will produce effects, both among our juvenile and elder criminals, quite as astonishing as any which have been witnessed at Mettray or elsewhere. Should *caste* present a difficulty, which we do not anticipate, it might be overcome by a careful subdivision of our reformatories, which must, for this purpose, be constructed upon a scale sufficiently extensive. Each subdivision might be located in a separate house, as at Mettray, but employed in a different occupation. "Where there is a will there is a way," and we feel confident that this great "experiment"—we might now almost say this great "discovery" of modern times—will not be neglected by those who rule the destinies, while they have at heart the welfare of our Indian provinces.

Dr. Buist's Industrial School is a good foundation for a reformatory in this island, and we should have expected that Mr. W. Frere, with the experience he had obtained in England, would before this have taken some steps towards the establishment of one. It is not too much to hope that he and other Indian philanthropists will, at no distant period, awake to a sense of what is expected from them.

ART. II.—EGYPT AND THE WHITE NILE.

Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot," &c. Second Edition. London : Sampson Low, Son, & Co., Ludgate Hill ; 1855.

WE do not remember to have ever read a more entirely agreeable book of travels than this. of Mr. Bayard Taylor. The author's own intense feelings of enjoyment transmit themselves, as by a sort of spiritual *rapport*, to his reader ; and as he floats up the glorious Nile, drinking in happiness through every sense, we seem, in reading his descriptions of all he sees, and hears, and feels, as though we were ourselves partakers in his joy ; the colouring of his landscapes and the perfume of his mimosa trees surrounding us, in fancy, with a like Elysium. His pictures have no affectation about them. The sensations he describes are evidently as real as they are charmingly depicted ; but as it is rarely, save in a tropical, or almost tropical climate, that such sensations of exhilaration, as a natural state of mind, are experienced after the period of early youth, few who have never left our foggy shores at home will be perhaps inclined to give the author credit for simple truth in his glowing descriptions. In England people are not happy merely because they are alive ; and among those who crave the physical sensation of happiness, there are some who are too often fain to create a false imitation of it by artificial means, which have their reaction ; but there is no reaction in the gentle intoxication of the sweet sunlight and pure air of Egypt. Man may enjoy this foretaste of paradise, as Adam enjoyed his Eden, without one disturbing thought of a *blue avenger* in prospect, to chequer his present bliss and overbalance it with future misery. Let those, therefore, who know what it is to feel *Novemberish* in England, and who do *not* know what it is to feel that life is in itself a joyous possession, settle their accounts, pack up their trunks, and take their passage to Alexandria.

Oh ! that first landing !—that first introduction to our fellow-man coloured like unto the very dust from whence he sprang, suggestive of the idea that we "flesh-coloured" Christians (as we conceitedly specialise our chalky hue) are but washed-out speci-

mens of the original Adam, and that we now, for the first time, behold the primeval tint of our first parent. That first sight of living camels, and of palm trees growing *au naturel* ; of turbans not in a masquerade or on the stage, but worn as the common head-gear of citizens in the open street ; of women with masked faces, to whom breathing does not seem to be a necessity of existence, dressed either in black robes, like nuns, or in white sheets, like ghosts, and who wear enormous yellow boots. Oh ! who can describe the inspiriting novelty of the scene !—the intense and delighted curiosity with which the eye glances rapidly from object to object at once so puzzlingly familiar, though so new ; puzzlingly familiar, from their having been a thousand times already seen in paintings, engravings, or on the stage ; and so creating a dreamy doubt as to whether what is gazed upon be indeed a reality of every-day life, and not a scenic representation.

Mr. Taylor does not favour his readers with more than a very slight sketch of Alexandria. The pillar misnamed “Pompey’s” is the only monument of antiquity he alludes to, and among the modern sights he does not appear to have visited even the Pacha’s palace, that Parisian-adorned barrack, fitted up with brocade and chandeliers for the delectation of one lone man. Yes, for a pair of male eyes only are those richly painted ceilings, those floors of tessellated wood, those hangings and window draperies of gorgeous silk and satin ; the “house of the women” being a separate building. The absence of every token of domesticity in this Mussulman abode, is very striking to the fresh English eye. It seems but a splendid desolation. There are Mosaic tables presented by the Pope, of all people in the world, but they are evidently intended for *putting nothing* upon. There are divans all round the walls, cushioned, luxurious, but as evidently intended for *doing nothing* either. Not a symptom of book, pen, or paper. The newly-arrived spectator feels at once that he has got far away from England, at any rate,—considerably beyond the influence of that land where it amounts almost to a sin to be, what is there considered, “idle,” that is, not actively employed,—where it is matter of reproach to sit, for one hour, “with one’s hands before one,” as Mrs. Bull would herself express it. Ahi ! ahi ! the Turk does little else ! We are evidently not born under the same commandments.

This may be, perhaps, one secret of the charm of an Egyptian Nile voyage. It is a holiday of peace,—life, for the first time, enjoyed in repose by the over-busy Saxon. So Mr. Taylor seems

especially to feel it, who belongs to that super-restlessly toiling branch of the race—the United States American.

He engages a boat at Cairo, and launches himself upon the Mahmoudieh Canal, in company with a German landowner and a Smyrniote merchant; and, almost from the moment that he commences his voyage, he alludes continually to this delightful sensation of repose:—

“Our men tracked the boat slowly forward, singing cheerily as they tugged at the long tow-rope. The Asian spread on the deck his Albanian capote, the European his ample travelling cloak, and the representatives of three Continents, travelling in the fourth, lay on their backs enjoying the moonlight, the palms, and more than all, the perfect silence and repose. With every day of our journey I felt more deeply and gratefully this sense of rest. Under such a glorious sky, no disturbance seemed possible. It was of little consequence whether the boat went forward or backward, whether we struck on a sand-bar or ploughed the water under a full head of wind; everything was right. My conscience made me no reproach for such a lazy life. In America we live too fast and work too hard, I thought: shall I not know what rest is, once before I die? The European said to me naively one day: ‘I am a little surprised, but very glad, that no one of us has yet spoken of European politics.’ Europe! I had forgotten that such a land existed: and as for America, it seemed very dim and distant.”

Our traveller reaches the Barrage on the evening of the fourth day of his slow but not tedious voyage, and justly remarks upon the strange fact of so great a work being scarcely known out of Egypt. He thus describes it:—

“The same evening we reached the northern point of the Delta, where we were obliged to remain all night, as the wind was not sufficiently strong to allow us to pass the Barrage. Singularly enough, this immense work, which is among the greatest undertakings of modern times, is scarcely heard of out of Egypt. It is nothing less than a damming of the Nile, which is to have the effect of producing two inundations a year, and doubling the crops throughout the Delta. Here, where the flood divides itself into two main branches, which find separate mouths at Damietta and Rosetta, an immense dam has not only been projected, but is far advanced toward completion. Each branch will be spanned by sixty-two arches, besides a central gateway ninety feet in breadth, and flanked by lofty stone towers. The point of the Delta, between the two dams, is protected by a curtain of solid masonry, and the abutments which it joins

are fortified by towers sixty or seventy feet in height. The piers have curved breakwaters on the upper side, while the opposite parapet of the arches arises high above them, so that the dam consists of three successive terraces, and presents itself like a wedge, against the force of such an immense body of water. The material is brick, faced with stone. When complete, it is intended to close the side-arches during low water, leaving only the central gateway open. By this means sufficient water will be gained to fill all the irrigating canals, while a new channel, cut through the centre of the Delta, will render productive a vast tract of fertile land. The project is a grand one, and the only obstacle to its success is the light, porous character of the alluvial soil on which the piers are founded. The undertaking was planned and commenced by M. Linant, and has since been continued by other engineers.

"The Egyptian boatmen have reason to complain of the Barrage. The main force of the river is poured through the narrow space wherein the piers have not yet been sunk, which cannot be passed without a strong north wind. Forty or fifty boats were lying along the shore, waiting the favorable moment. We obtained permission from the engineer to attach our boat to a large Government barge, which was to be drawn up by a stationary windlass. As we put off, the wind freshened, and we were slowly urged against the current to the main rapid, where we were obliged to hold on to our big friend. Behind us the river was white with sails—craft of all kinds pushed up by the wind, dragged down by the water, striking against each other, entangling their long sails, and crowding into the narrow passage, amid shouts, cries, and a bewildering profusion of Arabic gutturals. For half an hour the scene was most exciting, but thanks to the windlass, we reached smoother water, and sailed off gaily for Cairo.

"The true Nile expanded before us nearly two miles in width. To the south, the three Pyramids of Gizeh loomed up like isolated mountain-peaks on the verge of the Desert. On the right hand the Mokattam Hills lay red and bare in the sunshine, and ere long, over the distant gardens of Shoobra, we caught sight of the Citadel of Cairo, and the minarets of the mosque of Sultan Hassan. The north wind was faithful: at three o'clock we were anchored in Boulak, paid our *raïs*, gave the crew a *backsheesh*, for which they kissed our hands with many exclamations of '*taïb !* (good!) and set out for Cairo."

It would appear, by what Mr. Taylor here says, that the Barrage is still in progress of completion. Soon after Abbas Pacha's accession the works were entirely suspended, and it was reported that this beautiful structure, upon which two millions of money

had been already spent, and which to complete would, it was said, cost two millions more, was pronounced to be a failure, and worse than a failure—a dangerous obstacle to the free flow of the river, the course of which, it was feared, would be turned through the rapid accumulation of mud round the piers. It was said that the floodgates, if once closed, could never be opened again, on account of the pressure of the soil that would immediately deposit itself against them. Nevertheless, it appears that the Barrage is, after all, to be finished; and if it does indeed succeed, philanthropy must pray for a large and speedy accession to the agricultural population of Egypt, to work the superabounding tracts of fertility that the increased and doubled inundation will call into existence. Let her present two millions of oppressed fellahs be multiplied, by the magic of good government, up to her former seven millions of lightly-taxed peasant proprietors, free to reap according as they have sown, and Egypt may once more become, what of old she was, the granary of nations.

That her people were, in the palmy days of the Pharaohs, moderately taxed, Dr. Kitto has, we think, clearly shown in his vindication of the policy and revenue settlement of the Patriarch Joseph. (See Kitto's *Palestine*, vol. ii., book ii.) Dr. Kitto repudiates the idea that Joseph dealt harshly with the Egyptians, or that he basely favoured rapacity in the sovereign whose government he administered. The tax levied by him, of one-fifth of the produce, Dr. Kitto considers to have been a commutation in lieu of all former imposts; the purchase of the cattle he regards as a merciful and sagacious act, relieving the people of animals they could not feed, and which were, during the time of sterility, of no use to them, and enabling the Government to preserve the stock alive in the most economical manner. Agriculture was at a stand-still, for the Nile had failed to rise (the sole cause of an Egyptian famine, and a cause that renders the land at once uncultivable); the people were therefore removed from their scattered farms, on which they could no longer labour with hope of profit, to the granary towns where they could be fed systematically and at least expence. That they continued to consider themselves as the proprietors of their lands, and not mere serfs labouring on Government property, is evident from their grateful acceptance of seed-corn for sowing them; and though they called themselves, in oriental phrase, Pharaoh's "servants" or slaves, yet it is clear from the context that they were no more than his hereditary tenants, occupying farms over which they held an absolute right of possession so long as they paid to the king their equitable assessment of one-

fifth. To this day, according to the same learned writer, the Egyptian cultivator, "even in his worst estate,—that of the *fellah*,"—enjoys an almost freehold right in his lands, which he may transmit to his heirs, and even alienate by gift or sale to a stranger. But, according to the reports of modern travellers, those rights are now but a dead letter. The unfortunate *fellah*, since the period of Mahomed Ali's accession, has been a man so bowed down by oppressive imposts, that it has now become an established practice with him systematically to refuse all payment whatever of rent or taxes. He even makes it a matter of boast how great a number of strokes of the bastinado he has received before paying any portion of the Government charges; for the public opinion of his class would account him mean and cowardly were he to render up his taxes without a due preliminary of blows. In short, the modern *fellah* appears to hold practically the maxim of ancient Pistol:—"Base is the slave who pays." A similar notion, and the knowledge among native officials that it exists as an inherited and consequently deep-rooted feeling, may account for certain practices in the collection of revenue still lingering in remote parts of the Madras presidency.

European residents in Egypt say that the building of the Barrage has been a source of grievous oppression to the unhappy class of Egyptian cultivators, numbers of whom were forcibly taken from their fields to work upon this structure of doubtful utility. The excavation of the Mahmoudieh Canal cost thousands of lives. We know not how many the Barrage has cost; but it has, if what those sojourners say be true, occasioned much misery. Facts such as these are matters for reflection, when we feel inclined to praise the great public structures of ancient despotism in this country, and contrast with them contemptuously our own less striking public works. Those great monuments remain, but their cost in human suffering is a thing forgotten in the next generation.

How beautiful is the Barrage when approached at sunset from the southern side! Yet is there not something exceedingly suggestive of fortifications in that long line of towers which it presents to the admiring eye, notwithstanding that these graceful structures have been ostensibly erected for the peaceful purpose of containing only the machines which are to raise and let down the floodgates? The Barrage was a French project, and executed by French engineers. Did those French remember, and have we forgotten, that there was once a Duke of Parma, General to Philip the Second of Spain, who built a stupendous fortified bridge

across the Scheldt, which proved fatal to the liberties of Antwerp? But the times have changed their aspect since the Barrage was commenced. It behoves us now, forgetful of all former jealousies, confidently to hope that the French barrage, the English railway, and the European canal, will prove a triple guarantee for the prosperity of Egypt, and for her liberties also.

Arrived in Cairo, which Mr. Taylor happily describes as "the illuminated frontispiece to the volume of his Eastern life," he of course delays not long to take his first donkey-ride through the streets of this modern Bagdad, as redolent of "Arabian entertainment" as ever were the "nights" of the royal husband of Scheherezade.

"Shemálik! Shemálik! la! la!"—who that has ever passed a day at Cairo, fresh from Europe, does not bear, stereotyped in his mind, the recollection of the intense amusement of that first skelter through its narrow alleys, among crowds of seeming masqueraders; between walls striped red and white horizontally, as though attired in Guernsey frocks; along lanes of slipper stalls, lanes of tailor stalls, lanes of carpet stalls,—all here called "bazaars," though like anything rather than Soho's child-attractive mart. How the streets swarm with uncouth sights! Lady Abbesses on high saddles with small donkeys beneath them; holy nuns with half-sovereigns streaming down their noses; ghosts with yellow boots peering from beneath their white sheets (for thus appear the Cairene women, to the stranger eye of the Frank); boys in blue bed-gowns instead of jackets; men in blue sacks instead of trousers; children in neither bed-gowns, nor trousers, nor anything else, save dirt! But let us extract Mr. Taylor's spirited description of the scene:—

"The passage of the bazaars seems at first quite as hazardous on donkey-back as on foot, but it is the difference between knocking somebody down and being knocked down yourself, and one naturally prefers the former alternative. There is no use in attempting to guide the donkey, for he won't be guided. The driver shouts behind, and you are dashed at full speed into a confusion of other donkeys, camels, horses, carts, water-carriers, and footmen. In vain you cry out: '*Bess!*' (enough!) '*Piano!*' and other desperate adjurations; the driver's only reply is: '*Let the bridle hang loose!*' You dodge your head under a camel-load of plants; your leg brushes the wheel of a dust-cart; you strike a fat Turk plump in the back; you miraculously escape upsetting a fruit-stand; you scatter a company of spectral, white-shawled women; and at last reach some more

quiet street, with the sensation of a man who has stormed a battery. At first this sort of riding made me very nervous, but finally I let the donkey go his own way, and took a curious interest in seeing how near a chance I ran of striking or being struck. Sometimes there seemed no hope of avoiding a violent collision, but by a series of the most remarkable dodges he generally carried me through in safety. The cries of the driver, ringing behind, gave me no little amusement: 'The Howadji comes! Take care on the right hand! take care on the left hand! O man, take care! O maiden, take care! O boy, get out of the way! The Howadji comes!' Kish had strong lungs, and his donkey would let nothing pass him, and so wherever we went, we contributed our full share to the universal noise and confusion.

"Cairo is the cleanest of all oriental cities. The regulations established by Mohammed Ali are strictly carried out. Each man is obliged to sweep before his own door, and the dirt is carried away in carts every morning. Besides this, the streets are watered several times a day, and are nearly always cool and free from dust. The constant evaporation of the water, however, is said to be injurious to the eyes of the inhabitants, though in other respects the city is healthy. The quantity of sore-eyed, cross-eyed, one-eyed, and totally blind persons one meets everywhere, is surprising. There are some beggars, mostly old or deformed, but by no means so abundant or impertinent as in the Italian cities. A number of shabby policemen, in blue frock-coats and white pantaloons, parade the principal thoroughfares, but I never saw their services called into requisition. The soldiers, who wear a European dress of white cotton, are by far the most awkward and unpicturesque class. Even the fellah, whose single brown garment hangs loose from his shoulders to his knees, has an air of dignity compared with these Frankish caricatures. The genuine Egyptian costume, which bears considerable resemblance to the Greek, and especially the Hydriote, is simple and graceful. The colors are dark—principally brown, blue, green, and violet—relieved by a heavy silk sash of some gay pattern, and by the red slippers and tarboosh. But, as in Turkey, the pashas and beys, and many of the minor officers of the civil departments, have adopted the Frank dress, retaining only the tarboosh—a change which is by no means becoming to them. I went into an Egyptian barber-shop one day, to have my hair shorn, and enjoyed the preparatory pipe and coffee in company with two individuals, whom I supposed to be French or Italians of the vulgar order, until the barber combed out the long locks on the top of their head, by which Mussulmen expect to be lifted up into paradise. When they had gone, the man informed me that one was Khalim

Pasha, one of the grandsons of Mahomed Ali, and the other a bey of considerable notoriety. The Egyptians certainly do not gain anything by adopting a costume which, in this climate, is neither so convenient nor so agreeable as their own."

There is no Eastern wonder that may not be seen at Cairo, even to a camel passing through the eye of a needle. Yes ! in very truth ! But this fact is of too religious an interest to be spoken of in anything approaching to a spirit of pleasantry. In seriousness we invite the reader to follow us into one of the streets or alleys leading from the Esbekieh gardens into the city, and station himself within sight of a low and narrow archway shaped like the eye of a needle. A led camel approaches its entrance. "To what end, oh ! sarwán !" we feel ready to exclaim, "dost thou lead so lofty a creature towards so straight a passage ? That exalted head can never pass through by a doorway so lowly." Truly it seems impossible—yet look ! oh look again ! At the voice of his leader, the creature has knelt down, and *upon his knees* he succeeds in effecting a passage through the needle's eye ! The sight is a whole homily—and more than homily of man. It is an inspired sermon, parable, and miracle, all in one flash.

Lord Nugent, in his travels through Syria, witnessed a similar sight. As his lordship's caravan approached the walls of Hebron, he heard the head sarwán call out to the other camel-drivers—"The camels are to go through the needle's eye." Struck by the expression, Lord Nugent watched to see what would follow, and observed the train approach a very narrow gateway in the city wall. Bulky as their burdens were, the animals could not, while encumbered with them, by any possibility have passed through this strait and narrow way ; but, at the bidding of their leaders, down upon their knees they fell, and then, their burdens being removed from off them, they were enabled, thus released, to pass unobstructed into the great city. Beautiful commentary on our Lord's metaphor ! How perfect, how entirely apposite, the simile which, as hitherto misunderstood by most European readers, has seemed to many so incongruous ! It is these elucidations of Scriptural images and phrases that form one of the chief ingredients of interest in Eastern travel. We have been struck by many besides that of the camel passing through the needle's eye, and will enumerate some instances that have fallen under our own observation.

"The head stone of the corner . . . elect, precious." We have frequently observed in Hindu temples these choice corner-

stones distinguished from the rest by elaborated carved adornments in bas-relief.

"This gate shall be shut . . . and no man shall enter in by it . . . because the Lord God of Israel hath entered in by it." (Ezekiel xlv. 2.) At Teygoor, in the Belgaum Collectorate, is a gateway bricked up, because the Rajah had gone out by that way, and been slain in battle.

"And unto Sarah he (Abimelech) said, behold I have given thy brother a thousand pieces of silver; behold he is to thee a covering of the eyes . . . thus was she reprov'd." (Gen. xx. 16.) The veil or saree to this day distinguishes the married woman from the unmarried girl, and Sarah had, no doubt, when assuming maidenhood, laid aside this "covering of the eyes." "Thus was she reprov'd" by Abimelech's present of money to purchase a veil.

"Born again." The solemn enrolment of a Brahman child as an avowed member of its sacred caste, is called by the Hindus its "second birth"; and those high castes, who are thus bound by religious ceremonials to the course of life required by the rules of their order, are called "twice born."

"Two women grinding at the mill." This familiar Eastern sight is most frequently to be seen in the early morning in passing through the villages. The mill-stones are generally about a foot and a quarter in diameter, and are placed upon the ground. The "two women" seat themselves opposite to one another in oriental fashion, with the mill between them, which they work by means of a perpendicular wooden handle, fixed, near the edge, into the upper stone.

"My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . with respect of persons," &c. &c. (See James ii. 1 to 10.) Individuals of a certain rank only are permitted in India, and some other Eastern countries, to sit on chairs or elevated seats when in the presence of a superior. The rest must either stand or seat themselves on the ground. It would seem, from St. James's disapproval of this oriental mode of marking differences of rank being kept up in the religious assemblies of the Christian converts, that he prohibits our Anglican practice of distinguishing in our churches the seats of the rich from those of the poor by separation and by a different style of accommodation, a custom which seems to be peculiar to the Anglo-Protestant.

"Make bare the leg, uncover the thigh." (Isaiah xlvii. 2.) We understand this to be a prophecy of future hard servitude to the delicate daughters of Zion, when we observe the

practice adopted by the women of the servile classes in this country, of swathing up their garments, so as to leave nearly the whole leg bare, while engaged in their duties and labours.

"So the prophet . . . disguised himself with ashes upon his face." (1 Kings xx. 38.) "He shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow." (Num. vi., also Acts xxi. 24.) How familiar are both these practices of religious devotees to those who have resided for any length of time in India! What could have been their origin? What the source of these two highly ancient and very remarkable customs? We have frequently observed not only the face, but the whole body smeared over with wood-ashes, giving to the dark Hindu skin a horribly livid appearance.

"Their spot is not the spot of his children." (Deut xxxii. 5.) This expression, and the verse in Rev. xiii., "And he caused all . . . to receive a mark in their right hand and in their foreheads," become clearly intelligible when one observes that every sect among the Hindus bears public testimony to the particular deity especially worshipped, by painting distinguishing spots or lines upon the forehead and other parts of the body.

"And he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab, to the entrance of Jezreel." (1 Kings xviii. 46.) We understand the purport of Elijah's running before the chariot of Ahab, when we perceive that in India it is an act of homage and acknowledged service to run before the carriage of a superior. We have known a Lingaite priest, from a wish to ingratiate himself with the ruler of his province, follow that magistrate's camp round the districts, and make it a point to run before his carriage whenever he left or entered a town or village.

"Thou . . . shalt wave them [marg : *shake to and fro*] for a wave offering before the Lord." (Ex. xxix. 24.) The "wave offerings" of the Hebrews were probably presented at the altar with a motion of the priest's arms, similar to that which may be observed among the Mhars of the Deccan, who, when they wish to show respect to a superior, wait by the road side for his arrival at their village, holding a brass dish in both hands, upon which is placed a vessel containing flowers by day and flaming oil by night, and this they wave to and fro, right and left, and raise, with a bowing action, to their foreheads as the individual passes to whom they desire to do homage.

While observing these and similar rites and customs as still in daily habitual use among a people so ancient and so unchanging as the Hindus, and recognising among them so many that were (as we learn from Scripture) Patriarchal and Jewish, it seems im-

possible to doubt that some of them at least must have been also primitive,—as ancient, perhaps, as Noah himself. Bryant traces back all forms of worship to the worship of Noah's ark ; and there is much in his learned pages that ingeniously, and not weakly, supports that theory. Kitto, while satisfactorily demonstrating the identity of most of the Jewish temple ceremonies with those of Egypt, concludes the former to have been of Egyptian origin—Egyptian rites purified from their idolatry. That there was much of identity can scarcely be denied after studying Kitto's proofs ; but we, nevertheless, lean rather to Bryant's belief that both were derived from a common primitive source,—that the Egyptians were but the corrupters of the original forms of their remote ancestors, and the Israelites the restorers, under God's direction, of their former purity. Bryant suggests (we speak from recollection only, being unable to refer to his erudite pages) that the ark of Noah was, in all probability, the first postdiluvian temple, and the first centre of worship after the flood ; and he supposes that, as men dispersed, models of it were made to serve as shrines, if not as actual objects of adoration. We know that the Egyptians carried about an ark, or boat, in certain of their religious processions, and called it the ark of Osiris, and that the history of Osiris may be traced in that of Noah. Bryant quotes this practice in support of his Noachian theory ; but Kitto is of opinion that the boat was used only because the Egyptians were in the habit of rowing the images of their gods up and down the Nile (as the Hindus carry theirs about in palanquins). Without, however, doubting this, the ark may still have had, besides, a mystic meaning. Kitto's facts do not appear to us to be in contradiction to the theory of Bryant.

We must now return to our happy traveller, whose description of the charms of a Nile voyage is such a hymn of joy, that we cannot resist extracting the whole of it, especially as we believe his jubilant poem in no wise to exaggerate the feelings experienced by the generality of Nile travellers when in the enjoyment of health, and even those of many invalids. While floating on the Nile, humanity feels grateful to Providence for mere existence ; and the gliding "*dahabieh*" may be said to resemble Moore's fancied isle—

"Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give !"

"The Nile is the Paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far

less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home—but here I have reached a fountain too pure and powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a *jubilate*, and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me, thus far, can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.

“Other travellers undoubtedly make other experiences, and take away other impressions. I can even conceive circumstances which would almost destroy the pleasure of the journey. The same exquisitely sensitive temperament which in our case has not been disturbed by a single untoward incident, might easily be kept in a state of constant derangement by an unsympathetic companion, a cheating dragoman, or a fractious crew. There are also many trifling *desagrémens*, inseparable from life in Egypt, which some would consider a source of annoyance; but as we find fewer than we were prepared to meet, we are not troubled thereby. Our enjoyment springs from causes so few and simple, that I scarcely know how to make them suffice for the effect, to those who have never visited the Nile. It may be interesting to such to be made acquainted with our manner of living, in detail.

“In the first place, we are as independent of all organised Governments as a ship on the open sea. (The Arabs call the Nile *El bahr*, ‘the sea.’) We are on board our own chartered vessel, which must go where we list, the captain and sailors being strictly bound to obey us. We sail under national colors, make our own laws for the time being, are ourselves the only censors over our speech and conduct, and shall have no communication with the authorities on shore, unless our subjects rebel. Of this we have no fear, for we commenced by maintaining strict discipline, and as we make no unreasonable demands, are always cheerfully obeyed. Indeed, the most complete harmony exists between the rulers and the ruled, and though our government is the purest form of despotism, we flatter ourselves that it is better managed than that of the Model Republic.

“Our territory, to be sure, is not very extensive. The *Cleopatra* is a *dahabiyeh*, seventy feet long by ten broad. She has two short masts in the bow and stern, the first upholding the *trinkeet*, a lateen sail nearly seventy feet in length. The latter carries the *belikón*, a small sail, and the American colors. The narrow space around the foremast belongs to the crew, who cook their meals in a small brick furnace, and sit on the gunwale, beating a drum and tambourine and singing for hours in interminable choruses, when the wind blows fair. If there is no wind, half of them are

on shore, tugging us slowly along the banks with a long tow-rope, and singing all day long, '*Ayà hamàm—ayà hamàm!*' If we strike off a sand-bank, they jump into the river and put their shoulders against the hull, singing, '*hay-haylee sah!*' If the current is slow, they ship the oars and pull us up stream, singing so complicated a refrain that it is impossible to write it with other than Arabic characters. There are eight men and a boy, besides our stately raïs, Hassan Abd el-Sadek, and the swarthy pilot, who greets us every morning with a whole round of Arabic salutations.

"Against an upright pole which occupies the place of a main-mast, stands our kitchen, a high wooden box, with three furnaces. Here our cook, Salame, may be seen at all times, with the cowl of a blue capote drawn over his turban, preparing the marvellous dishes, wherein his delight is not less than ours. Salame, like a skilful artist, as he is, husbands his resources, and each day astonishes us with new preparations, so that, out of few materials, he has attained the grand climax of all art—variety in unity. Achmet, my faithful dragoman, has his station here, and keeps one eye on the vessel and one on the kitchen, while between the two he does not relax his protecting care for us. The approach to the cabin is flanked by our provision chests, which will also serve as a breastwork in case of foreign aggression. A huge filter-jar of porous earthenware stands against the back of the kitchen. We keep our fresh butter and vegetables in a box under it, where the sweet Nile-water drips cool and clear into an earthen basin. Our bread and vegetables, in an open basket of palm-blades, are suspended beside it, and the roof of the cabin supports our poultry-yard and pigeon-house. Sometimes (but not often) a leg of mutton may be seen hanging from the ridge-pole, which extends over the deck as a support to the awning.

"The cabin, or Mansion of the Executive Powers, is about twenty-five feet long. Its floor is two feet below the deck, and its ceiling five feet above, so that we are not cramped or crowded in any particular. Before the entrance is a sort of portico, with a broad cushioned seat on each side, and side-awnings to shut out the sun. This place is devoted to pipes and meditation. We throw up the awnings, let the light pour in on all sides, and look out on the desert mountains while we inhale the incense of the East. Our own main cabin is about ten feet long, and newly painted of a brilliant blue color. A broad divan, with cushions, extends along each side, serving as a sofa by day, and a bed by night. There are windows, blinds, and a canvas cover at the sides, so that we can regulate our light and air as we choose. In the middle of the cabin is our table and two camp stools, while shawls, capotes, pistols, sabre, and gun, are suspended from the

walls. A little door at the further end opens into a wash-room, beyond which is a smaller cabin with beds, which we have allotted to Achmet's use. Our cook sleeps on deck, with his head against the provision chest. The rais and pilot sleep on the roof of our cabin, where the latter sits all day, holding the long arm of the rudder, which projects forward over the cabin from the high end of the stern.

"Our manner of life is simple, and might even be called monotonous, but we have never found the greatest variety of landscape and incident so thoroughly enjoyable. The scenery of the Nile, thus far, scarcely changes from day to day, in its forms and colors, but only in their disposition with regard to each other. The shores are either palm-groves, fields of cane and dourra, young wheat, or patches of bare sand, blown out from the desert. The villages are all the same agglomerations of mud-walls, the tombs of the Moslem saints are the same white ovens, and every individual camel and buffalo resembles its neighbour in picturesque ugliness. The Arabian and Libyan Mountains, —now sweeping so far into the foreground that their yellow cliffs overhang the Nile, now receding into the violet haze of the horizon,—exhibit little difference of height, hue, or geological formation. Every new scene is the turn of a kaleidoscope, in which the same objects are grouped in other relations, yet always characterised by the most perfect harmony. These slight, yet ever-renewing changes, are to us a source of endless delight. Either from the pure atmosphere, the healthy life we lead, or the accordant tone of our spirits, we find ourselves unusually sensitive to all the slightest touches, the most minute rays of that grace and harmony which bathes every landscape in cloudless sunshine. The various groupings of the palms, the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain walls, the green of the wheat and sugar-cane, the windings of the great river, the alternations of wind and calm—each of these is enough to content us and to give every day a different charm from that which went before. We meet contrary winds, calms, and sand-banks, without losing our patience, and even our excitement in the swiftness and grace with which our vessel scuds before the north wind is mingled with a regret that our journey is drawing so much the more swiftly to its close. A portion of the old Egyptian repose seems to be infused into our natures, and lately, when I saw my face in a mirror, I thought I perceived in its features something of the patience and resignation of the Sphinx.

"Although, in order to enjoy this life as much as possible, we subject ourselves to no arbitrary rules, there is sufficient regularity in our manner of living. We rise before the sun, and after breathing the cool morning air half an hour, drink a cup of

coffee and go ashore for a walk, unless the wind is very strong in our favor. My friend, who is an enthusiastic sportsman and an admirable shot, takes his fowling-piece, and I my sketch-book and pistols. We wander inland among the fields of wheat and dourra, course among the palms and acacias for game, or visit the villages of the fellahs. The temperature, which is about 60° in the morning, rarely rises above 75°, so that we have every day three or four hours exercise in the mild and pure air. My friend always brings back from one to two dozen pigeons, while I, who practise with my pistol on such ignoble game as hawks and vultures, which are here hardly shy enough to shoot, can at the best but furnish a few wing feathers to clean our pipes.

"It is advisable to go armed on these excursions, though there is no danger of open hostility on the part of the people. Certain neighbourhoods, as that of Beni Hassan, are in bad repute, but the depredations of the inhabitants, who have been disarmed by the Government, are principally confined to thieving and other petty offences. On one occasion I fell in with a company of these people, who demanded my tarboosh, shoes, and shawl, and would have taken them had I not been armed. In general, we have found the fellahs very friendly and well disposed. They greet us on our morning walks with '*Salamât!*' and '*Sûbah el Kheyr!*' and frequently accompany us for miles. My friend's fowling-piece often brings around him all the men and boys of a village, who follow him as long as a pigeon is to be found on the palm-trees. The certainty of his shot excites their wonder. 'Wallah!' they cry, 'every time the Howadji fires, the bird drops.' The fact of my wearing a tarboosh and white turban brings upon me much Arabic conversation, which is somewhat embarrassing with my imperfect knowledge of the language; but a few words go a great way. The first day I adopted this head-dress (which is convenient and agreeable in every respect), the people saluted me with 'Good morning, O Sidi!' (Sir or Lord) instead of the usual 'Good morning, O Howadji!' (*i. e.* merchant, as the Franks are rather contemptuously designated by the Arabs.)

"For this climate and this way of life, the Egyptian costume is undoubtedly much better than the European. It is light, cool, and does not impede the motion of the limbs. The turban thoroughly protects the head against the sun, and shades the eyes, while it obstructs the vision much less than a hat-brim. The broad silk shawl which holds up the baggy trowsers, shields the abdomen against changes of temperature, and tends to prevent diarrhœa, which, besides ophthalmia, is the only ailment the traveller need fear. The latter disease may be avoided by bathing the face in cold water after walking or any exercise which induces

perspiration. I have followed this plan, and though my eyes are exposed daily to the full blaze of the sun, find them growing stronger and clearer. In fact, since leaving the invigorating camp-life of California, I have not felt the sensation of health so purely as now. The other day, to the great delight of our sailors and the inexhaustible merriment of my friend, I donned one of Achmet's dresses. Though the short Theban's flowing trowsers and embroidered jacket gave me the appearance of a strapping Turk, who had grown too fast for his garments, they were so easy and convenient in every respect, that I have decided to un-Frank myself for the remainder of the journey.

"But our day is not yet at an end. We come on board about eleven o'clock, and find our breakfast ready for the table. The dishes are few, but well-cooked, and just what a hungry man would desire—fowls, pigeons, eggs, rice, vegetables, fruit, the coarse but nourishing bread of the country, and the sweet water of the Nile, brought to a blush by an infusion of claret. After breakfast we seat ourselves on the airy divans in front of the cabin, and quietly indulge in the luxury of a shebook, filled by Achmet's experienced hand, and a *finjan* of Turkish coffee. Then comes an hour's exercise in Arabic, after which we read guide-books, consult our maps, write letters, and occupy ourselves with various mysteries of our household, till the noonday heat is over. Dinner, which is served between four and five o'clock, is of the same materials as our breakfast, but differently arranged, and with the addition of soup. My friend avers that he no longer wonders why Esau sold his birthright, now that he has tasted our pottage of Egyptian lentils. Coffee and pipes follow dinner, which is over with the first flush of sunset and the first premonition of the coolness and quiet of evening.

"We seat ourselves on deck, and drink to its fulness the balm of this indescribable repose. The sun goes down behind the Libyan Desert in a broad glory of purple and rosy light; the Nile is calm and unruffled, the palms stand as if sculptured in jasper and malachite, and the torn and ragged sides of the Arabian mountains, pouring through a hundred fissures the sand of the plains above, burn with a deep crimson lustre, as if smouldering from some inward fire. The splendor soon passes off, and they stand for some minutes in dead ashy paleness. The sunset has now deepened into orange; in the midst of which a large planet shines whiter than the moon. A second glow falls upon the mountains, and this time of a pale but intense yellow hue, which gives them the effect of a transparent painting. The palm-groves are dark below, and the sky dark behind them; they alone, the symbols of perpetual desolation, are transfigured by the magical illumination. Scarcely a sound disturbs the solemn magnificence

of the hour. Even our full-throated Arabs are silent, and if a wave gurgles against the prow, it slides softly back into the river, as if rebuked for the venture. We speak but little, and then mostly in echoes of each other's thoughts. This is more than mere enjoyment of Nature, said my friend, on such an evening : it is worship."

We recommend to the perusal of our readers Mr. Taylor's description of the temple at Denderah, opposite Kenneh, built during the era of the Ptolemies. Upon the exterior wall there is, he says, a portrait of the celebrated Cleopatra (in raised relief, we conjecture, from the context) which he describes as "exquisitely beautiful"; the forehead and nose approaching the Greek standard, but "the mouth more roundly and delicately carved, and the chin and cheek fuller." He speaks of this far-famed beauty's probable complexion as "pale olive," even when describing the gods at Denderah as "painted of fair Greek complexion"; (p. 158) regarding her as though she were of Egyptian race, which appears to be the popular notion, if we may judge by the fancy portraiture of Queen Cleopatra in those galleries of imposture calling themselves "illustrated" works for the million. In these she is, as far as we have observed, invariably represented as not only of swarthy hue, but even as attired in the costume of ancient Egypt. But Cleopatra was of Macedonian descent, by the marriage of Ptolemy Epiphanes with Cleopatra, daughter of Antiochus the Great; and her more immediate ancestors closely—very much too closely—intermarried in their own family. There is, however, one possibility of her having been tinged with the dark blood of Africa, and that is through her grandmother; for her father Ptolemy Auletes was an illegitimate son of Ptolemy Lathyrus—possibly by an Egyptian woman.

It is also very unlikely that a Greek princess should have adopted the costume of the court of the old Pharaohs. As well might Lady Canning wear a sarree! That she is attired à l'*Égyptienne* on the walls of Denderah is, we think, no proof to the contrary, as the Egyptian sculptors and painters were confined to conventional forms in their temple decorations. Upon her coin, according to an engraving we have seen of it, she is represented in Grecian fashion with a curled crop confined at the back of the head by a beaded net like those young damsels wore a few years ago in Europe. Her profile on the coin is rather Roman than Grecian in its characteristics, and its contour completely vindicates the countenance of this celebrated queen and beauty from an aspersion we have seen cast upon it, of the nose being

"too short," a notion founded upon an expression of Pascal's, which we do not think need bear that interpretation. We call it an "aspersion," as a short nose indicates mediocrity of intellect; whereas Cleopatra was a very clever and accomplished woman. In this medal, so far from her appearing with a deficiency of nose, that feature is somewhat too *prononcé*, and droops too much over the upper lip for perfect beauty. But the likeness appears to have been taken after Cleopatra had passed the bloom of youth. She bears, not the actual hawk-beak of her relative "*Grypus*"; but, after examining attentively the coin we allude to, we must acknowledge having come to the painful conclusion, that nothing but a premature death saved the face of the beautiful Cleopatra from becoming a nut-cracker!

We must not accompany Mr. Taylor to the ruins of Luxor and Karnac, both admirably pictured to the reader's eye; for our space will not permit us to extract his graphic description, which is well worthy of being perused by those who delight in a well-pictured scene. One interesting fact, however, mentioned in page 123, we must not omit, for we do not remember to have seen it mentioned in any other work on Egypt. Speaking of the celebrated statue of Memnon, Mr. Taylor says, respecting the ancient tale of its sounding a musical note as a greeting to the rising sun:—

"Modern research has wholly annihilated this beautiful fable. Memnon now sounds at all hours of the day, and at the command of all travellers who pay an Arab five piastres to climb into his lap. We engaged a vender of modern scarabei, who threw off his garments, hooked his fingers and toes into the cracks of the polished granite, and soon hailed us with 'Salaam!' from the knee of the statue. There is a certain stone on Memnon's lap, which, when sharply struck, gives out a clear metallic ring. Behind it is a small square aperture, invisible from below, where one of the priests no doubt stationed himself to perform the daily miracle. Our Arab rapped on the arms and body of the statue, which had the usual dead sound of stone, and rendered the musical ring of the sun-smitten block more striking."

At Rososko, where the river deviates to the south-west, forming the second of those two immense curves called the "elbows" of the Nile, our author and his suite quit the beloved "*Dahabieh*," and cut off the angle, by crossing the Nubian Desert upon camels to above Hammud. "Thenceforth," he says, "the only green thing to be seen in all the wilderness was, myself." Had he then ventured to adopt in his attire the prophet's sacred colour? Or is this phrase intended for wit? Four Arabs accompanied his caravan;

proud of their enormous heads of hair, "which they wore parted on both temples, the middle portion being drawn into an upright mass six inches in height, while the side divisions hung over the ears in a multitude of little twists." This sounds Egyptian and Nubian, rather than Arab. In the slave bazaar at Cairo we have ourselves seen Nubian female slaves whose head-dresses were the counterpart of that mummy wig preserved in the British Museum. "Little twists" seem to have been a favourite affectation of the early ancient exquisites, judging from Assyrian beards and Egyptian *toupe*, or head of false hair. There were dandies in those days, even as now. The Assyrians we suspect to have been quite *Bond Street* in their airy fashions. That they swung canes we know; for does not the researchful Heeren speak of the Isle of Tylos in the Persian Gulf as celebrated for producing a certain yellow wood, streaked like the skin of a tiger, from which *walking-sticks* were made for the *Babylonians*? We never picture Nebuchadnezzar now to our mind's eye without a Tylos walking-cane swinging in his gemmed right hand. But how are the fashions of the mighty fallen! Those "little twists" that, when they graced the wigs of Pharaohs and the beards of Ninevite kings, were perfumed no doubt with cassia, sandal-oil, and attar of choice roses, now dangle upon the shoulders of Arab camel-drivers and Nubian slaves! while their anointing is, in the place of cassia,—suet; and in lieu of attar,—castor oil! The latter is the favourite unguent of Upper Egypt, and Mr. Taylor describes his Arab camel-drivers as anointing their love-locks every morning with abundance of suet, and looking, in consequence, "as if they had slept in a hard frost until the heat had melted the fat." "I thought," he adds, "to flatter one of them as he performed the operation, by exclaiming 'Beautiful!'; but he answered coolly, 'You speak truth; it is very beautiful.'"

Before quitting the subject of frizzled locks, we would remark upon the strange prevalence of the fashion throughout the vast continent of Africa. From Fernando Po, where the natives coil their hair into multitudinous ringlets around pendants of red clay, letting these weighted curls hang down over their shoulders like Lords Chancellors' wigs,—even to the Eastern coast, from whence the Somalies, when they pass over to Aden, astonish the Anglo-Indian voyager, fresh from Europe, with their extravagant heads of hair, dyed rust colour, frizzled, and standing frightfully on end,—an unnatural and absurdly exaggerated style of hair-dressing appears to be the passion of the

African. And to how far back in antiquity did this remarkable fancy extend? Among the Egyptians, it would seem, from the earliest period of their history, judging from the paintings and sculptures of their most ancient temples. The *wig* was probably an ingenious afterthought,—the bulky-haired fashion being found, among the luxurious wealthy, intolerable within doors in hot weather. The style of the head-dressing most probably originated in the intensity of the heat of the African sun, against which the thickly-frizzled and abundant hair was the best species of protection. But it was not long, no doubt, before the inventive Egyptians discovered that the advantage of thick locks might easily be separated from its disadvantages, by shaving the head and making the severed hair into a wig which could be removed at pleasure. Sir G. Wilkinson considers the Egyptian wig to have been an admirable substitute for hat or turban, being far lighter than either in proportion to its power of excluding the sun's rays. The poverty-stricken African of modern times cannot afford, nor has, perhaps, ingenuity enough, to make his hair into a wig; but, in his manner of dressing it, he retains the good old custom of—who knows?—Mizraim himself perhaps! Dare we go further in retrogression? Dare we hint at the possibility of frizzled toupées in Noah's ark!

The same exhilarating effect as that so vividly described by Hadjee Burton when on his pilgrimage to Mecca, appears to have been produced on our American traveller by the desert air. It is a sensation peculiar perhaps to exceeding dryness of atmosphere, combined with tropical warmth and absence of vegetation. Thus sings our pilgrim—for his periods are rather carols of joy than sober speech prosaic:—

“The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life—as sweet, and pure, and refreshing, as that which the first man breathed on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of Nature are wanting—where there is no

green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.”

In the course of his nine days’ journey across the Nubian Desert, Mr. Taylor meets with but one “place of wells,” which he does not reach till the fifth day; and these were but “shallow pits of bitter greenish water.” The central plateau of the desert he describes as “a vast reach of yellow sand, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, the surface dotted with low isolated hills, which are in some places based on large beds of light grey sandstone.” This sounds a most unfavourable site for well-sinking, and yet, could but a few artesian wells be bored through the midst of this howling wilderness, how would the toil of the journey be relieved for man and beast! Despite our childhood’s teaching and Sir Archibald Alison, there appear to be monsoon showers even in this southern division of the land of Egypt*; for thus says Mr. Taylor:—

“On the second morning we passed through a gorge in the black hills, and entered a region called *El Biban* or ‘the Gates.’ Here the mountains, though still grouped in the same disorder, were more open, and gave room to plains of sand several miles in length. . . . One of the Nubians who was with us pointed out a spot where he was obliged to climb the rocks the previous summer, *to avoid being drowned*. During the *heavy tropical rains* which sometimes fall here, the hundreds of pyramidal hills pour down such floods, that the sand cannot immediately drink them up, and the valleys are turned into lakes.”

Again, on the fifth day, he speaks of the road passing through a low hill of slate rock, the strata vertical, and here a long valley “was crossed by a double row of doum palms, marking a watercourse made by *the summer rains*.”

Now, where does all this water go to? Is it probable that every gallon of it should be lost to the Nubian plateau by evaporation and filtration to the lower levels? It is for geologists to determine whether this arid plain might not be tapped here and there with a probability of success. The French have not failed in the Sahara Desert. Two hundred artesian wells have been bored by them in this last year alone, upon the desert borders of

* There are copious winter rains every Christmas season at Alexandria and Cairo.

Algeria. But Egypt, alas ! is in the hands of Turks. She must, we fear, wait for a Christian ruler before her thirsty deserts can ever hope to "blossom as the rose."

After reaching Abou-Hammed, Mr. Taylor continues his journey along the banks of the Nile to El Mekheyreh. The inhabitants of this part of the country he describes as "glorious barbarians," large, tall, full-limbed, with open, warm, lustrous black eyes." (p. 196.) At El Mekheyreh he assumes, at the suggestion of his dragoman, the rank of "something between a bey and a pasha," in order to insure respect from the native governors; and the fraud appears to sit easy on his soul, which is not troubled at a small lie here and there. As, for instance, when he is asked by the Civil Governor of El Mekheyreh the number of men of war in the American navy, and replies "a hundred," (which the Governor, however, politely affects to consider an "entirely too modest" statement, and raises it to "six hundred"!) and where he allows his servant to pass him off among the people in the bazaars as "the son of the great king of all the Franks." At Berber he again takes boat, and hoists the American stars and stripes under a salute of "a dozen rattling volleys from the Governor's soldiers," which he returns with his pistols. Whether the apparently courteous act was quite of honest purpose seems doubtful, as he says that he "heard the sharp whistle of the bullets close to the vessel," as the soldiers fired! He hints no doubt of treachery himself, and mentions the fact as mere "recklessness," but it certainly sounds very suspicious.

This voyage all day was "a panorama of the richest summer scenery," and early in the afternoon he passes "the mouth of the Atbara, the ancient Astaboras, and the *first tributary stream* which the traveller meets on his journey from the Mediterranean." This is at about latitude $17^{\circ} 30'$ N., and it is at latitude $31^{\circ} 30'$ that old father Nile reaches the sea, with "elbows" and windings that must increase his bird-flight length by at least one-third!

Among the various tribes encountered by Mr. Taylor on his voyage through Ethiopia, he was able, he says, easily to distinguish those of Shemitic descent from the aboriginal Africans, which we can well believe. But the latter, he is careful to add, are not to be confounded with the negro, whom he speaks of as being greatly despised and hated by these Ethiopians, who regard them, according to Mr. Taylor, as "little better than wild beasts." Was not our American traveller's Yankee spirit father to that thought? At any rate, since Dr. Livingstone's discoveries,

we must except from among the "wild beasts" that exemplary tribe first introduced by him to the admiration of, what has hitherto called itself, the civilised world—that polished nation who swear by their mothers instead of their fathers, admit women to their public councils, and always reply, when any request is made to them, "I will ask my wife,"—invariably abiding by her decision! Mr. Taylor was yet ignorant of the existence of this super-eminently advanced people when (in page 237) he penned the words, "that the highest civilisation in every age of the world has been developed by the race to which we belong." But we think that he must have encountered a near relation of this gallant tribe when he reached Khartoum, notwithstanding the "pale bronze colour" he speaks of, for behold what he says of the Princess of Sennaar :—

"Dr. Reitz took me one day to visit the celebrated Sittéh (Lady) Nasra, the daughter of the last King of Sennaar and brother of the present Shekh of that province. She is a woman of almost masculine talent and energy, and may be said to govern Sennaar at present. All the Arab shekhs, as well as the population at large, have the greatest respect for her, and invariably ask her advice in any crisis of affairs. Her brother, Idris Wed Adlan, notwithstanding his nominal subjection to Egypt, still possesses absolute sway over several hundred villages, and is called King of Kulle. The Lady Nasra retains the title of Sultana, on account of her descent from the ancient royal house of Sennaar. She has a palace at Soriba, on the Blue Nile, which, according to Lepsius, exhibits a degree of wealth and state very rare in Soudan. She was then in Khartoum on a visit, with her husband Mohammed Defalleh, the son of a former Vizier of her father, King Adlan.

"We found the Lady Nasra at home, seated on a carpet in her audience-hall, her husband and Shekh Abd-el-Kader—the Shekh of Khartoum, who married her daughter by a former husband—occupying an adjacent carpet. She gave the Consul her hand, saluted me, as a stranger, with an inclination of her head, and we seated ourselves on the floor opposite to her. She was about forty-five years old, but appeared younger, and still retained the traces of her former beauty. Her skin was a pale bronze color, her eyes large and expressive, and her face remarkable for intelligence and energy. All her motions were graceful and dignified, and under more favorable circumstances she might have become a sort of Ethiopian Zenobia. She wore a single robe of very fine white muslin, which she sometimes folded so as nearly to conceal

her features, and sometimes allowed to fall to her waist, revealing the somewhat over-ripe charms of her bosom. A heavy ring of the native gold of Kusan hung from her nose, and others adorned her fingers. Dr. Reitz explained to her that I was not a Frank, but came from a great country on the other side of the world. She spoke of the visit of Dr. Lepsius, at Soriba, and said that he was the only far-travelled stranger she had seen, except myself. I took occasion to say that I had frequently heard of her in my native land; that her name was well known all over the world; and that the principal reason of my visit to Soudan, was the hope of seeing her. She was not in the least flattered by these exaggerated compliments, but received them as quietly as if they were her right. She was a born queen, and I doubt whether anything upon the earth would have been able to shake her royal indifference."

Of course, nothing could be expected to be capable of shaking a soul unagitated by compliments from a stranger who was "not a Frank, but came from a great country the other side of the world." Mr. Taylor's ready aptitude at imitation of the Eastern vice of lying and of flattery does not seem generally to stand him in much stead.

Let all true knights accept with joyful homage this Princess of Sennaar as adding yet another pearl to the long bead-roll of royal females who have distinguished themselves as able political administrators. Balancing the number of queens who have reigned in the world with that of male sovereigns, the superior percentage of talent for governing on the female side is very remarkable. Among the queens, a large majority have shown themselves able governors; among the kings, a small minority. While Eastern history worships the memory of Semiramis and Nicotris, celebrates the two clever Artemisias, queens of Caria, Mania, the conquering regent of Dardania, and the intrepid Zenobia, Queen of the East, and venerates the admirable Alia Báce, Ráree of Malwa,—there is not a great power in Europe whose annals count not a female among the most distinguished of its rulers.

Never was France more happy than when, despite her Salic law, the firm and prudent Queen mother, Blanche of Castile, ruled over her during the minority of St. Louis, and during that king's absence in the Holy Land.

Isabella the Catholic was (with the sole exception of her grandson Charles) the greatest and best sovereign Spain was ever blest with; and her daughter Mary, Queen of Hungary, was the

only person who could keep the turbulent Netherlanders in order; nor could Mary's brother, Charles V., die in peace till she had promised him to resume their government. "Charles," Prescott says in his history of the reign of Philip II., "seems to have been as well read in the characters of women as of men; and, as a natural consequence, it may be added, had formed a high opinion of the capacity of the sex. In proof of which he not only repeatedly committed the government of his states to women, but intrusted them with some of his most delicate political negotiations."

Italy reveres the memory of her great Countess Matilda of Tuscany, of whom Sir James Stephen writes, in his essays in ecclesiastical biography:—"Neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. . . . In a voluptuous age she lived austere. . . . In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age her habits of study were such, that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to her Italian, French, and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. [A similar trait is related of the great Cleopatra, who is said to have been the first of the Greek sovereigns of Egypt who could speak the native language, and that there were few barbarous nations with whom the accomplished Egyptian queen could not converse without the medium of an interpreter.] Donnizone assures us," continues Sir James in his eulogy of Matilda, "that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, 'the great Countess' wrote, with her own pen, all her letters in that language, to the Pontiffs and Sovereigns of her times,—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony also may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books." . . . She was "the refuge of the oppressed, the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. . . . At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of 'the rich,' by which her father Boniface had been also distinguished. She might, with

no less propriety, have been designated as "the powerful"; since, either by direct authority or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the west both the outward homage and real deference reserved for sovereign potentates."

Three centuries after the death of Matilda, in the south of Europe, (she died towards the end of the eleventh century,) Denmark, in the north, rejoiced in her gallant Margaret Waldemar, who for a brief period united the crowns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and was surnamed "the Semiramis of the North." Austria and Hungary advanced and prospered under the government of the sage Archduchess-king Maria Theresa. Russia boasts her Catharine the Great, though not good, yet, as a ruler, truly great (and how many distinguished male sovereigns have been good?) While last, not least, England glories in her Elizabeth, than whom since Alfred, despite the woman's weaknesses, and follies, and sins, a greater sovereign never sat upon the throne of her empire. "Masculine women, these," it will perhaps be said; "beings not to be reckoned among the fair sex: exceptions to all rules as regards women's gifts and talents. These female rulers may have been great, but they were not womanly." Nay, not so of Matilda, nor of Blanche of Castile; nay, not so of Isabella the Catholic: and, turning from the west to the east,—even turning from Christendom to Heathendom,—nay, not so of Alia Báee! In recording this mention of female sovereigns who were good and feminine as well as great, we should feel ourselves to be guilty of a grave omission were we to pass over the revered Ránee of Malwa; and, as her history is less familiar to the general reader than that of the other celebrated queens we have named, we hope to be held excused in alluding to it more fully, especially as she was an Indian queen.

Alia Báee was called upon to administer the government of Holkar's dominions, in consequence of the early death of her son Mullee Row, the last direct male heir of the Holkar dynasty. This youth expired insane, under the supposed effects of demoniacal possession, in 1766, and his mother succeeded him upon the gádee, with the concurrence of all the Malwa chiefs. She reigned for thirty years over this important kingdom of the Mahratta empire, and "the character of her administration," says Sir John Malcolm, to whose "History of Central India" we are indebted for all we know respecting this great princess, "was the basis of the prosperity which attended the dynasty to which she be-

longed." . . . "Her great object was," continues the historian, "by a just and moderate government, to improve the condition of the country, while she promoted the happiness of her subjects. She maintained but a small force independent of the territorial militia ; but her troops were sufficient, aided by the equity of her administration, to preserve internal tranquillity ; and she relied on the army of the State, actively employed in Hindustan and the Deccan, and on her own reputation, for safety against all external enemies. It is not common with the Hindus, unless in those provinces wherethey have learnt the degrading usage from their Mahomedan conquerors, to confine females, or to compel them to wear veils. The Mahrattas of rank, even the Brahmans, have, with few exceptions, rejected the custom, which is not prescribed by any of their religious institutions. Alia Bhye* therefore offended no prejudice when she took upon herself the direct management of affairs, and sat every day, for a considerable time, in open durbar transacting business. Her first principle of government appears to have been moderate assessment, and an almost sacred respect for the native rights of village officers and proprietors of lands. She heard every complaint in person, and though she continually referred causes to courts of equity and arbitration, and to her ministers, for settlement, she was always accessible ; and so strong was her sense of duty on all points connected with the distribution of justice, that she is represented as not only patient, but unwearied in the investigation of the most insignificant causes when appeals were made to her decision.

"Aware of the partiality which was to be expected from information supplied by members and adherents of the Holkar family, regarding Alia Bhye, facts were collected from other quarters, to guard against the impressions which the usual details of her administration are calculated to make. It was thought the picture had been overcharged with bright colours, to bring it more into contrast with the opposite system that has since prevailed in the countries she formerly governed ; but, although enquiries have been made among all ranks and classes, nothing has been discovered to diminish the eulogiums, or rather blessings, which are poured forth whenever her name is mentioned. The more, indeed, enquiry is pursued, the more admiration is excited ; but

* It is thus that Sir John Malcolm spells the Mahratti word *Bāee*, which is equivalent to "*Lady*" in English—thereby rendering it masculine, or, as it were, *Sir* instead of the feminine title. Sir John had evidently not "passed" in Mahratti : indeed he owns to ignorance of the language. (See *Life of Sir J. Malcolm*, vol. i.)

it appears, above all, extraordinary, how she had mental and bodily powers to go through with the labours she imposed upon herself, and which, from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted. The hours gained from the affairs of state were all given to acts of devotion and charity; and a deep sense of religion appears to have strengthened her mind in the performance of her worldly duties. She used to say that she deemed herself 'answerable to God for every exercise of power,' and, in the full spirit of a pious and benevolent mind, was wont to exclaim, when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, 'Let us, mortals, beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty.'

It would be satisfactory to know what was the word actually used by Alia Bâec, which is here translated "Almighty." Sir John Malcolm, in a subsequent paragraph, states that the Rânee every day "gave food in person to a number of Brahmins," and the individual from whom he received the most minute particulars respecting her daily life, was Baramal Doda, whose occupation about her court was "to wash her tutelary deities and attend her person." She was therefore in her religion a thorough Hindu, notwithstanding the monotheistic phrases here recorded of her. *Ishwar* was probably the word translated "God," and *Mahadeo* may have been that which is rendered "Almighty." But Mahadeo among the Saivas means Sîva, among the Vishnais, Vishnu. We are not aware that it is ever used for Brahma, to whom, as the creative deity, the phrase "works of the Almighty" must needs apply.

Princess of Senaar! it is upon you the blame must rest of this long digression touching great queens regnant! The list might be, no doubt, considerably added to by one well read in history. We have not counted as among the great, that Empress of China who was made co-regent by her celestial husband as a reward for having washed the house-linen—as we failed to see in that act any proof of talent for administration—though the emperor, it would seem, thought otherwise. Some may demur as to whether we should have included the two Artemisias. And yet, surely, if not specially able perhaps in the home department, the first showed at least a marked talent for military strategy when, on finding that her allies the Persians were being beaten at the battle of Salamis, while her own galley was warmly pursued by an Athenian ship, she hung out the Grecian flag, and turned—her guns we were going to say—but at any rate, whatever she had to turn, against one of the Persian vessels, on

board of which was her private enemy the King of Calyada, and sunk it ; and so deceiving her pursuers into the belief that she was one of their own fleet, got off unscathed from the battle. It was not because she drank up her husband, that we brought upon our roll Artemisia the Second, for to make dead husbands into powder, and quaff them in glasses of *parfait amour*, is, we acknowledge, though a touching, no more of an administrative act than to wash house-linen ; but we counted her among our clever queens for having so ingeniously caught the Rhodian fleet at Halicarnassus, and for so subtly turning it into an instrument for the capture of Rhodes itself. If Phila, the beautiful and highly-gifted daughter of Antipater, had been called upon to reign, she would have been another Alia Báee. It is said that her father, who was reckoned one of the most able politicians of his age, never engaged in any affair of importance without consulting her ; and she was as virtuous and benevolent as she was able. This reminds us of a corresponding case in the modern history of our own country. Of Elizabeth Villiers, the friend of William of Orange, Macaulay says, (*Hist. of Eng.* vol. iv. p. 471,) “ her influence over him she owed, not to her personal charms—for it taxed all the art of Kneller to make her look tolerable on canvas,—not to those talents which peculiarly belong to her sex—for she did not exult in playful talk, and her letters are remarkably deficient in feminine ease and grace,—but to powers of mind which qualified her to partake the cares and guide the counsels of statesmen. To the end of her life great politicians sought her advice. Even Swift, the shrewdest and most cynical of her contemporaries, pronounced her the wisest of women, and more than once sat, fascinated by her conversation, from two in the afternoon till near midnight. By degrees, the virtues and charms of Mary conquered the first place in her husband's affection ; but he still, in difficult conjunctures, frequently applied to Elizabeth Villiers for advice and assistance.”

Brilliant testimonies these to the administrative talents and political acumen of woman ! But having laid this homage at the feet of the fair sex, we trust that we shall not be deemed unchivalric if we add that they, at the same time, appear as remarkably to fail in the faculty of originative genius. The question has before now been asked, what woman can the world's biographers refer to, as having been the author of any great invention ? and the answer invariably has been—Not one. Even in the fine arts, where her chances to excel are fairer than in the sciences, no woman has distinguished herself as a first-rate

and original painter, or sculptor, or poet, or musical composer. On the other side, as novelists, women take a high place, and as familiar letter writers, the highest. Even Horace Walpole cannot match Madame de Sévigné. It would appear then that women can counsel, guide, order, rule, depict, and illustrate, with transcendent success ; but that they cannot *create* : that they are, in fact, but goddesses, not gods. Ah ! so let them rest content ! nor be misled to share in Eve's ambition ! The more so, that every year is now bringing them nearer to that just degree of equality with man, which our first mother's too inordinate aspirations lost for them in paradise.

Led astray by the Princess of Senaar, whose diademed brow linked itself in our mind with, we must own, a somewhat lengthy chain of fairer crowned celebrities than herself, we feel that we have too long wandered from the direct path of our duty ; but in order that we may come round again without abruptness back to the point from which we started off the course to take the tour of Asia and Europe, we will end our digression, as we began it, with an African princess, and extract from Mr. Taylor's lively pages the following entertaining account of the Princess of Dar-Fúr :—

“The Sittah (Lady) Sowakin, the aunt of Sultan Adah, the present monarch of that kingdom, is a zealous Moslem, and lately determined to make a pilgrimage to the grave of the Prophet. She arrived in Khartoum in August 1851, attended by a large retinue of officers, attendants, and slaves, and after remaining a few days, descended the Nile to El Mekheyref, crossed the Desert of Sowakin, on the Red Sea, and sailed thence for Djidda, the port of Mecca. During her stay, Lattif Pasha was exceedingly courteous to her, introducing her to his wives, bestowing upon her handsome presents, and furnishing her with boats and camels for her journey. Dr. Reitz availed himself of the occasion to make the people of Dar-Fúr better acquainted with Europeans. All the Frank residents assembled at his house, in Christian costume, and proceeded to the residence of the Lady Sowakin. They found her sitting in state, with two black slaves before her on their hands and knees, motionless as sphinxes. On each side stood her officers and interpreters. She was veiled, as well as her female attendants, and all exhibited the greatest surprise and curiosity at the appearance of the Franks. The gifts they laid before her—silks, fine soaps, cosmetics, bon-bons, &c.—she examined with childish delight, and when the Consul informed her that the only object of the Europeans in wishing to enter Dar-Fúr was to exchange such ob-

jects as these for gum and elephants' teeth, she promised to persuade Sultan Adah to open his kingdom to them.

"The next day her principal officers visited the Consul's house, and spent a long time examining its various wonders. The pictures, books, and furniture, filled them with astonishment, and they went from one object to another, like children, uttering exclamations of surprise and delight. What more startled them was a box of lucifer matches, which was entirely beyond their comprehension. They regarded the match with superstitious awe, and seemed to consider that the fire was produced by some kind of magic. Their relation of what they saw so excited the curiosity of the Lady Sowakin, that she came on the following day with her women. She was no less astonished than her attendants had been, but was most attracted by the Consul's large mirror. She and her women spent half an hour before it, making gestures, and unable to comprehend how they were mimicked by the reflected figures. As she was unacquainted with its properties, she threw back her veil to see whether the image would show her face. The Consul was standing behind her, and thus caught sight of her features: she was black, with a strongly marked but not unpleasant countenance, and about forty-five years of age. He had a breakfast prepared for the ladies, but on reaching the room the attendants all retired, and he was informed that the women of rank in Dar-Fúr never eat in the presence of the men. After they had finished the repast, he observed that they had not only partaken heartily of the various European dishes, but had taken with them what they could not eat, so that the table exhibited nothing but empty dishes. When they left, the Lady reiterated her promise, and added that if the Consul would visit Dar-Fúr, the Sultan would certainly present him with many camel-loads of elephants' teeth, in consideration of his courtesy to her."

To return to our traveller's Nile voyage.

After reposing himself for about ten days at Khartoum, Mr. Taylor determined upon ascending the White Nile. He accordingly hired a small vessel called a "*sándál*" of a fat Turk, manned it with five strong Dongolese sailors under the command of a *raïs*, and engaged a black female slave, of hideous exterior, as his cook, whom he did not anticipate would be passed off to the Shillooks as "*one of his wives*."

For some time before reaching the confluence of the White with the Blue Nile, Mr. Taylor says that he could clearly distinguish them from each other by their difference of hues; the two streams running side by side, and being actually blue and white. The Island of Omdurman lies opposite their junction,

upon whose sandy shores he observed a light as he passed a flock of the sacred Ibis. The stream of the White Nile is narrow where it falls into the main river; but it soon expands to a width of two miles, and the shores are so low as to give the water the appearance of an inland sea. These shores he describes as sandy tracts, covered with mimosa and an abundant growth of thorns. The mimosas increased in size and profusion as he continued his course, and changed to the gum-producing species. On the second day the width of the river varied from two to three miles. By noon our traveller entered the territories of the Hassaniéh Arabs, the last tribe which is subject, he says, to the Pasha of Soudan. Here he loses his flag, his national flag, in the mud of the river; and sails away from the spot where lay ingulphed the beloved stars and stripes "with a pang as if a friend had been drowned there." He adds, in the idiom of his country:—

"The flag of one's country is never dearer to *him*, than when it is *his* companion and protector in foreign lands."

This use of the pronoun of the third person singular in sequence to the idiomatic word "one," is a recent fashion of our day, which has, we believe, been introduced among us by our cousins of the western world, who have adopted it, we are inclined to think, under the mistaken notion (as we believe it to be) that "*one*" means a *man*; whereas the expression is clearly derived from the French *on*, which word, French etymologists say, is a corruption of *homme*—*man* (not a man), that is, *mankind* or *people*. Bear witness, the far-celebrated line of Trissotin in *Les Femmes Savantes*—

"Faites-la sortir quoiqu'on dit."*

Ah!—ce "quoiqu'on dit"! Is not its equivalent in English "whatever *people* may say"? not, whatever *an individual* may say? and an *on dit*,—is it not a "*they say*"? not a *he says*? Our sainted forefathers, if writing Mr. Taylor's sentence, would have penned it thus: "The flag of one's country is never dearer to one than when it is one's companion," &c.; but now, thanks to our relatives over the water, *nous avons changé tout cela!* and are no longer content with the English of our grandsires. In these days we must *progress*, instead of *go forward*; live in *localities*,

* True, the verb is in the singular, but the word *on* is, we maintain, a noun of multitude.

instead of places, and—oh! horrible!—hear, unmoved, quite decent people say “*like*” in the place of *as* !* while

(“ In every depth there is a deeper still”)

all around us events *transpire* instead of *occur* ! In “ the good old time” *secret* things alone *transpired* ; but now !—not only in second-rate newspapers and magazines, and other inferior literature, but even (oh “ tell it not in Gath” !) in the pulpit itself, we have found and heard this word used as though it were synonymous with *occur* ! If any heretic would maintain that so *it is*, we would ask him witheringly, can a *secret* then *occur* ?

Having relieved ourselves with this burst of righteous indignation, we resume, with recovered calmness, our voyage up the White Nile, which Mr. Taylor considers to be the true Nile, although at the confluence the volume of the Blue Nile is greater ; for he says, speaking of the latter, “ he is fresh from the mountains and constantly fed by large, unfailing affluents, while the White Nile has rolled for more than a thousand miles on nearly a dead level, through a porous, alluvial soil, in which he loses more water than he brings with him.” It was the source of the Blue Nile that Bruce discovered.

As the traveller advanced in his light “*sándál*” up the centre of the river, the sandy shores became banks of ten or twelve feet in height, covered with tropical vegetation ; the trees, still mimosa, and the undergrowth a dense green shrub mixed with cactus and *euphorbia*. The scenery reminded Mr. Taylor of the Mississippi, and there was not, he says, “ a single feature that resembled Egypt.”

At nine o'clock on the second morning after leaving Khartoum, Mr. Taylor reached the island of Hassanieh, and soon after sunset passed the frontier of Egyptian Soudan, and entered the territory of the negro kingdom of the Shillooks. The forest trees here became more tall and dense, and the river more thickly studded with islands, which lay imbedded in luxuriant girdles of shrubs and water-plants ; wild fowl abounded. “ The zikzaks,” says Mr. Taylor,

“ Flew twittering over the waves, calling up their mates, the sleepy crocodiles ; the herons stretched their wings against the wind ; the monkeys leaped and chattered in the woods,

* The vulgar mode of speech “*like* — *does*,” for using which we should have received, in the days of our childhood, a sound castigation, and which was then met with in no literature above the nautical, is now creeping up, alas ! almost into the senate.

and at last whole herds of hippopotami, sporting near the shore, came up spouting water from their nostrils, in a manner precisely similar to the grampus. I counted six together, soon after sunrise, near the end of an island. They floundered about in the shallows, popping up their heads every few minutes to look at us, and at last walked out through the reeds and stood upon the shore. Soon afterwards five more appeared on the other side of the river, and thenceforth we saw them almost constantly, and sometimes within fifty yards. I noticed one which must have been four feet in breadth across the ears, and with a head nearly five feet long. He opened his mouth wide enough to show two round, blunt tusks, or rather grinders, one on each side. They exhibited a great deal of curiosity, and frequently turned about after we had passed, and followed for some time in our wake "

On the morning of the third day he arrived off the island of Aba, distant two hundred and fifty miles from Khartoum. The savage inhabitants received him and his little crew with much distrust; but on being told by the raïs, who already knew something of the people, that his master was the son of the Sultan of Soudan, who was come from his father on a visit of friendship, they consented to permit him to land peaceably. He was received with courtesy by the sheik, and a durbar was extemporised upon the shore—Mr. Taylor reclining on his cabin carpet and pillows, and the sheik and his vizier (as he called himself) seating themselves on the fallen trunk of a tree, while the rest squatted upon the ground. There was no cordiality, however, till our traveller, on being asked by the sheik, "Where is the dress which the Sultan has brought for me?" brought forth, from among his paraphernalia in the boat, a shirt and silk handkerchief, and some beads and ear-rings, as a present from his royal father to the sheik, and his wives, and his prime minister. The articles were graciously accepted; but how the first-named among them was to be put on was an insoluble mystery of mysteries to the unsophisticated negro chieftain. At last, after hanging it over his back like a mantle, his arms were got into the sleeves. The handkerchief was then wound round his head, while Achmet furnished him with a pair of Turkish drawers; and "once clothed," says Mr. Taylor, "he gave no more attention to his garments, but wore them with as much nonchalance as if he had never possessed a scantier costume." Coffee was then brought, but the negroes were afraid to touch it, till, to allay their suspicious fears, Mr. Taylor drank a cup first. Some then took it readily, ●

but others, who had never tasted coffee before, did not seem to relish it, which is very conceivable. A clamour for presents then began, and our adventurous traveller and supposed Prince began to think it time to change the position of affairs, without at the same time betraying any want of confidence. He therefore rose, and called to his attendants to accompany him on foot to the village. Our Yankee author continues in Yankee phrase :

“ While these things were *transpiring*, (!) a number of other Shillooks had arrived, so that there were now upwards of fifty. All were armed—the most of them with iron-pointed spears, some with clubs, and some with long poles, having knobs of hard wood on the end. They were all tall, strong, stately people, not more than two or three under six feet in height, while the most of them were three or four inches over that standard. Some had a piece of rough cotton cloth tied around the waist or thrown over the shoulders, but the most of them were entirely naked. Their figures were large and muscular, but not symmetrical, nor was there the least grace in their movements. Their faces resembled a cross between the negro of Guinea and the North American Indian, having the high cheek bones, the narrow forehead, and pointed head of the latter, with the flat nose and projecting lips of the former. Their teeth were so long as to appear like tusks, and in most of them one or two front teeth were wanting, which gave their faces a wolfish expression. Their eyes were small, and had an inflamed look, which might have been occasioned by the damp exhalations of the soil on which they slept. Every one wore an armlet above the elbow, either a segment of an elephant's tusk, or a thick ring of plaited hippopotamus hide. The most of them had a string of glass beads around the neck, and the shekh wore a necklace of the large white variety called ‘pigeon eggs’ by the traders on the White Nile. They had no beards, and their hair was seared or plucked out on the forehead and temples, leaving only a circular crown of crisp wool on the top of the head. Some had rubbed their faces and heads with wood ashes, which imparted a livid, ghastly effect to their black skins.

“ The shekh marched ahead, in his white garments and fluttering head-dress, followed by the warriors, each carrying his long spear erect in his hand. We walked in the midst of them, and I was so careful to avoid all appearance of fear that I never once looked behind, to see whether the vessel was following us. A violent dispute arose among some of the men in front, and from their frequent glances towards us, it was evident that we were in some way connected with the conversation. I did not feel quite at ease till the matter was referred to the shekh, who decided it

in a way that silenced the men, if it did not satisfy them. As we approached the village, good-humor was restored, and their demeanor towards us was thenceforth more friendly. They looked at me with curiosity, but without ill-will, and I could see that my dress interested them much more than my person. Finally we reached the village, which contained about one hundred tokuls of straw, built in a circular form, with conical roofs. They were arranged so as to inclose a space in the centre, which was evidently intended as a fold for their sheep, as it was further protected by a fence of thorns. Guards were stationed, at intervals of about twenty yards, along the side fronting the river, each leaning back against his spear, with one of his legs drawn up so that the foot rested against the opposite knee. At the principal entrance of the village, opposite which I counted twenty-seven canoes drawn up against the shore, we made a halt, and the shekh ordered a seat to be brought. An *angareb*, the frame of which was covered with a net-work of hippopotamus thongs, was placed in the shade of a majestic mimosa tree, and the shekh and I took our seats. Another *angareb* was brought and placed behind us, for our respective viziers. The warriors all laid aside their spears, and sat on the ground, forming a semi-circle in front of us. A swarm of naked boys, from eight to twelve years of age, crept dodging behind the trees till they reached a convenient place in the rear, where they watched me curiously, but drew back in alarm whenever I turned my head. The village was entirely deserted of its inhabitants, every one having come to behold the strange Sultan. The females kept at a distance at first, but gradually a few were so far overcome by their curiosity that they approached near enough for me to observe them closely. They were nude, except a small piece of sheepskin around the loins, and in their forms were not very easy to distinguish from the men, having flat masculine breasts and narrow hips. They were from five feet eight inches to six feet in height. The rais informed me that the Shillooks frequently sell their women and children, and that a boy or girl can be bought for about twenty measures of dourra. After undergoing their inspection half an hour, I began to get tired of sitting in state, and had my pipe brought from the boat. I saw by an occasional sidelong glance that the shekh watched me; but I smoked carelessly until the tobacco was finished. Some of the men were already regaling themselves with that which I had given them. They had pipes with immense globular bowls of clay, short thick stems of reed, and mouth-pieces made of a variety of wild gourd, with a long pointed neck. A handful of tobacco was placed in the bowl, and two or three coals laid upon it, after which the orifice

was closed with clay. The vizier, Adjeb-Seedoo, who had something of the Yankee in his angular features and the shrewd wrinkles about the corners of the eyes, chewed the tobacco and squirted out the saliva between his teeth in the true Down-East style. I bargained for his pipe at two piastres, and one of the ivory arm-rings at five, but as I had no small silver money (the only coin current among them), did not succeed in getting the former article. I obtained, however, two of the arm-rings of hippopotamus hide. While these things were going on, the shekh, who had been observing me closely, saw the chain of my watch, which he seized. I took out the watch and held it to his ear. He started back in surprise, and told the men what he had heard, imitating its sound in a most amusing manner. They all crowded around to listen, and from their looks and signs seemed to think the case contained some bird or insect. I therefore opened it, and showed them the motion of the balance-wheel and of the hand on the smaller dial of the face. Their astonishment was now changed to awe, and they looked at it silently, without daring to touch it.

"I profited by this impression to make a move for starting, before their greed for presents should grow into a resolve to rob us by force. I had asked the shekh two or three times to have a cup of water brought for me, but he seemed to pay no attention to the request. Soon, however, one of the men brought a large earthen jar, stopped with clay, and placed it at my feet. Thereupon the shekh turned to me, saying: 'There is plenty of water in the river, and here I give you honey to mix with it.' The jar was taken on board, and contained, in fact, nearly a gallon of wild honey, which had a rich, aromatic taste, like the odour of the mimosa flowers. The trading-vessels on the White Nile purchase this honey, but as the natives, in their hatred of the Turks, frequently mix with it the juice of poisonous plants, they are obliged to taste it themselves before they can sell it. I did not require this proof at their hands, preferring to trust them unreservedly, at least in my demeanor. Trust always begets a kindred trust, and I am quite sure that my safety among those savages was owing to my having adopted this course of conduct.

"I went on board to get the money for the arm-rings, and after Achment had paid the men, directed him and the raïs to return. Several of the Shillocks followed, offering articles for sale, and the vizier, who had waded out, holding up his new shirt so that it might not be wet, climbed upon the gunwale of the boat and peered into the cabin. I changed my position so as to stand between him and the door, gave him two onions which he saw on deck and had an appetite for, and hurried him away.

The shekh and all the warriors had come down to the shore, but without their spears, and were seated on the ground, holding a consultation. By this time, however, the raïs was at the helm, and the sailors had begun to shove the bow of my boat into the stream. I called out, 'O shekh Abd-en-noor!' in a familiar way, and waved my hand as a token of parting. He rose, returned the salute, made a gesture to his men, and they all went slowly back to the village. As we were leaving, the sailors informed me that one of the Shillooks, who had come down to the boat while I was seated with the shekh on shore, took a fancy to the fat black slave who cooks for them, and expressed his determination to take her. They told him she was one of the Sultan's wives, and that as his majesty was now the shekh's friend, he dare not touch her. 'Oh,' said the Shillook, 'if she is the Sultan's wife, that is enough;' and he immediately returned to the shore. I forgave the impertinence of the sailors in passing off such a hideous creature as *one* of my wives, in consideration of the adroitness with which they avoided what might have been a serious difficulty."

The island of Aba was the furthest point of Mr. Taylor's explorations, but other travellers have ascended the White Nile, he tells us, as far as lat. 4° N. His chapter, giving a résumé of their observations, is highly interesting; but we will content ourselves with recommending it to the perusal of our readers, only mentioning that at lat. 4° 10' N. Dr. Klobecher ascended a solitary granite peak six hundred feet high, which is situated on the left bank of the Nile, and from thence, looking towards the S. W., he beheld the river winding out of sight between the mountains Rego and Kidi, while the southern horizon was bounded by a long range of hills rising hazy in the far distance. They conjectured the farthest mountain range to be in about lat. 3° N. "The white Nile, therefore, has been traced," says Mr. Taylor, "nearly to the equator, where such is still the abundance of water that one may," he adds, "estimate with tolerable certainty the distance to its unknown sources, which undoubtedly lie beyond the equator." (P. 352.)

We here take leave of our agreeable and intelligent American traveller, bidding him farewell with feelings not a little envious of him, for having been able to devote his time so deliberately to investigations in countries of such deep interest as the empire and kingdoms of the Nile. The less fortunate Anglo-Indian, rushing through Egypt at telegraph speed, sees but just enough of this historic land to make him long for the time when he too may be an unfettered explorer of its wonders. At Shepheard's enormous

hotel he meets happy freemen from all parts of the civilised world, who seem to him all "felicity hunters," with *carte blanche* for the enjoyment of the happiness before them. But yet, amid all the marvels of a mighty past which these sight-seekers are pressing onwards to explore, there is not one more marvellous to behold upon the classic and sacred soil of Egypt, than the present wonder of which this traveller himself forms a part. There is not, to our mind, a sight more wondrous on this modern earth than that of the living British, who, twice in every month, pulsate to and fro, by hundreds at a time, through the land of the ancient Pharaohs,—heralded as they go by announcing lightning; borne on the wings of steam; the fleshpots of Egypt made ready to refresh them at stations created for their sole use; her dromedaries, by hundreds, reserved to carry their property and letters; her chariots standing harnessed with teams of swift horses to bear them on to the leviathan ship that awaits them, expectant, on either coast. All through the year, fortnight by fortnight, that mightiest pulse unceasingly throbs on, as grand a witness to England's greatness as any the world can show—not excepting her proud Navy;—for if this may be said to represent her far-controlling hand, that as magnificently exhibits her wide-ruling head. It is a sight sublime! that transit of the British Lion through what was once the land of the wise and haughty Pharaohs, of the cultivated and splendid Ptolemies. Egypt, now "the basest of kingdoms," lays the homage of her choicest and her best at the feet of Britannia, humbly serving for a caravanserai upon her route, as, in the persons of her "swift messengers," she royally traverses the world from mighty empire to mighty empire.

What is to be the future of Egypt? We see a "highway," which is as "a river," already in progress through her "desert." We know that such another is commencing which is to traverse the land of Assyria. What more obvious than that it is but a matter of brief time for a third to be added, connecting, through Palestine, the two former with each other? Meantime, the Holy Land is coming more and more under Christian influence. The heirs of the promise have already in Jerusalem a "sanctuary,—cleansed." So also is there one in Egypt. We feel it impossible to behold these things, and not recall to mind, in connection with them, that remarkable passage in Isaiah* which says, in the prophecy regarding Egypt:—"In that day there shall be a high-

* Chapter xix. verse 23 to end.

way out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day shall Israel be third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land. Whom the Lord shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance."

ART. III.—EPITAPHS : EUROPEAN AND INDIAN.

1. *Fabiola ; or, The Church of the Catacombs.* London : Burns and Lambert. 1855.
2. *The Church in the Catacombs : a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome. Illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains.* By CHARLES MAITLAND, M.D. Second Edition, 8vo. London : Longman & Co. 1847.
3. *The Catacombs of Rome.* By CHARLES MACFARLANE. London : George Routledge & Co. 1852.
4. *Epitaphs for Country Churchyards.* Collected and arranged by AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, of University College, Oxford. London and Oxford : John, Henry, and James Parker. 1856.
5. *The Churchyard Manual ; intended chiefly for Rural Districts.* By W. HASTINGS KELKE, A.B., Rector of Drayton Beauchamp. With designs for Churchyard Memorials. London : C. Cox. 1851.
6. *A Tract upon Tomb-stones ; or Suggestions for the consideration of persons intending to set up that kind of monument to the memory of deceased friends.* By A MEMBER OF THE LICHFIELD SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. Rugeley : John Thomas Walters. 1843.
7. *Epitaphs—a Tract, No. 529.* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

THE first book on our list is said to have been written by

Cardinal Wiseman ; on what authority, we cannot say, but the rumour is supported by internal evidence. We were, indeed, at first disposed to doubt whether a priest of his calibre would fire off small works of fiction, and it was matter of surprise to us when he seemed to be partially successful ; but we observe that he is eclipsed by others just where we should expect that a man of learning would be. His pathos, tenderness, and delicacy of sentiment are *efforts* ; and there are no impassioned appeals to the feelings, the spice of novels and romances, making them to be devoured by lovers of excitement. Nor, let us add, are there any sensual and voluptuous scenes such as would not become the gravity of a cardinal. What we chiefly admire in the book is a true and just apprehension of the silent force brought by Christianity in the first ages to bear upon heathenism ; of the secret spell worked by faith and purity of life, which enabled the early Church to subdue its mighty enemies. That power was not derived from the doctrine of justification as treated by Luther ; if we look deeper for it we shall see that it was something more simple. The author of "Fabiola" represents his heathen heroine as won by the lovely *precepts* of the Gospel and the practices of a few single-hearted Christians. She picks up by chance a scrap of paper ; on it she for the first time sees written a passage of Scripture, an absurd paradox, as she declares ; yet that passage makes a stir in her mind ; it is read by her again and again, first to see if anything *can* be made of it. At length the idea appears to her very beautiful and true withal, although she still conceives that its application as a precept is utterly impracticable. Then, however, she sees that it *is* applied by gentle maidens and confessors of new doctrines ; that their lives are a lucid commentary upon it. The result is, that she is converted to the religion teaching this practicable morality, so far beyond all that she had before heard of. The passage was this :—"Love your enemies . . . that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven ; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The author's descriptive powers are considerable, and his sketches of nature well conceived, though sometimes clumsily executed. Awkward attempts at joking occasionally destroy the effect of his finest touches ; as for instance a mawkish fantasy, which he thinks such a capital hit, that he repeats it in almost the same words—of speaking, wriggling, bustling, fretting, chattering, mountain-torrents going down "in the most good-natured way

imaginable" to the sea. This we consider but a feeble travestie of Shakespeare's stream :—

"That makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

Or of the Hindu dramatist, who, in the *Mudra Rakshasa*, celebrates

"Gunga by the autumn led,
Fondly impatient to her ocean lord ;
Tossing her waves as with offended pride,
And pining fretful at the lengthen'd way."

One of the most beautiful passages we select for quotation ; the illustration in it of a particular Providence and Searcher of hearts, is very elegant and happy. *Fabiola*, having heard of this doctrine from a Christian slave, suggests a difficulty, by inquiring whether it is possible that the Supreme Being "can occupy Himself with constantly watching the actions, still more the paltry thoughts, of millions of creatures." The reply is this :—

"It is no occupation, lady, it is not even choice. I called Him light. Is it occupation or labour to the sun to send his rays through the crystal of this fountain, to the very pebbles in its bed ? See how of themselves they disclose, not only the beautiful, but the foul that harbours there ; not only the sparkles that the falling drops strike from its rough sides ; not only the pearly bubbles that merely rise, glisten for a moment, then break against the surface ; not only the golden fish that bask in their light, but black and loathsome creeping things, which seek to hide and bury themselves in dark nooks below, and cannot, for the light pursues them. Is there toil or occupation in all this, to the sun that thus visits them ? Far more would it appear so, were he to restrain his beams at the surface of the transparent element, and hold them back from throwing it into light. And what he does here, he does in the next stream, and in that which is a thousand miles off, with equal ease ; nor can any imaginable increase of their number or bulk, lead us to fancy or believe that rays would be wanting, or light would fail to scrutinise them all." (Page 100.)

One of the strongest internal evidences in "*Fabiola*" that the popular opinion of its authorship is correct, may be found in its familiar acquaintance with the localities and antiquities of Rome. There can be no doubt that the writer has resided there for long, with abundant opportunities of exploring its still glorious ruins. He can map out the Forum with accuracy, define the limits

of the Pincian Hill, and we verily believe he is the identical agitator who once sent a famous epistle through the Flaminian Gate. Solely on account of this local knowledge have we selected the work for notice,—solely because it contains the best popular description we have ever met with of the Catacombs, the very name of which has for long been an enigma to the learned :—

“ We have generally avoided using the name of catacombs, because it might mislead our readers into an idea that this was either the original or a generic name of those early Christian crypts. It is not so, however : Rome might be said to be surrounded by a circumvallation of cemeteries, sixty or thereabouts in number, each of which was generally known by the name of some saint or saints, whose bodies reposed there. Thus we have the cemeteries of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, of St. Agnes, of St. Pancratius, of Prætextatus, Priscilla, Hermes, &c. Sometimes these cemeteries were known by the names of the places where they existed. The cemetery of St. Sebastian, which was called sometimes *cæmeterium ad Sanctam Cæciliam*, and by other names, had among them that of *ad catacumbas*.* The meaning of this word is completely unknown ; though it may be attributed to the circumstance of the relics of SS. Peter and Paul having been for a time buried there, in a crypt still existing near the cemetery. This term became the name of that particular cemetery, then was generalised, till we familiarly call the whole system of these underground excavations—the Catacombs.

“ Their origin was, in the last century, a subject of controversy. Following two or three vague and equivocal passages, some learned writers pronounced the catacombs to have been originally heathen excavations, made to extract sand for the building of the city. These sand-pits were called *arenaria*, and so occasionally are the Christian cemeteries. But a more scientific and minute examination, particularly made by the accurate F. Marchi, has completely confuted this theory. The entrance to the catacombs was often, as can yet be seen, from these sand-pits, which are themselves underground, and no doubt were a convenient cover for the cemetery ; but several circumstances prove that they were never used for Christian burial, nor converted into Christian cemeteries.

“ The man who wishes to get the sand out of the ground will keep his excavation as near the surface as possible, will have it of easiest possible access for drawing out materials, and will make it as ample as is consistent with the safety of the roof, and the supply of what he is seeking. And all this we find in the *arena-*

* Formed apparently of a Greek preposition and a Latin verb.

ria still abounding round Rome. But the catacombs are constructed on principles exactly contrary to all these.

"The catacomb dives at once, generally by a steep flight of steps, below the stratum of loose and friable sand, into that where it is indurated to the hardness of a tender but consistent rock ; on the surface of which every stroke of the pick-axe is yet distinctly traceable. When you have reached this depth you are in the first story of the cemetery, for you descend again by stairs, to the second and third below, all constructed on the same principle.

"A catacomb may be divided into three parts, its passages or streets, its chambers or squares, and its churches. The passages are long, narrow galleries, cut with tolerable regularity, so that the roof and floor are at right angles with the sides, often so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to go abreast. They sometimes run quite straight to a great length ; but they are crossed by others, and these again by others, so as to form a complete labyrinth or net work of subterranean corridors. To be lost among them would easily be fatal.

"But these passages are not constructed, as the name would imply, merely to lead to something else. They are themselves the catacomb or cemetery. Their walls, as well as the sides of the staircases, are honeycombed with graves, that is, with rows of excavations, large and small, of sufficient length to admit a human body, from a child to a full-grown man, laid with it side to the gallery. Sometimes there are as many as fourteen, sometimes as few as three or four of these rows, one above the other. They are evidently so made to measure, that it is probable the body was lying by the side of the grave while this was being dug.

"When the corpse, wrapped up, was laid in its narrow cell, the front was hermetically closed either by a marble slab, or more frequently by several broad tiles, put edgeways in a groove or mortice cut for them in the rock, and cemented all round. The inscription was cut upon the marble, or scratched in the wet mortar. Thousands of the former sort have been collected, and may be seen in museums and churches ; many of the latter have been copied and published, but by far the greater number of tombs are anonymous, and have no record upon them." (Pp. 143-145)

We too, though still glad to profit by the experience of a cardinal, have gazed with intense interest, with indescribable awe, upon the stones of the Eternal City, and have made that wonderful transition, which in this of all places is most striking, from imposing remains of heathen antiquity to humble monuments of Christian truth and simplicity. After contemplating scenes as-

sociated with the infancy, manhood, and decay of Rome ; beholding the ruined pier of the very bridge where stout Horatius stood at bay,

“ When with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;”

after tracing the ascent from the Campagna through the noble arch of Titus to the golden capitol—of Titus returning triumphant with the spoils of Jerusalem ; after standing in the Coliseum under the cross erected on the very spot where the mortal agonies of Christians used to draw down the savage plaudits of heathen spectators,—how refreshing to rest quietly in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, viewing on the walls the mute yet speaking stones exhumed from subterranean Rome, and meditating on the sufferings of those believers whom they were designed to commemorate !

But before entering upon our subject, let us not forget that in this Lapidarian Gallery is also a collection of heathen epitaphs deserving a passing notice. Until late years, indeed, the heroes of republican and imperial Rome were chiefly objects of interest, and the learned cared much more for the discovery of Virgil's resting-place at Capua, or the tombs of the Scipios near the Porta Capena of Rome, than for the obscure sleeping-cells of Christian martyrs. And the sepulchral memorials of heathens, as seen in the Vatican, are far from being devoid of interest. Although we do not see on them the earnest simplicity of a deep and true faith, yet they are sometimes the words of heroes speaking the praise of heroes. Often also their language tells of a grief so evidently unaffected, that for the moment we cannot fail to share it ; of domestic bonds riven asunder, and fond hearts broken by the unrelenting hand of death ; of a deserted widow wailing and again exclaiming that her joy has passed as a dream, and home is desolate without love.*

The following struck us particularly, as expressing the sorrows of a heathen mother ; even now she seems before us, wringing her hands, uttering wild accents of despair over her breathless infant :—

CAIUS JULIUS MAXIMUS,

2 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

“ O relentless fortune, who delightest in cruel death,
Why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me ;
He who lately used to lie joyful on my bosom ?
This stone now marks his tomb—behold his mother !”

* “ πόθος δὲ μοι ὡς ὄναρ ἔπηγ᾽ :

Σηρῇ δ' αὖ Κυθέρεια, κενὸν δ' ἀνὰ δῶματ' ἔρωτας.”

Here is another, taken from the curious collection of Orellius, for extracts from which we are indebted to the "Quarterly Review," vol. lxxviii. We translate it :—

"O son Laggus, mayst thou rest well.
Thy mother entreats thee :
Take me to thee.
Farowell."

Here is one by a husband, whose kiss seems but just dying on the cold lips of his young wife :—

D. M.

"L. Arulenus Sosimus raised this
To Clodia Charis his sweetest wife,
Who, if she had attained to the term of life,
Would have envied neither men nor gods.
She lived with him scarcely xv. days."

No hope ! no hope ! corruption is the father, the worm the mother of the young and beautiful. If resignation is expressed, it is the insensibility of the Stoic ; but sometimes impotent man stands up and curses heaven's lightning. In one extracted by Dr. Maitland from Mabillon's work, a maiden cut down in her prime is supposed to utter words of fierce resentment :—

"I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched away me innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this."

The epithets usually applied to wives are "well-deserving," "dearest," and "sweetest," which last is common both on heathen and Christian tombs. One epithet frequently met with, would scarcely now be appreciated by European matrons : a good wife is styled *obsequentissima* or most obsequious. A peculiar feature of domestic life amongst the Romans is discovered here and nowhere else : the *focaria* or concubine, and her illegitimate offspring, are referred to with as much respect as the married wife and her children. Only on the remains of pagan Rome's degenerate age do we find those turgid eulogies which disfigure our modern tombstones ; on those only are men styled "best," "greatest," "and unconquered." But we must not turn aside from our path to contemplate these, and shall content ourselves with adding two ; one a curious illustration of the feelings with which, in ancient Rome, lawyers were regarded by disappointed suitors. The following is from Orellius :—

HUIC MONUMENTO
DOLUS MALUS
ABESTO ET
JURIS CONSULTUS..

The following is taken by Dr. Maitland from Gruter's work :—

"To the divine Manes of Titus Claudius Secundus, who lived 57 years. Here he enjoys everything. Bath, wine, and love (Venus) ruin our bodies, but they make life. Farewell; farewell. To her dear companion, Merope Cæsarea has erected this. For themselves and their descendants."

Unconsoling, and in many cases ridiculously vain as are these examples of heathen necrology, they do not invite us to dwell on them; but rather send us back to the living, and remind us of the Greek Bacchanalian's remonstrance :—

"Why, friend, those vain libations shed?
Why deck the gravestones of the dead?
To me *alive* your unguents give,
Crown me with roses while I *live*."*

Turning round from them to the slabs of the early Christians, is passing from death to life. We leave the records of those, who, having no revealed religion and learning nothing from the analogies of nature, were like Moschus lamenting over his lost friend, that, although the grass and leaves of the field perish to revive with spring, the great and good sink into the grave and there sleep the long, the termless, the sleep that knows no waking. We leave the records of crushed hope and unavailing sorrow, to read the memorials of *life* :—

POMPIANUS VIVIT IN PACE.

"Pompianus *lives* in peace"—that is the record of a departed Christian, and

JOVIANUS BIBET IN DEO ET ROGAT.

"Jovianus *lives* in God and prays;" "bibet" being placed for *vivit*, of which more hereafter. Then we have

PRIMA VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE DOMINI NOSTRI.

"Prima, thou *lives* in the glory of God and in the peace of our Lord."

LUCIUS DORMIT ET VIVET

IN PACE XO.

"Lucius sleeps and *lives* in the peace of Christ;" there being two errors.

The most numerous are those which tell of blessed *peace* and *sleep*; not in long vapid sentences, but in three or four words.

* Τὶ σὲ εἴ τι λίθον μνηρίζειν
Τὶ δὲ γὰρ χρεὶν ματάει;
Ἐμὶ μάλλον ὥς ἐτι ζῶ,
Μνησθον, ῥοδῶν δὲ κράτα
Πύκασον.—A nacr.

How deeply did the composers feel the value of those blessings ! They lived in an age of persecution, and in the catacombs found a place of repose for the dead, of refuge for the living. Yet even there, even when they had shrunk into "dens and caves of the earth," they were not always secure. Stephen, their bishop, was himself traced, after many years, to his lurking-place in a subterranean chapel, and there his tormentors, having thrust him back into his episcopal chair, beheaded him.

The following is Dr. Maitland's account of this primitive prelate :—

"An authentic history of Stephen during his long residence in the catacombs, would be surpassed in interest by few narratives in the ecclesiastical archives. Some incidents have been handed down to us. From time to time he was consulted by his clergy, who resorted to him for advice and exhortation. On one occasion, a layman named Hippolytus, himself a refugee, sought the bishop's cell to receive instruction regarding a circumstance that preyed upon his mind. Paulina, his heathen sister, together with her husband Adrian, were in the habit of sending provisions by their two children to Hippolytus and his companions. The unconverted state of these relations, by whom his bodily life was supported, weighed heavily upon him, and by the advice of Stephen a plan was laid for detaining the children, so that the parents were forced to seek them in the cavern. Every argument was used by Stephen and Hippolytus to induce their benefactors to embrace the faith, and though for the time ineffectual, the desired end was at length accomplished. Tradition adds that they all suffered martyrdom ; and were buried in the catacombs." —*Church in the Catacombs.*

Xystus also, another bishop, in the time of St. Cyprian, suffered martyrdom underground. Others were condemned to penal labour there. In the "Acts of the Martyrs" we read, that by a decree of the Emperor Maximian all his soldiers who had embraced the new religion were compelled to quarry stones and sand ; and probably they obtained them for building purposes from these galleries. Others came to worship in the little chapels filled with the steam of the dead, and to celebrate their sacrifice of thanksgiving at the graves of martyrs. So much we know generally of the frequenters, but we have rarely any clue to the histories of the departed, and are only left to conclude that they too were persecuted and tormented ; without were fightings and fears within. Yet it is touching to observe that not in one inscription is there a word of malice ; not a trace is there of a vindictive passion in the catacombs. The wicked had ceased

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



from troubling; the weary were at rest and grateful. Each sufferer, when his struggle was over, seemed to say, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is, Thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety." In some instances the epitaphs express such a sentiment without any other allusion to faith and hope; yet surely this is significant enough:—

MARTYRIA IN PEACE,
and
GALLA IN PEACE,
and
CLAUDIO BENEMERENTI STUDIOSO,
QUI AMABAT ME. VIXIT AN. P. M. XXV.
IN P.

"To Claudius the well deserving and studious, who loved me. He lived twenty-five years in peace."

LAURINIA MELLE DULCIOR,
QUIESO IN PACE.
"Laurina, sweeter than honey, rests in peace."

Nunquam cito decidisti
CONSTANTIA MIRUM
PULCHRITUDINIS ATQUE
FIDELITATIS QUAE VIXIT ANNIS
xviii. Men. vi. Dec. xvi.
CONSTANTIA IN PACE.

"Too soon hast thou fallen, Constantia, marvel of beauty and amiability, who lived eighteen years, six months, and sixteen days. Constantia in peace."

TO JULIA AGAPENA,
MY DEAREST WIFE, WHO LIVED XLV. YEARS. 3 MONTHS, 3 DAYS,
AND WAS WITH ME TWENTY-ONE YEARS.
JOYFUL IN PEACE.

See also a fac-simile of a cracked slab with such an inscription, at figure 1 of the plates.

In other instances the name of God or our Redeemer is mentioned, as —

IRENE IN PEACE,
HER MOTHER AGAPE SET UP THIS.
IN CHRIST.

And:—

ANTONIA, SWEET SOUL, IN PEACE.
MAY GOD REFRESH HER.

The following is curious:—

DEO SANC XRO UN
LUC TECUM PACE.
"God, Holy Christ, only light, with Thee in peace."
TO THE INNOCENT PASCASIUS
IN THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

Next to peace, these believers most commonly spoke of taking rest in *sleep*, assuredly not of such as the Girondists of Paris, when they placed over all the cemeteries the words "La mort est un sommeil éternel." The early Christians had :—

ZOTICUS HIC
AD DORMIENDUM.
"Zoticus is here to sleep."

SATURNINA SLEEPS IN PEACE.

SABBATIA HAS RETIRED IN THE SLEEP OF PEACE.

DOMITIANUS SIMPLE SOUL,
SLEEPS IN PEACE.

ARETHUSA SLEEPS
IN GOD.

On a slab in a wall on the lower part of which the dust was found lying and forming the outline of a skeleton, were the words :—

VALERIA SLEEPS IN PEACE.

We may here remark that there is not a single instance in which the Latin word for *bury* is used. The word for *deposited* ordinarily supplies its place. The deposition of such an one is recorded; or he is said to be deposited in peace. The friends of the departed had laid his body there as a precious treasure—a deposit until the day of resurrection.

There is another interesting feature in these inscriptions, which should not be left unnoticed. Although a few are correctly expressed, the language of most is clearly that of illiterate men. The spelling seems to prove that their pronunciation must have been habitually corrupt, that they were ignorant of grammar, and sometimes supposed that they were writing Greek, when in truth they were using their own Latin words with Greek letters. Thus we have, over and over again, *amabil* for *amabat*, *vivet* for *vixit*, *Bēter* and *Qiker* for *vixit*, *Zesu* for *Jesu*. In other instances we have a curious proof that they were approaching the pronunciation of modern Italian; as in this, which has, instead of our Lord's name, the sacred symbol of Him in figure 6 :—

VIDALIO IN PACHE.

"Vidalio in the peace of Christ." In one instance a Latin inscription is engraved from right to left like Hebrew; and there is an example of a Latin name, Faustina, written in Greek characters, with the Hebrew word *shalom* or *peace*, the golden candlestick, horn for oil, and palm-branch. (See figure 2.)

In fact it is evident that when the catacombs were most used, although a few Christians were in the higher ranks of society, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty" had been called; that those who resorted thither had "small Latin and less Greek," with here and there a smattering of Hebrew; that consequently they set in stone a sort of hybrid language, exactly parallel to that of epitaphs not unfrequently met with in England, as in the following specimen :—

• " Sanctum memorie
of A. B.
Qui vixit annos 56,
and died
• Anno Domini 1842."

We have other evidences to show that for the most part these are memorials of the poor. Many probably were *arenarii* or sand-diggers of Rome, men of the lowest grade, who it is supposed were early converted to Christianity. A fac-simile of a rude painting on such an excavator's monument is given in the plate (figure 3). The inscription is—"Diogenes, the excavator, deposited in peace eight days before the eighth of October"; and there he is with his lamp and tools.

Here is a blundering one of a *capsarius*, or man who had charge of bathers' clothes, at the Antonine baths :—

CUCUMIO ET VICTORIA
SE VIVOS FECERUNT.
CAPSARARIUS DE ANTONINIANAS.

"Cucumio and Victoria made (this for themselves) while living. Capsarius of the Antonines."

And here we have one of a very ignorant dealer in barley, whose friends could scarcely spell a word correctly, and dropped their aspirates :—

• DE BIANOBA
POLLECLA QUE ORDEV BENDET DE BIANOBA.
"Of New Street, Pollecla of New Street, who sells barley."

We have records of the feelings with which the dead were regarded in all the various relations of life. Here is an inscription from a child's tomb :—

"In Christ. Died on the first of September, Pompeianus the innocent, who lived six years, nine months, eight days, and four hours. He sleeps in peace."

On a youth :—

"To *Celius Fabius Restitutus*, their most pious son, his parents erected (this tomb) ; who lived eighteen years and seven months. In peace."

One on a wife is of unusual length, and is a very interesting expression of Christian hope :—

PEACE.

"This grief will always weigh upon me ; may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife *Albana*, always chaste and modest, I grieve over the loss of your support, for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred boon. You, well-deserving one, having left your relations, lie in peace—in sleep—you will arise—a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days : deposited in peace. Placatus her husband, set up this."

Another :—

"*Cecilius*, the husband, to *Cecilia Placidina*, my wife, of excellent memory, with whom I lived well ten years, without any quarrel.

"In Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour."

In another place has been found a family-vault with this inscription :—

"*Marcus Antonius Restitutus* made this subterranean for himself and his family that trust in the Lord."

In another we have three female friends representing that the body of a fourth is interred there, and they have arranged so that they may repose at her side :—

"*Julia*, *Claudia*, and *Elia*, have secured their places here, by the side of their sweet friend *Calpurnia*, who rests in peace."

Our military readers may be glad to see how, in ancient times, a Christian soldier was commemorated. Here is an inscription copied exactly :—

VITALIANUS MAGISTER MILITUM
QUIESCIT IN DOMINO
ZESU. VIII. KAL
APRILIS.

"*Vitalianus*, a military commandant, rests in the Lord Jesus. The 9th of the Kalends of April."

Here is one with a palm-branch on one side (as figure 4), showing that the subject had triumphed as a martyr, and a well-known monogram on the other (as figure 6) :—

Fig. 1



Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7

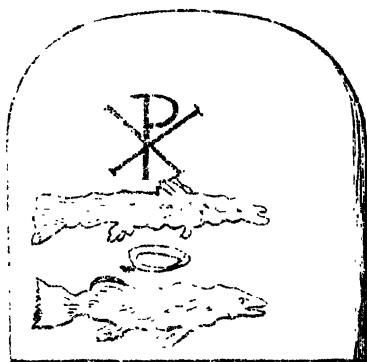
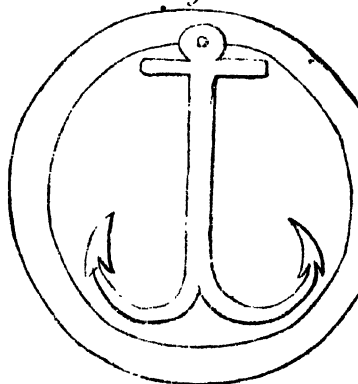


Fig. 8



TEMPORE ADRIANI
IMPERATORIS
MARIUS ADOLESCENS DUX
MILITUM QUI SATIS VIXIT
DUM VITAM PRO XRO CUM SAN-
GUINE CONSUNSAT IN PACE
TANDEM QUIEVIT BENEMERENTES
CUM LACRIMIS ET METU POSUERUNT.

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military commander, who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear."

The ancient epitaphs on martyrs seem to have been, without an exception, short and modest. One is particularly interesting, both on this account, and as recording the affection of a domestic :—

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith with all his family. They rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this."

The following are of somewhat later date :—

"Clementia, tortured, dead, sleeps ; will rise."

"Lannus, Christ's martyr, rests here. He suffered under Diocletian."

But it is to be observed that only five tombs have been well ascertained to be those of martyrs, although the Church of Rome professes to have found an inexhaustible store of their relics in the catacombs.

A question of engrossing interest with reference to these epitaphs must, we think, be asked by every intelligent reader ; and that concerns their allusions to doctrine. One naturally shrinks from associating with such primitive, touching, and peaceful records, the notions of Romanist and Protestant ; as if they could have anything in common with the sophistical creeds of later popes, the prolix confessions of Lutheran and Calvinist divines, or the angry controversies of modern Christians ; but still we are anxious to know what there is to show the simple faith of those earnest sufferers. And we are not surprised to find both parties claiming the sanction of their authority, although the Roman Catholic, with all advantages of learning and research on his side, has really least reason to boast. Amongst an enormous number of inscriptions there are three in which the deceased is entreated with the words, *roges pro nobis*, to pray for survivors, and a few in which a *wish*—we can scarcely call it a *prayer*—is expressed for the happiness of the deceased. There is not a

glimpse to be caught of purgatory, indulgences, cultus either of saints or the Blessed Virgin; and on the other hand there is sufficient to show that the marriage of the clergy was not only permitted, but customary. Thus we have these:—"The place of Basil, the Presbyter, and his Felicitas." "The once happy daughter of the Presbyter Gabinus; here lies Susanna joined with her father in peace"; and that of a bishop:—"My wife Laurentia made me this tomb: she was ever suited to my disposition, venerable and faithful. At length disappointed envy lies crushed. The Bishop Leo survived his eightieth year." Lastly we have an impressive one on a deacon's wife, so late as the consulate of Festus, or A. D. 472:—"Petronia," a deacon's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace, on the 3rd before the Nones of October, in the consulate of Festus."

The writer of "Fabiola," evidently conscious that the catacombs say too little *for*, and too much *against* his creed, tries with a sophistry, ingenious enough to excite a smile, to prove from one inscription that maidens were accustomed at an early age to *profess* celibacy, or, in other words, that there were nuns. The artifice is unworthy of him, and can only weigh with the most ignorant and thoughtless of men. The following is a fac-simile of this really simple epitaph:—

PRIE IVN PAVSA
 BET PRAETIOSA
 ANNORVM PVLLA
 VIRGO XII TANTVM
 ANCILLA DEI ET XPI
 FL. VINCENTIO ET
 FRAVITO. VO. CONSS.

Which the author of *Fabiola* translates thus:—"The day before the first of June ceased to live Pretiosa, a girl (*puella*), a virgin, of only twelve years of age, the handmaid of God and of Christ. In the consulship of Flavius Vincentius, and Fravitus, a consular man." And then he adds, as if with genuine exultation:—"If the learned Thomassinus had known this lately-discovered inscription, when he proved with such abundance of learning that

virginity could be professed in the early church at the age of twelve, he would certainly have quoted it. For can we doubt that 'the girl who was a virgin of *only* twelve years old, a hand-maid of God and Christ,' was such by consecration to God? Otherwise, the more tender her age, the less wonderful her state of maidenhood."

Surely the hypothetical cardinal must have found much credulity in the world, if he supposes that any educated reader will follow him in this absurd deduction. Clearly the inscription implies nothing more than an account of a maiden's death, and an unexpressed regret that this flower should have been nipped in its bud. Poor Pretiosa, when only opening into bloom, only twelve years old, and before she had known connubial bliss, was cut down by death—that is the obvious meaning of the words; not that in the first centuries of our era there were nuns and abbesses.

One other feature of the catacombs demands a passing notice, and that is their symbolical language. Many persons in this age are afraid, not of symbols, but of *significant* symbols. They would not the least object to see over the Town-Hall a statue of Justice blindfolded and holding balances in her hand; nor in a burial-ground a misshapen urn or a broken column; but from a cross, the memorial of man's redemption, they would turn with undisguised horror. The first Christians, however, who frequented the catacombs, lived in the century when the dove and the tongues of flame had visibly descended from heaven to impress on men's minds solemn truths, and long before those mediæval corruptions which obscured by a multiplicity of signs the things signified. They had therefore no reason to suppose that superstition lurked in the use of symbols, and only saw that they expressed realities with more point and conciseness than the letters of the alphabet. The cross is found upon their tombs; so is the Good Shepherd bearing on His shoulders the sheep that had been lost and found; so is the anchor of hope; so is the fish, which, as all who are the least acquainted with Christian antiquities know, became by a curious transition from alphabetic to hieroglyphic language, to be a type of Jesus Christ. It was a sign, which to pagans was unmeaning, but which—when its Greek name *ixθvs* stood for the initial letters of words—said to believers that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Saviour. (See figures 7 and 8.)

On the tombs of martyrs are found the palm-branch as above, or the laurel crown as represented at figure 5; the latter was

also on memorials of the young and innocent. Sometimes the implements used by the deceased in his trade were deposited with him, as is said to be done by the Armenian Church to this day ; at other times the playthings of children. All in the Christian portion of the catacombs announces future joy, light, and life ; that

“ Death is the brother of love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading,
Takes he the soul, and departs, and locked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new-born, 'fore the face of its father.”

From the time that the catacombs were closed as places of sepulture until the present age, the style and matter of sepulchral inscriptions have deteriorated. Many interesting exceptions there are, of course, as may be seen in English cathedrals, where beautiful brasses and noble tombs are sometimes found adorned with well-chosen passages of Scripture and expressions of simple piety. Such at Exeter is the kneeling effigy of Canon Langton, with its label—“ Judge me not, O Lord, according to my righteousness” ; and a few others. In Westminster Abbey, too, the old memorials are solemn and impressive, where noble knights and great churchmen are represented with hands turned upwards in supplicating attitudes, as though awaiting in penitence and hope the archangel's summons. The inscription on the tomb of one great lady—Gundrada de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror—is admirable :—

“ A Martha to the homeless poor, a Mary in her love,
And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.”

But at this period we have prayers entreated for the dead, with allusions to purgatory and indulgences ; whilst instead of cheerfulness and joy, death is often clothed only with horrors. In the fifteenth century such epitaphs as this were common :—

“ For the love of Jesu pray for me
I may not pray now pray ye
That my peynes lessy'd may be
With on Pater Noster and on Ave.”

Others had additions similar to this in the chapel of St. Michael at Macclesfield :—“ The pardon for saying of 6 Pater-nosters, 6 Aves, and a Creed, is twenty-six thousand years, and 26 days of pardon.” Mr. Ruskin has, with his usual eloquence and force, traced the decline at Venice from the manifestations of faith made by Gothic art to the bastard classicalism of later ages,

and the corresponding alteration of style in the inscriptions, until on sumptuous examples of carnal pride we have this curious account of an ecclesiastical warrior, of the prize which his nobility was certain to obtain from Divine justice, and of his Platonic age: "James Pesaro, Bishop of Paphos, who conquered the Turks in war, himself in peace, transported from a noble family among the Venetians to a nobler among the angels, laid here, expects the noblest crown which the just Judge shall give to him in that day. He lived the years of Plato. He died 24th March 1547." Nor were these ages without numerous precedents for the pagan absurdities, sporting rhymes, puns, and miserable jokes which became still more frequent after the Reformation. Figures of the virtues occupied the place of Christ and His Apostles, and beneath were allusions to heathen deities. On William Earl Marshall, who died A. D. 1219, is a Latin epitaph of this sort; and on Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, A. D. 1262, one thus translated by Weaver:—

"Chaste Hippolite, and Eris fair, Ulysses wise and slie,
Cineas kind, fierce Hector, here jointly entombed lye."

From the same authority we have a long epitaph on Thomas Frowick, a country squire of South Mimms, who died A. D. 1448. It was composed by his friend John Wethamsted, Abbot of St. Albans, and is chiefly taken up with showing that as he was a thorough gentleman and acted as such (*vir generosus erat, generosaque gesta colebat*), was an eager fox-hunter, falconer, drawer of badgers, and a good neighbour, *therefore* it was hoped that God would permit him to enjoy eternal rest.

The Reformation was far from giving an improved tone to the voices of the dead. Paganism triumphed more and more; Christianity seemed to be leaving the churches, from the walls of which she had been accustomed to speak in silence, and to be taking up her abode in the noisy conventicle. What spot more unworthy of the church and nation is there than the south transept, or poet's corner, as it is called, of Westminster Abbey, which ought to be our glory? It would do honour to a sculptor's studio; but is a disgrace to the house of God. Here is a clumsy compliment, there an irreverent sneer, and on one—Gay's monument—an irreligious scoff:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

We have before us a thick folio volume by Tolderoy,—a collec-

tion of such epitaphs composed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in honour of great lords and ladies, admirals and generals, lawyers, bishops, schoolmasters (including immortal Bushby), literary characters, poets, and all who made a figure in their short hour. They seem removed eighteen hundred years distant from God; if there is any recognition of Christian hope, it is rather as a matter of history than one in which the departed and survivors felt a personal interest. We were amazed to see repeated over and over again the cold, heartless common-places of a faithless age. The future is not regarded as a reality, but as the infidel Frenchman called it, a *grand peut-être*; in about two out of hundreds the Saviour is mentioned by name, and indistinctly referred to in a few others. From Coleshill in Warwickshire, we have Lady Digby's epitaph by Bishop Hough, of Worcester; it is one of the most respectable in the book, and the subject is said to have been a pattern to her sex, in proof of which the Christian prelate mentions the best points of her character: that "she abridged herself in nothing that her quality required"; made all things "give way to the interest of her family, and betook herself entirely to the matron's part"; and with regard to her children, "no charge was spared in the cultivation of their minds, nor pains in the improvement of their fortunes." That the bishop, the lady, or her family, knew that they had souls, or even that there is a God, was not hinted. Again, on the monument of Joseph Ford, M.D., we read of his piety and many virtues, and are informed that he was born because *the gods* were propitious, but died because they were angry and hostile. The last words are: "He closed an honourable life, and went to *the gods* at the age of sixty." Then we have, in the place of sublime and awful sentiments, trashy stories of the marvellous. In St. Luke's, Chelsea, reposes the body of Anne Spragge, who in 1690 "under the command of her brother, with the arms and in dress of a man, approved herself a true virago by fighting undaunted in a fire-ship against the French, upwards of six hours." In St. Mary, Woolnoth, we read of Sir William Phipps, who in the year 1687 discovered among the rocks near the banks of Bahama, "a Spanish prize-ship, which had been under water forty-four years, out of which he took, in gold and silver, to the value of three hundred thousand pounds sterling"; at Black Notley in Essex, of John Ray, the eminent naturalist, like Solomon, "to whom alone perhaps he was inferior"; at Bolton in Yorkshire, of Henry Jenkins, "who lived to the amazing age of one hundred and sixty-nine, and died in

1670." In the whole of this very large collection there is but one epitaph distinguished for the simple expression of a devout hope, and that is from the tomb of Dr. Isaac Watts, in Bunhill Fields.

There are numerous witticisms, quips, conceits, and examples of coarse buffoonery. Of these, that on Franklin is the best known :—

" The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer,—like the covering of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,—lies here, food for worms ; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

Belonging to an early period is an example, in a churchyard at Glasgow, of puritan spite against a high and dry divine :—

" Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,
Of whom no muckle good can I say :
He was ne Quaker, for he had no spirit ;
He was ne Papist, for he had no merit ;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine ;
He was no Jew, for he eat muckle swine ;
Full forty years he preach'd and lee'd,
For which God doom'd him when he dee'd."

A very different instance of puritan pleasantry is this at Cupar, Fife :—" Through Christ, I'm not inferior to William the Conqueror.—Rom. viii. 37."

In St. Alban's churchyard is an epitaph, like a parody of the mingled Greek and Latin on the slabs in the catacombs :—

" Hic jacet Tom Shorthose, sine tomb, sine sheets, sine riches,
Qui vixit sine gown, sine cloak, sine shirt, sine britches."

At Stepney :—

" Whether he lives, or whether he dies,
Nobody laughs and nobody cries ;
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

At Hadleigh church, Suffolk :—

" To free me from domestic strife,
Death call'd at my house, but he spoke with my wife.
Susan, wife of David Pattison, lies here,
October 19, 1706.
Stop, reader ! and if not in a hurry, shed a tear."

At Llangollen, Wales :—

" Underneath lieth the remains of Patrick Jones, son of Morris and Catherine Jones, of this town, who departed this life December 16, 1811, aged 19.

" Our life is but a winter's day,
 Some only breakfasts and away ;
 Others to dinner stay, and are full fed ;
 The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
 Large is his debt who lingers all the day ;
 Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

At Ockham, Surrey :—

" The Lord saw good,—I was lopping off wood,
 And down fell from the tree ;
 I met with a check,—and I broke my neck,
 And so death lopp'd off me."

The sentiment of a French epitaph on one who was buried under the threshold of a church, is excellent :—" Ni dedans par respect, ni dehors par amour." By the chancel door of Hartland Abbey church, called also Stoke St. Nectan, in Devonshire, is a slab, surrounding which was what we must consider a travestie of the above :—

" Here I lie outside the chancel door ;
 Here I lie because I'm poor :
 The further in, the more they pay ;
 But here I lie as warm as they."

Perhaps the funniest of all is from a churchyard in Cambridge-shire :—

" Here lies the dust of Margaret Gywn,
 Who was so very pure within,
 That she chipp'd the shell of her earthly skin,
 And hatch'd herself a cherubim."

At Clapham is or was a Latin epitaph on Samuel Rush, who made a fortune by speculations in vinegar, and is said to have opened the road by it to fame and wealth, like Hannibal (*tanquam alter Hannibal, ad famam et opes viam aceto patefecit*). At St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is the tomb of Gervase Aire, on which the writer observes :—

" Me thinks this was a wondrous death,
 That Aire should die for want of breath."

At St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, was buried a person named More, and at St. John's, Hackney, Joan Onely ; both these names furnish a series of puns. In St. Mary's churchyard, Elland, Yorkshire, is an anagram on the name Maria Tailour, making "*a mari alto rui*" ; and at Dulce in Cornwall, one on the name Mary Arundell, making "*man is a dry laurel*." In Ripon churchyard lies a man who was so upright that he was actually perpendicular (*perpendiculariter honestus*) ; at St. Gregory's,

Sudbury, the rich Thomas Carter, who is said profanely to have been a marvel, for on the day he died the camel of Sudbury passed through the eye of a needle (*actus foramen transivit camelus Sudburiensis*).

Some epitaphs are to be found in praise of excessive drinking. The following is a military specimen from the west end of Winchester cathedral :—

“In memory of Thomas Thetcher, a grenadier in the Hants’ militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot, the 12th of May 1764, aged 26 years.

“Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye’re hot drink strong or not at all.

“This memorial being decayed, was restored by the officers of the garrison, A. D. 1781.

“An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he died by musket or by pot.

“This stone was placed by the North Hants’ militia, 1802, in consequence of the original stone being destroyed.”

In Great Wolford churchyard we have :—

“Here old John Randal lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Liv’d threescore years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.

“Ale was his meat, ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive,
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive.

“He died January 5, 1698.”

Others are deliberately profane. Here is one from the sporting county of Northamptonshire, in which Scripture is quoted with most indecent levity :—

“Near this place lies interred Thomas Johnson, who departed this life at Charlton, December 20th, 1744.

“From his early inclination to foxhounds, he soon became an experienced huntsman. His knowledge in his profession, wherein he had no superior, and hardly an equal, joined to his honesty in every other particular, recommended him to the service, and gained him the approbation of several of the nobility and gentry. Among them were the Lord Conway, Earl of Cardigan, the Lord Gower, Duke of Marlborough, and the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The last master whom he served, and in whose service he died, was Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and D’Aubigny, who erected this monument to the memory of a good and faithful servant, as a reward to the deceased, and as an incitement to the living.

"Go and do thou likewise."—Luke x. 37.

"Hero Johnson lies : what hunter can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh ?
Deaf is that ear that caught the opening sound,
Dumb is that tongue that cheered the hills around.
Unpleasing truth ! death hunts us from our birth
In view, and men like foxes take to earth."

Equally profane with this condescension of a ducal blockhead is the epitaph on Hervey, author of the "*Meditations*," as quoted in a little work of the Rev. Ayliffe Poole:—

"Reader, expect no more to make him known ;
Vain the fond elegy and figured stone ;
A name more lasting shall his writings give :
There view displayed his heavenly soul *and live*."

An inscription on the tomb of Sir Richard Rainsford, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, ends with the exclamation, "What a man ! good God !" (*Quantus vir, bone Deus !*) ; and in Brockley church, Somersetshire, one states how the deceased would have had his body burnt, according to ancient custom, that it might not be offensive to the living, adding with a Greek quotation that, all is dust, all a joke, all nothing. (*πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα γέλοιος, καὶ πάντα το μῆδεν.*)

We will close this part of our subject with two specimens of the *genteel religion* current in the last century. The first is well known ; the original is to be seen at Pewsey in Wiltshire :—

"Here lies the body of the Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious ; also she painted in water-colours, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones,——and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The second is on what Dickens would call a master of deportment, and is taken from the churchyard of Llanbedlig, Carnarvonshire :—

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here lie the remains of Thomas Chambers,
dancing master,
Whose genteel address and assiduity
in teaching,
Recommended him to all that he had the
pleasure of his acquaintance.
He died June 13, 1765,
Aged 31."

And now, reader, let us recall our thoughts from ancient catacombs and modern churchyards of Europe, to the burial-grounds

of India ; recall them from Rome in which once dwelt a heathenism corrupt as that around us, yet made attractive by elegance, taste and refinement ; from England in which faith found its most genial soil, and put forth its most vigorous shoots ; in which Mahomet himself has learning and wisdom for his counsellors, and Folly, although prolific, is at least not monstrous and misshapen. Let us leave the memorials of the dead that are there, and look for others in this country, this home of superstition, this tainted atmosphere in which religion languishes. Where are here the monuments of the great and good in bygone ages, when the children of the soil fought and bled for their hearths and altars, heroes flourished, poets enshrined them in imperishable song, philosophers explored the secrets of nature and analysed the processes of thought ; when architecture, painting, and music, had each its votaries ? No enduring words of brass or stone teach the living Hindu to venerate his dead. The extravagant edicts of Asoka and a few inscriptions in cave-temples, are the only engraved records of those ages ; throughout the length and breadth of the land you will not find one storied Hindu tomb.

But mark in that secluded valley a small altar-like erection under the natural beams and columns of a Banian tree, which form a green temple by the side of a sacred river. That is not an altar, but a monument of death ; yet there is no inscription on it—only some strange emblems—two human feet rudely cut in basso relievo on the stone ; or the sun, new moon, and a rose ; or a man and woman standing hand in hand. Read those aright ; they are an awful epitaph. They tell you that on that spot was wrought a deed more terrible than when the victims fell at the tomb of Patroclus, or when the body of a Scythian king was laid beside his strangled queen and heaps of slaughtered slaves. There they brought a young and graceful widow, with the hues of health and dawning womanhood blushing through the olive of her dimpled cheeks ; they led her as a victim, with palpitating heart and failing limbs, yet not daring to resist their will. They placed the body of her lord upon a funeral pyre. The moment had come for her to mount ;—when suddenly the love of life blazed strongly in her breast, and she said she would not die ! Persuasion was tried in vain ; for what argument so strong as the silent form of death standing before her glazing eye ? She will not die ; live she must—in sorrow and shame, if they will, as a degraded outcast ; but to life she will cling with all her powers. The holy Brahmans are surprised, mortified, enraged. Is all that concourse to lose the spectacle for which

they were summoned? is the unalterable ordinance of their lawgiver to be disobeyed, the most venerated rite of antiquity to be despised by a faint-hearted woman? If she will not follow her dead lord from choice, she must be forced to share with him the joys of vaikuntha. They fire the pile; they seize her delicate limbs; drums are beat, dissonant shells are blown; yet over all the tumult there is heard one shriek of that murdered woman. The tongue of the lambent flames has touched her. She leaps up with all the concentrated might of despair, and headlong plunges from the pyre into the crowd. But there is no pity. Religion counsels the deed, steels the breast, converts the Brahman who spares an insect on the wall into a savage executioner of the young, the innocent and beautiful. She is flung back to exquisite torture; until the slowly-ascending smoke, more merciful than Hindu priests, stifles her, and she falls a warm corpse upon the cold and stiffened corpse of her husband!

O you who look with equal eye on all religions; or you who would substitute natural intuitions for the revealed precepts of Jesus, look at the symbols of that monument; then compare with them the symbols of the catacombs—the cross of salvation, the anchor of hope, the good Shepherd bearing a sheep on His shoulders, rejoicing. Do not the two together prove that there is a God and a Devil, a principle of good, and a principle of evil?—that hope, and light, and love, and life and immortality were with the Christian; darkness, despair, and death were all congenial to the heathen? The Gospel taught persecuted men to find sweet sleep and peace in the darkest cavern; what unenlightened Nature has done for her children, you see in the Sutte's tomb.

Researches in the North-West would probably be rewarded with some curious epitaphs on Mussulman dead; a few are to be found in the work of the late Colonel Sleeman. On a slab over the remains of the Queen Nanú Begum, in the celebrated Táj at Agra, are lines of the Koran, concluding with the words, "And defend us from the tribe of unbelievers"—they should have been a warning to guard against the ingratitude of Islamism, which returns the good of those who have shown almost religious care in preserving this splendid mausoleum, with evil and hate worthy of devils in hell. On the right side at the entrance to the quadrangle in which is the tomb of the saint Mirza Šaleem, built by the Emperor Akbar, is an Arabic passage, with a fictitious quotation of our Saviour's words:—"Jesus, on whom be peace, has said, The world is merely a bridge; you are to pass over it,

and not build your dwellings on it." But the most interesting of all is near Delhi, on the tomb of the Princess Jehanara Begum, eldest daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan, and favourite sister of the unhappy Dara. The tomb itself is an open slab hollow at the top, where it is filled with earth and springing grass. The words on it are:—

“ Let no rich canopy cover my grave.
This grass is the best covering for
the tombs of the poor in spirit.
The humble, the transitory Jehanara,
The disciple of the holy men of
Christ, the daughter of the
Emperor Shah Jehan.”

The first three lines are said to have been composed by the princess herself, and are the expression of a spirit kindred to that of Allan Cunningham, who, when Chantrey had built a fine mausoleum and offered him a place in it, replied like a true poet:—
“No, no! I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie where the wind shall blow, and the daisy grow upon my grave.”

There are not many epitaphs in India on which we can look with admiration and reverence. Those of Francis Xavier at Goa, Schwartz at Tanjore, and a few others, are exceptions. We hoped that the burial-ground of the Arabian and Indian Jews at Bombay would furnish us with many good examples, but were disappointed. They have had few men of sufficient note to be the *subjects*, and still fewer of sufficient Hebrew learning to be the *authors* of memorials. We select two specimens; the former is a simple and impressive epitaph on an Indian Jew:—

“ This is the sepulchre of Isaac, son of David Dinker—may his light shine for ever—who was released on the first day of the week, the 27th of the month Nisam, in the year of creation 613. May his soul be bound in the bundle of life in the world to come.”

Lest the date should be incomprehensible, we may explain that in these epitaphs the *thousands* are usually omitted, and that the year of creation in the above is 5,613, corresponding with A. D. 1849-50. The prayer at the conclusion is of course in reference to 1 Sam. xxv. 29; probably also to this passage of the Talmud:—“The souls of the righteous are hid under the throne of glory; but the souls of the wicked are distracted and wander about from one end of the world to the other, as it is written, ‘them shall he sling out, as out of the middle of a sling.’”

One other specimen is the epitaph of an Arabian Jew:—

"Here is hid the honoured and compassionated person, even Samuel Sasson, son of the wise Abraham—may his light shine for ever—who was summoned to his world on the first day, the 8th of the month Siwan, in the year of creation 610. May his soul be bound in the bundle of life in the world to come."

We have little reason to boast of our religious feelings and superior enlightenment, when we compare this Jewish burial-ground with others at European stations. A large number of inscriptions on our tombs are mere recitals of name, age, and date of death; the whole history of men's and women's lives being comprehended in these two circumstances—that they were born and died. "I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble," wrote Addison, after observing them at Westminster, "as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason than that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head." Where regular epitaphs are composed by Anglo-Indians their chief characteristic is *insipidity*. What object any one could have in composing and gravings them, we cannot conceive; few of them record such ardent faith, or resigned hope, or disinterested patriotism, or elevated morality, or modest virtue, as may impress a reader's mind and excite to honourable rivalry succeeding generations. The heathen epitaphs of Rome are memorials of historic names, domestic affection, or touching grief; the Christian are what Euripides calls "the simple tale of truth"; but in our most conspicuous specimens of necrology here, there is often not a word that might not be applied to a well-trained dog—we repeat it, *to a dog*. Any one who has seen a curious inscription at Stowe in Buckinghamshire, probably the model of Byron's tribute to the memory of "Boatswain," will understand what we mean. The deceased hound was a negative and something more; he sought not for fame, yet acquired it; he was insensible to human flattery, yet sensible to love; he lived amongst the great without imitating their vices; was handsome, yet not vain; strong, yet not insolent; brave, yet not ferocious; a faithful friend, agreeable companion, and loving husband; he never doubted one of the thirty-nine articles, and on the other hand was no bigot; in brief, had "all the virtues of man without his vices." Is half as much said in Bombay, Poona, and other places, of the many who lived and died there? Have the Christians who

lived there and wrote about the Christian dead, left us any evidence that man has high aims, tremendous responsibilities, and a lofty character to sustain? Observe the symbols on the more ambitious monuments of churches, and the varieties of burial-grounds; the oddities used for ornaments; the cherubs protruding bloated faces over corners; the Brobdignagian tea-urns; the stunted obelisks and pyramids; the sugar-loaves; the stone chests of various shapes, suggesting caddies, work-boxes, or snuff-boxes; the drums, trumpets, flags, and cannon; or the marble groups of victories, fames, genii, and what Ruskin styles "the entire company of the monumental stage." Or where there is an affectation of taste we notice the heathen emblem of a broken column, as though a Christian's death were utter, hopeless ruin; of an inverted torch, as though life, and light, and hope were all extinguished; of a Roman urn, as though cremation were still practised amongst us, and there were no belief that this corruptible will put on incorruption. Words of piety, if they appear, seem to a man of feeling quite inconsistent with these types of despondency; but indeed there are few such words, and those not often impressive. We read of "endearing qualities," "distinguished merits," "an amiable, generous, and honourable disposition," "independence of spirit," and "the practice of all social virtues"; but when during divine service the ears of the congregation forsake the preacher, and their eyes wander over the monuments above the holy table, their thoughts are carried away to mess-parties and scenes of civil or military life, rather than sent back to the immortality brought to light by the Gospel.

No burial-grounds in India are comparable for the interest with which they are regarded by Europeans, to those of Surat and Ahmedabad, particularly of Surat. They are histories. Had they been carefully preserved, instead of being barbarously neglected during the last century, they would have thrown light upon an obscure period; as it is, their dilapidated monuments are as a few pages of a palimpsest, from which, after much pains-taking and cleaning, a fragmentary narrative may be gleaned. Their magnificence, their escutcheons and other heraldic insignia, their religious symbols and passages of Scripture, traces only of which can now be observed, prove that the inmates of European factories affected a pomp and splendour even beyond those of their successors, and made more *pretensions* at least to religious sentiment than are generally attributed to them. The tomb of Van Reede, in the Dutch cemetery of Surat, has been despoiled of all its marble slabs save one giving an interesting account of that

scientific chief, zealous propagandist, and Protestant persecutor ; and the Scriptural scrolls that adorned it are effaced. In the English cemetery the largest monuments, particularly those of Sir George and Sir Christopher Oxenden, have had long inscriptions and laboured eulogies, reminding us of the satirist's lines :—

" When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

The mercantile precision with which the balance of profit and loss is struck on the Oxendens' tomb as in a counting-house, and the amalgamation of spiritual with commercial matters, is rather curious. In awkward Latin we read the following meaning :—

" Do you ask, my masters, what is your profit and loss ? You have gained sorrow, he has lost his life ; but he may write *per contra*, death to me is gain."

As if to prove how coarse and illiterate were men living in so much grandeur, we have a monument over the remains of an English Chief's wife, who had died of a terrible disease. Perhaps the afflicted husband had been in Cambridgeshire, and there read how Margaret Gwyn's saintly spirit had clipped its earthly shell, and hatched itself a winged celestial (see page 84) ; for he tells us with a melancholy joke, that the poor lady had " rendered a pure and *unspotted* soul to God through the *spotted* veil of the small-pox," concluding with the unexceptionable fact that " death ended her days A. D. 1761," and this doggrel :—

" The virtues which in her short life were shown,
Have equalled been by few, surpassed by none."

As at Surat, there are also at Ahmedabad both Dutch and English cemeteries. The tombs in the former, all of dates between the years 1641 and 1679, are built not of stone, but brick and chunam, the inscriptions being admirably executed in the latter ; and on some the Maltese cross, or what is called the cross of Calvary, is to be traced. One epitaph only is in Latin, the rest are Dutch ; and none is of especial interest. We only copied the following, venerable for its age :—

" Here lieth buried Cornelius Weyns Van Banda, who died in the 27th year of his age ; first assistant in the service of the Dutch East India Company ; obit the 12th June, Anno 1669."

All the epitaphs are remarkable for what they *do not*, rather than for what they *do* relate. Dutch merchants were no poetas-

ters, and preferred the matter-of-fact style to "prose run mad"; nor did they often find time to express any religious sentiments, or to bewail and eulogise the departed.

The English ground is chiefly occupied with what we may call mess-room monuments—chilling memorials without Christian symbols or religious allusions; unadorned by any manifestations of reverence, hope, or reflections upon the future. So-and-so was "zealous and ardent in laudable pursuits, devoted to his profession, and eminently the soldier's friend"; or had "many amiable qualities and great honesty of character." A wife who died at the age of fifteen is thus commemorated in rhyme, certainly not in rhythm:—

"This beauteous flower thus early shed,
'Tis hoped to celestial joys has swiftly fled."

And on an erect piece of wood, remarkable for its cross of Calvary, with the letters I. H. S., are these silly lines:—

"Like those without hope on (oh!) why should we grieve,
'Tho' our friend's best beloved be gone;
The day is at hand when all sorrow we'll leave,
To join in the heavenly throng."

The necrology of Calcutta is somewhat in advance of that at Bombay, as it furnishes us with a few striking examples. On the cenotaph of Bishop Middleton, in the chapel of Bishop's College, is this inscription; the first part his own composition:—

"Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D., first Bishop of the Diocese of Calcutta, who recommended the erection of this College, and aided it to the best of my ability. I would have my name preserved in this chapel. Jesu Christ, Light of the world, Salvation of sinners, bestow all Thy choicest gifts on Thy preachers going out from hence, and have mercy on my soul. Died in the year of the Redeemer 1822, the 54th of his age, and 9th of his episcopate."*

* In hoc sacello
Nomen meum servandum volui
Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, S. T. P.
Primus Dioceseos Calcuttensis Episcopus
Hujusce Collegii œdificandi Suasor
Et pro. viribus adjutor.
Jesu Christe

*Lux Mundi Peccatorum Salus.
Præconibus tuis huic exeuntibus
Optima quæque dona elargiaris
Et miserescas animæ meæ.
Obiit anno Redemptoris M.D.C.C.C.XXII.
Æt. LIV. Episcopatus IX.

At the same place is buried a son of the late Professor Street. It is said that two or three nights before his death the little fellow straggled out of his bed, repeated to his father the words, "I believe in the communion of saints," and returned. These words are the inscription round his tomb.

After this we may mention a short but impressive epitaph in Tamul, on the monument of a native Christian in the churchyard of Edeyengudy, Tinnevely :—

Abraham
[at such a time]
nittiya sivanil
piraveshitan.
i. e. "entered eternal life."

We forbear, for obvious reasons, other reference to monuments recently erected, and content ourselves with the general remark that Anglo-Indian epitaphs are neither Christian nor Anti-Christian, devout nor profane, solemn nor jocose, affecting nor enlivening, impassioned nor stoical, sentimental nor callous, elegant nor coarse, floridly ornamented nor severely chaste; not witty, nor racy, nor quaint, nor grotesque; they are simply tame, flat, cold, pointless, sapless, lifeless. We could of course mention some exceptions on both sides—some which are pious, touching, and impressive; others which are vulgar and ridiculous; but the most part of any length, prose about the deceased like that which alludes to "the pleasure of his acquaintance," or one at Satara on a civilian, the writer of which escapes from the labour of prolonged encomiums on his friend with the absurd sentence—"it would have been unpleasing to his modest worth to write an epitaph"; or a clerical one at Mahabaleshwar over the remains of an infant, in which a father tells us in heathen fashion, with a few words of choice Latin, that "a sorrowing mother cherishes the cold *ashes* with her tears." Such have no purpose, and the sun, and wind, and damp, that shall efface them, will only remove eyesores from posterity.

A question of universal consideration should be, how good taste and good feeling may be exercised in the composition of epitaphs. We all, as hastening to the home of all living, expect to be the subjects of them; we all have friends falling around us, whose memorials we would not willingly disfigure with "smooth and solemnised complacencies," or the vulgar ornaments of a false rhetoric; we all have at times a tendency to look thoughtfully on the mural inscriptions of a church, or to stroll into a burial-

ground and meditate there in sober sadness upon dread realities. Moreover, an epitaph is a stereotyped book read by many generations; if it succeed in striking a chord of their hearts, copies of it are multiplied; it becomes a small but vital force in the world; is not only spelled out by a casual visitor of the locality, but passes from mouth to mouth as a proverb or line of a favourite poet; is frequently transferred to books and thus brought within the mansion and the cottage. A people with a good collection of these mortuary legends have a permanent literature, practical, ethical, and religious; an articulation for the voices of their dead, and a powerful preacher for the living. To them nature is ever crying out from the tomb, and in their ancestors' ashes "live their wonted fires."

Rules for the construction of epitaphs are ascertained by an analysis of the feelings in which epitaphs had their origin. Although invented by the heathen, they certainly sprang from that longing for immortality and abhorrence of annihilation which are weak even in the breast of a savage, and mighty in all great intellects that have not been palsied by sophistry or sensual indulgence. The sentiment which led Absalom to build for himself a pillar in the king's vale, thus to keep his name in remembrance, was improved and enlarged by those who venerated the natural kings of men. The great and good, they thought, must not all die; a voice must be found for the honoured dead, and issue from their narrow cells to animate the living. Only on the examples of the dead can we rely with confidence, those only can we follow with perfect security. The living change; their life of tomorrow may contradict their life of yesterday; but the dead have undergone their final proof, and we can never fear that their pure gold will be again alloyed; let us try to preserve them amongst us; or rather, as they must be removed, at least contrive that their *power* over us should remain. With some such feelings we conceive the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, composed the first of the *Ælina*, as they were called after him, and chaunted them at his obsequies. Epitaphia was the name afterwards given, when they were also engraved upon tombs.

As then epitaphs had their origin in a desire that after men's bodies had ceased, the influence of their minds should continue, to live, and in a consciousness of ~~immortality~~ immortality, so now their object should be to preserve the memories of friends, and more especially in these happier days, to proclaim the hope of eternal life. One writer suggests that the consolation of surviving relatives should

be an object, and precedents for this may certainly be found in the village churchyards of England ; but surely human grief is too evanescent to demand that words of comfort should be written for it with a pen of iron ; and it would be as reasonable that one afflicted once or twice with a headache, should be all his life applying cooling lotions to his brow, as that mourners should be soothed by tablets of enduring marble.

In alluding to the memory of the departed, his worth should be recorded, yet rather by implication than direct commendation. Extravagant eulogy is ill-suited to the awe which the place should inspire. A modest panegyric, where not positively misapplied, is most appropriate. As for the mass of his virtues and vices, we may say with Gray :—

“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

And if it should be objected that such an imperfect record is not truth, we reply that it is truth, only as seen through the veil of death. Crimes or follies, which once seemed enormous and aroused our indignation when brought in contact with us, cease to be regarded now they are no more in action ; goodness lost to us for ever, seems a treasure which before we did not sufficiently prize ; yet not any particular act of the deceased, but rather his general character. When we love good, and admit it more fondly because it is removed, we are true to nature ; and so also when we suffer the evil to fall into oblivion. With a few and those striking exceptions, men have by common consent determined that the whispers of malice, the voice of envy and detraction, must not be heard where the bodies of our departed friends repose. All that good feeling requires is a general allusion to their worth. Any laboured enumeration of their virtues suggests the idea of exaggeration, or at least that the understanding, rather than the affection, was engaged in the excogitation of minute details.

The other portions of the epitaph should be admonitory or encouraging to the living. According to circumstances death will be viewed in one of its two aspects. Where it is thought expedient to warn the frivolous or alarm the vicious, it may be as well to reveal the *wintry* prospect, the cheerlessness and gloom, of the dreary grave. But usually the Christian's death will be shown as the spring-time of life ; hope will penetrate the pall of nature, and see beyond a land that is fresh and beautiful, carpeted with

flowers of love, illumined by bright rays of glory. If in such case the language is that of surviving friends, it will express calmness, resignation, and trust ; if of the departed, it will also express the confidence and joy of those whose trials are over, and who can never be cast out from their Father's love. "What a sunlight there is on the tomb," writes Mr. Maurice, "what flowers spring from the sods about it—when we believe that the Son of God and the Son of Man rules there as here ; that those who have tried to catch the sound of His voice here, recognise it more clearly and fully in the unseen world."

Our last suggestions may be given in an extract from Wordsworth's essay on epitaphs :—

"An epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious ; it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant ; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard ; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired. The stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book ; the child is proud that he can read it ; and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend. It is concerning all, and for all ; in the churchyard it is open to the day ; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it."

For our own part we should in most cases prefer the few and simple words of the early Christians—the name and age of the deceased, and the Saviour's name, accompanied by an expression or symbol of hope and redemption—to any elaborate epitaphs. But many persons will require more enlarged models, and frequently, particularly amongst the humbler classes, rhymes are considered indispensable. We shall therefore offer as illustrations four epitaphs which seem conformed to the rules abovementioned, and then add some specimens of poetry varying in their degrees of merit, but all appropriate for monumental inscriptions.

In the Lady Chapel of Worcester cathedral is placed a small tablet with a small cross on it, to the memory of Isaac Walton's wife. The words on it are :—

"Here lyes Buried, soe much as could die, of Anne, wife of Izaak Walton, who was a woman of remarkable prudence and of the primitive piety: her great and general knowledge being adorned with soe much true humility, and blest with soe much Christian meeknesse, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument.

"She died (alas, that she is dead!) the 17th of April 1662, aged 52.

"Study to be like her."

In Claverton church is a Latin inscription thus translated :—

“ In the hope of a blessed resurrection, here the body (formerly the abode of a most holy mind) of a young wife shall return to dust—Mary, the wife of Moses Tryon of Harringworth, in the county of Northampton, the eldest daughter of William Bassett, Esq. Whilst she lived, a dear wife ; who having brought forth one infant, returned her soul to her Creator calmly, and with great faith in Christ. This lasting monument of his grief, and in memorial of his love for her precious dust, her husband has erected.

“ The mother went before, May 13, } 1628.
The infant followed, May 23, }

“ Ye shall haste to heaven together.”

At Basle in Switzerland, a German inscription runs thus :—

“ In the hope
of a joyful meeting
in the land of everlasting love,
the earthly tabernacle
of Valeria Marian Hoffne
was laid in the bosom of the earth.”

A Latin epitaph from Faringdon church, Berkshire, sent us by a friend, displays the happy art of touching on controverted points of theology, yet so as to escape all censure. It is on a lady, who

“ Lived as looking for eternal life,
And died as though assured of it.”*

There is sound truth in that—so sound that both a Pelagian and an Antinomian must admit its force. Luther, who in his own strong way maintained that “ he who hath not assurance spews out faith,” and Melancthon, who saw in the doctrine “ the discriminating line of Christianity from heathenism”—both would have found here as much to satisfy them as the Westminster divines, who affirmed that assurance “ is not of the essence of faith,” and the General Assembly of the Kirk, which has more than once condemned the doctrine.

The following we venture to recommend :—

On the death of infants.—Texts of Scripture :—2 Sam. xii. 22, 23 ; Isaiah xl. 2 ; Matt. xviii. 2 or 3 or 14 ; Mark x. 14 ; 1 Cor. xv. 22.

* “ Vixit tanquam vitæ æternæ provida,
Tanquam secunda ejusdem obiit.”

From Hever church, Kent ; by Coleridge :—

“ Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to heaven convey’d,
And bade it blossom there.”*

Churchyard of All Saints, near St. John’s College, Cambridge :—

“ He came the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter ’twas to drain ;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.”

• The following is from the volume of Tolderoy ; it appears to us the only one in the whole work worthy of being preserved. We cannot, indeed, recommend it, as it is, to our Christian readers, yet portions of it deserve to re-appear on marble. The author is not named :—

“ To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb ;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measured out my span.

“ I no smiling pleasures knew.
I no gay delights could view ;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.”

“ Happy infant ! early blest !
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest .
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

“ No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling, as they seem, and gay ;
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.”

“ Are then all your pleasures vain ?
Is there none exempt from pain ?
Is there no delight or joy,
But your fondest hopes will cloy ?”

“ Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tested, ere they pall ;
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.”

* Thus rendered into elegant Latin by the late Bishop Butler :—

“ Ante malum quam te culpâ maculaverat, ante
Quam poterat primum carpere cura decus ;
In cœlos gemmam leni mors transtulit ictu,
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.”

" Sickly pleasures, all adieu !
Pleasures which I never knew.
I'll enjoy my early rest,
Of my innocence possess't.
Happy ! happy ! from the womb,
That I hasted to the tomb."

Hartley Coleridge, on a mother and her infants :—

" From God they came, to God they went again ;
No sin they knew, and knew but little pain ;
And here they lie by their fond mother's side,
Who lived to love and lose them —then she died "

Longfellow :—

" The mother gave, in tears and pain.
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.
" Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath.
The reaper came that day ;
"Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Mrs. Southey :—

" Sleep, little baby, sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.
" God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untask'd, untried :
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified."

Martin F. Tupper, on his daughter Alice Evelyn :—

" It is an early hour,
Sweet child, to fall asleep !
Ere yet thy bud had shown its flower,
Or morning dews had ceased to shower ;—
But in repose how deep
Thou calmly liest, on thy infant bed !
Were all the dead like thee, how love'ly were the dead !

" Ere day was well begun,
In what brief span of time
Thy living course and work were done :
Thou saw'st no night, nor even noon,
But only morning's prime ;
Smiling thou sleepest now, but hadst thou found
A longer life, tears might those smiles have drown'd.

" Thine was a blessed fight,
 Ere sorrow clouded, or ere sin could slay ;
 No weary course was thine, no arduous fight :
 But an hour on earth of labour light,
 And hire for all the day !
 Can aught be more than this ?
 Yes, Christian, yes !
 It is *much more* to live,
 And a long life to the ' good fight ' to give ;
 ' To keep the faith,' the appointed race to run,
 And then to win the praise,—' Servant of God, well done ! ' "

The author of the following is not named :—

" How often does the heavenly Shepherd
 His peculiar love display ;
 When He comes His flock to visit,
 And a lamb He bears away ;
 Away to those sweet fields above,
 Where the lov'd ones hear His voice,
 See His face, and weep no more.
 For in heaven they all rejoice."

Nor of this :—

" Our child is now a child of bliss !
 Why should we weep for joy like this ?"

Moultrie :—

" To us for *fourteen* anxious months,
 His infant smiles were given,
 And then he bade farewell to earth,
 And went to live in heaven."

On the death of children.—Texts of Scripture :—2 Kings iv. 26 (the last part) ; Jeremiah xv. 9 (her sun is, &c.) ; Mark v. 39 (the last part) ; Luke vii. 12, 13 ; 1 Pet. i. 24 ; Rev. xiv. 5.

Longfellow :—

" She is not dead—the child of our affection,
 But gone into that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ Himself doth rule."

Anonymous :—

" She sleeps ! who once was beauty, once was grace.
 Grace that with tenderness, with sense combined
 In that sweet harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
 " Her parents weep—respect the hallowed tear !
 Weeping, they bow beneath the chastening rod ;
 Their love bemoans a child upon the bier.
 Their faith resigns her to a gracious God."

And this, quoted by Mr. Paget :-

‘ Undeck’d by sculptur’d trophies gay,
This stone no flattering tale can tell
Of her who claims this simple lay,
Of her who owns this humble cell.
Save that in childhood’s early bloom,
The paths of innocence she trod,
Save that her childhood found a tomb,
Save that her spirit rests with God.”

Another :—

“ By grace, which God to all who ask will give,
He learned to die ere thousands learn to live ;
Reader ! reflect, repent, believe, amend !
Time has no length, eternity no end.”

On husbands and wives.—Texts of Scripture :—Deut. x. 18 (first part) ; Prov. xv. 25, xix. 14 (last part), xxxi. 28 ; Jeremiah xlix. 11 (last part) ; 1 Timothy v. 5.

Huie :—

“ Oh weep no more for him that’s gone
Where sin and suffering ne’er can enter,
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who can for guilt like our’s atone,
Your own affections centre.”

Anonymous :—

“ Still, Lord, to Thee the voice of praise
Shall spring adoring from my breast ;
For, though I tread life’s weary ways,
I trust that he I mourn is blest.”

Southey’s Madoc :—

“ Affliction is not sent in vain
From that great God who chastens whom he loves.
Oh, there is healing in the bitter cup !”

Tennyson :—

“ This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow’d most,—
’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

The same :—

“ Forgive, Lord, grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair ;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.”

Old Humphrey :—

“ A lowly follower of the Lord above,
While here on earth his soul on heaven was bent ;
His words were kindness, and his deeds were love,
His spirit humble, and his life well spent ;
These then, and not this stone, shall be his monument.”

The same :—

“ She is gone to the land where the careworn and weary
Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose ;
She has quitted for ever this wilderness dreary,
And bid a long farewell to time and its woes.
While on earth she was lov'd, and we deeply deplore her,
But, oh ! shall a murmur escape from our breast ?—
Do you ask how she lived ?—she set heaven before her ;
Do you ask how she died ?—in the faith of the blest.”

From Olney churchyard :—

“ Blame not the monumental stone we raise,
’Tis to the Saviour’s, not the creature’s, praise ;
Sin was the whole that she could call her own,—
Her goodness all derived from *Him* alone.
To sin her conflicts, pains, and grief she owed,
Her conquering faith and patience *He* bestow’d.
Render ! may’st thou obtain like precious faith,
To smile in anguish and rejoice in death.”

Hever churchyard, Kent :—

“ We both have left this vale of tears,
Through which we travell’d a few years ;
We sleep all free from grief and pain,
Hoping with Christ to rise again.”

Military.—Texts of Scripture :—Ephes. vi. 11 or 17 ; 1 Tim. vi. 12 ; 2 Tim. ii. 3, iv. 7.

Waddesdon churchyard, Bucks :—

“ When I was young in wars I shed my blood
Both for my king and for my country’s good ;
In later years ’twas my chief care to be
Soldier to Him who shed His blood for me.”

Chichester ;—

“ Here lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Since he suffer’d much hardship at home and abroad ;
But the hardest engagement he ever was in,
Was the battle of self in the conquest of sin.”

Miscellaneous.—Texts of Scripture :—Gen. iii. 19, v. 24 ; Deut.

xxxii. 29; Numb. xxiii. 10; 1 Chron. xxix. 15; Job iii. 17, vii. 1, xiv. 12, xvii. 11, xix. 25, 26; Psalm xvii. 15, xxxix. 9, xliii. 5, xlix. 15, lxviii. 20, lxxi. 20, lxxxix. 48, xc. 12, ciii. 15, 16, cxvi. 15, cxxvii. 2 (last part), cxlv. 20; Proverbs xiv. 32, xxvii. 1; Eccles. iii. 17, 20, v. 16, xii. 7, 14; Isaiah xxv. 8, 9, xxvi. 3, xxxv. 10, lv. 6, lxiv. 6; Mal. iii. 2; St. Matt. xxiv. 42, 44; John v. 28, 29, ix. 4, xi. 11, 25; Acts xxiv. 15; Rom. vi. 23, viii. 18, 38, 39, xii. 12, xiv. 9; 1 Cor. ii. 9, xv. 20-22, 54; 2 Cor. v. 1, 10, vi. 2; Philip. i. 21, iii. 20, 21; 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14, v. 2, 10; 1 Tim. vi. 7; Tit. i. 2, ii. 13; Heb. iv. 9, xiii. 14; 1 Pet. iv. 7; 2 Pet. iii. 10; Rev. xiv. 5, xx. 6, xxi. 4, 7, xxii. 12, 20.

On the tomb of Fazio Cardan, at Milan :—

“ Death is the gift of life, but life is the gift of death.”

On Mota Klopstock :—

“ Seed sown in the field of God, to ripen unto immortality.”

By Martin F. Tupper :—

“ O thou that passest by, reverse the waiting dead.”

• The same :—

“ How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable death;
Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath saved.”

Thomas à Kempis :—

“ Very quickly will there be an end of thee here, look what will become of thee in another world.”

Milton :

• When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
• Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
• Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.”

Charles Wesley :—

“ Rejoice for a brother decess'd;
• Our loss is his infinite gain;
• A soul out of prison releas'd,
• And freed from its bodily chain:
• With songs let us follow his flight,
• And mount with his spirit above,
• Escap'd to the mansions of light,
• And lodg'd in the Eden of love.”

The same :—

- ' Lo ! the prisoner is releas'd,
 Lighten'd of his fleshly load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gather'd unto God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more.
- ' Yes ! the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up in life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and rests, and sings,
 Triumphing in Paradise."

Keble :—

- " When the shore is won at last,
 Who will count the billows past ?"

The same :—

- ' Pass, pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
 Through prayer into the tomb,
Still as ye watch life's falling leaf
 Gathering from every loss and grief
 Hope of new spring and endless home.
- ' Then cheerly to your work again,
 With hearts new brac'd and set
To run untir'd love's blessed race,
 As meet for those, who face to face,
 Over the grave their Lord have met."

Longfellow :—

- ' Oh ! fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt *know* ere long,—
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong."

The same :—

- ' Life is real, life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
' Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
 Was not spoken of the soul."

Wordsworth :—

- ' Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !
 Thou happy soul ! and can it be
 That these two words of glittering gold
 Are all that must remain of thee ?"

Cowper :—

- “ O, most delightful hour by man
Experienc'd here below,—
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.
- “ Worlds should not tempt me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.
- “ My home henceforth is in the skies ;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu ;
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.”

Milman :—

- “ Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy sainted soul is flown,
Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and sin releas'd ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
- “ Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

From Garsington churchyard, Oxfordshire :—

- “ Time, which had silver'd o'er my aged head,
At length has ranged me with the peaceful dead :
One hint, gay youth, from dust and ashes borrow,
My days were many,—thine may end to-morrow.”

Westham, Essex :—

- “ Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.”

Brentford, Middlesex :—

- “ May angels guard my sleeping dust,
Till Christ shall come to raise the just ;
Then may I wake with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.”

St. Andrews, Holborn, London :—

- “ Live to die, for die you must,
And die to live among the just.”

We should all consider it a sacred duty to respect the last resting-place of the body, and to see that the memorials of the dead are chaste, solemn and impressive. The clergy especially may do much in this way ; for not only is it in their power to exclude improper epitaphs and monuments, they may also, by their counsel and example, refine the taste of those around them, and direct aright the expression of their religious sentiments. And what a calm, holy influence might be found in our burial-grounds, if thus cared for and improved ! Instead of being repelled by a dreary, loathsome enclosure, a magazine of bones, with ill-executed and worse-conceived epitaphs, chronicling names and stations, glozed with falsehood, we should find a chastened delight in visiting the *Ager Somni*, or Field of Sleep, as Cassiodorus is said to have called it ; the *Gottes-Aker* or God's-acre, the *Friedhof* or Peaceyard, as the Germans, the "house of the living," as the Jews of Cochin, beautifully call it ; there to be reminded that the past generations are not dead but sleeping, that sin was the root of their mortality, but mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and their natural bodies be raised up spiritual bodies ; there to find

" A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet !
The stillest of the still."

No word of reproach or bitterness should be there to jar upon the mind. True, the evil and the good are all there ; but clear and turbid streams are no longer distinguished, when all have flowed into the crystal silent lake. That place is consecrated to religion, to the assurances of faith, the pious cares of charity. There the proud and honourable are humbled in the dust by the side of "nature's unambitious underwood" ; babes that never drew breath, and those on whose brows the baptismal drops never fell, still laid apart with reverent love ; the wild schoolboy ; the youth in whom the spark of ambition glowed but to expire ; the maiden whose history was, that she lived and loved ; the stalwart man ; the hoary head that was so long in taking its repose—all made kin by one touch of nature, all as one family laid here with graceful tributes of affection, and many with joyous assurances of future glory. What strong earnest thoughts should spring from such records ! Loving reverence and tempered awe should exhale from the ground ; true words of life and death, engraved on stones, should reach the heart, sink into it, and remain embedded for ever.

ART. IV.—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

The Life and Correspondence of Major General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., late Envoy to Persia and Governor of Bombay, from unpublished letters and journals. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, author of "Life of Lord Metcalfe," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1856.

A. D. 1784, in the old time when Warren Hastings was Governor General of India, peace having been at length concluded with Tippoo Sultan, the remnant of a band of English officers who, in the extremity of humiliation and suffering, had long lain hopeless captives in the hands of Hyder Ali and his son, regained their liberty and prepared to quit the territory of Seringapatam. As they approached the English frontier they met a detachment of two companies of sepoys who had been sent out to join their escort. In front of these, mounted on a rough pony, rode a bright-faced, healthy English boy, who, on inquiry being made after the leader of the gallant little band, answered with no small animation and pride, "I am the commanding officer." Such was the debut in public life of John Malcolm—a debut characteristic, in more respects than one, of the manly, energetic, self-relying career of which it was the commencement.

Six years afterwards the unscrupulous ambition of Tippoo having again brought about a state of war, Malcolm, now a lieutenant, joined with his regiment the troops of the Nizam who had taken the field as our ally. There was little that was of general interest in the campaign, the principal event of which was the reduction of Capoulee, before whose walls a detachment from "the army of the Deccan" spent six tedious months; but to Malcolm individually this his first passage of arms was full of incident, and he has left graphic descriptions of the rapid and laborious march from Ellore in the burning month of May, of the terrible sufferings occasioned by the fatal scarcity of water, of the brilliant barbarism of the Nizam's camp, and of the extortion and atrocities which that prince's followers perpetuated upon the defenceless inhabitants of their master's dominions, as well as of the State of Mysore. This period was in truth the turning-point of Malcolm's career, for it was in the camp of the Nizam that he

became acquainted with the members of the diplomatic corps which then represented British interests at Hyderabad ; and living in familiar intercourse with them, observing the high position which they held, and the important duties with which they were entrusted, first was fired with the ambition of distinguishing himself in the field of diplomacy as well as in that of war. Formerly known only as a fine, free-spirited, active youth, delighting in sport and abhorring study ; a good horseman, a crack shot, an adept in all gymnastic exercises, known in his regiment and beyond it by the name of " Boy Malcolm," he was now seen in the guise of a patient and laborious student ; his gun was laid aside, his horse remained unsaddled, the society of his jovial companions was exchanged for that of the moonshee, and instead of "*speeling*" tent poles, he was now poring over the mysteries of Persian caligraphy, or reflecting upon and noting down for future use the interesting events which were passing before him, —graduating in fact in that science of Indian diplomacy in which he was at no distant time destined to originate a " Malcolm school." In the camp of Lord Cornwallis, before Seringapatam, the merits of our student were soon recognised and rewarded, and " Boy Malcolm," selected as interpreter to the troops serving with the Nizam, commenced a career of staff employment which was henceforth uninterrupted.

It was not, however, until the year A. D. 1798 (his native country having been in the mean time revisited) that Malcolm really commenced his career as an Indian diplomatist. Lord Wellesley, who in that year assumed the office of Governor General, soon became aware of the zeal, activity, and diligence with which Malcolm had pursued the study of the native languages and political system of India. A vacancy opportunely presenting itself, Malcolm was now appointed to the much-desired post of Assistant to the Resident at Hyderabad ; and was at the same time privately directed by Lord Wellesley to visit Calcutta as early as possible, in order that he might learn the Governor General's opinions from his own mouth. There was, however, work to be done beforehand. The Nizam was pledged to us as an ally in the approaching struggle with the ruler of Mysore ; but the value of his professions was not a little diminished by the fact that fourteen thousand men fighting under the colours of revolutionary France, and eager to fraternise with " Citizen Tippoo," occupied a cantonment at Hyderabad. The expulsion of this " nest of democrats" had long been with Malcolm an object of anxious desire, and circumstances not only brought about that

consummation, but also enabled him to become one of the chief actors in the final scene. When therefore the young diplomatic acolyte at length presented himself in Calcutta, it was not only to receive instructions from his chief, but also to lay at the Governor General's feet the colours of the annihilated French corps.

During the final war with Tippoo Sultan, Malcolm, who had succeeded in suppressing a dangerous mutiny in the Nizam's army, was placed in command of its infantry, now arranged into battalions commanded by British officers. To this force it was found necessary to attach a body of Europeans; the regiment selected was His Majesty's 33rd, and the commanding officer was Lieut. Colonel ARTHUR WELLESLEY. It was in the camp of the confederated force that Wellesley and Malcolm first came into contact, began to understand and appreciate each other, and to glide insensibly into an intimacy which was to last throughout their lives. The *denouement* rapidly followed:—"On the 4th of May," wrote Malcolm to Lord Hobart, "all our labours were crowned with the completest victory that ever graced the British annals in India. A State that had been the rival of the Company's Government for nearly thirty years, was on that day wholly annihilated." Seringapatam had been taken by assault, and Tippoo Sultan (to the last arrayed in the purple) had closed a brave life by a soldier's death. Malcolm's labours in this field, however, were not yet over: together with Thomas Munro he was appointed secretary to a commission, which included the victorious Commander-in-Chief, with Kirkpatrick and Barry Close, and Arthur Wellesley. "It addressed itself to its work," says Mr. Kaye, "with an energy and activity little surprising, when it is considered of whom it was composed; and in the course of a month the settlement of Mysore was accomplished in a manner which friendship might commend without offence to the justice of history." Verily "there were giants on the earth in those days!"

At the close of the same year which saw the fall of Tippoo Sultan, Malcolm set forth upon that embassy which he has rendered so familiar to us all by his piquant and lively "sketches of Persia." The objects of the ambassador were, as described by himself, "to relieve India from the annual alarm of Zemam Shah's invasion, which is always attended with serious expense to the Company, by occasioning a diversion upon his Persian provinces to counteract the possible attempts of those villainous but active democrats, the French; to restore to some part of its former prosperity a trade which has been in a great degree lost." (p. 90.) Any interest in regard to the two first articles of Malcolm's in-

structions has long since passed away. A very short time, and the once dreaded Afghan monarch was a blind man and a prisoner,—a little longer, and he whose threatened invasion of Hindustan had for years haunted, like a ghostly phantom, the council-chamber of the British Indian Government, had sunk into the almost forgotten pensioner of that same Government at Loodianah, the mere appendage to a broker who was himself all empty of honour. Nor has time played less strange freaks with our relations to “those villainous democrats the French”; and we who are fresh from the delights of the *Théâtre des Variétés*, from the hideous roar of the trenches of Sebastopol, or perhaps from the high-bred courtesies of His Imperial Majesty’s frigate the “*Sibylle*,” lying off Bushire; we who are “liberals,” if not democrats, ourselves can little sympathise with the anxious care of Malcolm to erect the kingdom of Iran into a barrier against revolutionary France. Malcolm’s first embassy to Persia is now principally remarkable for having betrayed to the world two secrets regarding the British empire in India:—that Asia had discovered the true meaning of a *commercial* treaty, and that England had become aware that through Persia and the country of the Afghans, lay the high road from Europe to Hindustan.

“A chapter of pure diplomacy is one,” as Mr. Kaye remarks, “neither pleasant to write, nor pleasant to read;” and we are free to confess that we had rather regard Malcolm in Persia in his character of story-teller and author, than in that much more imposing, but to us nevertheless somewhat serio-comic, capacity of Elchee. We shall not venture, however, to indulge our own illegitimate tastes further than by the repetition of a single story:—

“A Persian Ambassador at Constantinople being asked by the Grand Signior which he thought the most delightful spot in the world, answered without hesitation, ‘My own house, please Your Majesty.’ ‘Your own house!’ repeated the monarch, who, from the ambassador’s reputed politeness, had expected a compliment. ‘Yes,’ said the ambassador, ‘my own house. Your Majesty will no doubt readily admit, as all learned men have done, that the fourth climate is the most delightful in the world. It is equally generally admitted that Iran surpasses all regions in the fourth climate. Ispahan is, beyond dispute, the pleasantest place in Iran; and every Persian knows that Abas-abad is superior to all other parts of Ispahan; and my house is, beyond compare, the best in Abas-abad.’ ‘I shall hunt,’ says Boy Malcolm, ‘for the ruins of my brother envoy’s house in about a month.’” (Pages 123 and 124.)

But to turn seriously to the weighty matter of the commercial and political embassy :—

“ It soon became apparent to Malcolm,” says Mr. Kaye in a passage which exhausts the philosophy of the subject, “ that the two great necessities of diplomacy in Persia were the giving of presents, and the stickling for forms. To the former he could have no great objection. It is no unpleasant duty to place a number of pretty and useful things before the covetous eyes of man or woman either in the East or West, and to salute their greedy ears with the ever-welcome cry of *corban*. By Malcolm, who was always eager to go forward with his work, whatever it might be, this present-giving was regarded with especial favour, for it lubricated the road before him. Moreover it was as much a principle as it was a pleasure with him, to achieve success, whenever he could, by ‘keeping every one in good humour.’ A Persian with an enamelled watch to carry home to the wondering inmates of his Zenana, or a brace of fine new pistols to stick in his saddle when next he rides out a hunting, is sure to be well pleased. But this after all is only the personal view of the question of present-giving. There was a larger national view in which Malcolm regarded it. Financially it appeared to him that if his largesses shortened, as he doubted not that they would, the duration of his mission, his liberality would in the end be a gain to the British Government. And politically it seemed to him to be a point of the first importance to impress the Persians everywhere with an idea of the wonderful power and the immense resources of our European civilisation. It was not merely an appeal to the cupidity of the Persians, it was an appeal also to their reason. There was wonderful suggestiveness in this display not only of the wealth, but also of the art and science of Great Britain, which could not be lost upon so astute a people. It was believed that a great end was to be gained by the success of the mission, and that the means should be calculated in no niggardly spirit.

“ But the stickling for forms was more repellent to a man of Malcolm’s temperament than the present-giving. He knew enough of oriental courts to recognise its necessity ; but it was not less distasteful for the recognition. Eager as he was to advance with the work before him, it was vexatious in the extreme to be delayed by disputes about ceremonial observances, the style of a letter, or the arrangement of an interview. He was personally a man of simple habits and unostentatious demeanour. Left to his own impulses he would as readily have negotiated a treaty in his shirt-sleeves, and signed it with a billiard-cue under his arm, as arrayed in purple and gold under a salute of artillery, and with

a guard of honor at his back. But as the representative of a great nation he was bound to uphold its dignity to the utmost. He was now among a people out of measure addicted to pomp and ceremony, with whom statemanship was mainly a matter of fine writing; who stickled about forms of address as though the destinies of empires were dependent upon the colour of a compliment or the height of a chair; and who measured the grandeur of other nations with their own chamberlain's wand. Any concessions upon his part—any failure to insist upon the strict observance of what was due to him in his ambassadorial character, would have been construed not only to his own disadvantage, but to that of the nation which he represented. So Malcolm resolved to do in Fars as is done in Fars, and to stickle as manfully for forms as any Hudjee in the country." (Page 3.)

Neither the political nor the commercial treaty which Malcolm, having struggled his way to Teheran at length, laid before the sovereign of Persia, need occupy our attention; though each was designed to be "a beautiful image in the mirror of perpetuity," neither was ever acted up to nor even ratified. The stipulations which the treaties contained, and which were almost solely directed to procuring advantages for the English, were with one exception acceded to by the Shah. That which he could not be persuaded to accept was the proposal contained in the commercial treaty, that the British should be allowed to occupy and fortify the islands of Kishm, Anjam, and Khurgh, in the Persian Gulf, which, though in the possession of the Arabs of the opposite coast, were still in theory a part of the Empire of Iran. The king had heard, perhaps, of the factories of Surat and Hooghly, and his imagination conjured up a vision wherein the bales of merchandise, strewing the quays of the Taptee and the Ganges, lengthened out into scarlet lines which bristled with bayonets, and from among which, amid the booming of cannon and the shout of war, rose up a portentous figure wearing an imperial crown, and extending his gigantic arms to Himalayæ and Cape Comorin. The dream, whatever it may have been, had thoroughly alarmed the Shah, and the concession of the islands which Malcolm requested with more than usual pertinacity and skill, was not to be wrung from him.

And now all was over, and Malcolm, wearied with his residence in an atmosphere of unnatural affectation, gladly receives the farewell hospitalities of his hosts and prepares to quit the capital of the Shah. His embassy, if the cause of no more solid good, was productive at least of favourable impressions of our national

character,—if it did not change the destinies of kingdoms, it certainly left “in the mirror of perpetuity” the image of a brave, frank Englishman ;—

“The Persians appreciated the character of Malcolm. He had become very popular among them. His cheerful, cordial manners ; his wonderful flow of conversation ; his copious supply of anecdote ; and a sort of general *bonhomie* which made him (within proper bounds) all things to all men, rendered him indeed a common favourite ; whilst his manly bearing and his resolute honesty commanded universal respect. That they lusted greatly after the rich gifts of which he was the bearer, is not to be denied ; but they were not insensible to the good qualities of the young Englishman ; and in spite of all their transparent selfishness, there was some sincerity in their affection for the man.

“And by no man was he more regarded than by the king. He had several audiences of His Majesty, and at all was he received not only with marked respect, but with an affability of manner which was a flattering tribute to the personal character of the envoy. He presented Malcolm with a dress of honor, which the English gentleman wore over his uniform on the occasion of his next visit to the Shah ; he gave him a jewelled dagger and an elaborate portrait of himself, as marks of his royal affection ; and at the last visit which the ambassador paid him, he said that he ‘should always consider Malcolm as a favourite, and desire his ministers to write to him in whatever part of the world he might be.’ And when he assured Malcolm at parting, that he should ever feel the warmest interest in his welfare, the words were more truly spoken than are commonly the compliments of kings.”

For two years after his return to India, Malcolm was either basking in the sunshine of “the presence” at Calcutta, as Lord Wellesley’s private secretary, or employed in various confidential missions wherever any unusual embarrassment arose and the work which had to be done was delicate and difficult, demanding an equal exercise of tact and vigour. At the time of his leaving Persia he had received the promise of either Poona or some other of the great pro-consulates in the gift of the Governor General, and in the beginning of the year 1803 his hopes were fulfilled by his appointment to the Residency at Mysore. Malcolm had, however, so long enjoyed an intimate friendship with Lord Wellesley, had so long participated in his schemes and shared in his councils, that even with the honourable prospect before him, he left Calcutta with a heavy heart and melancholy presentiments that he was destined to a future of comparative isolation and retirement.

These were not fated to be realised : no later than the 19th of March Malcolm found himself placed as the representative of the Governor General in the camp of his old friend Arthur Wellesley, then about to commence the triumphs of the first Mahratta war, and five days afterwards he announced to the Commander-in-Chief their joint determination to work on henceforth together, in the following often-quoted words :—

“ A political agent is never so likely to succeed as when he negotiates at the head of an army ; and in a crisis like the present it appears indispensable to speedy and complete success, that the military operations and political negotiations should be conducted from the same point.”

Both Malcolm and Wellesley soon discovered that the powers which had been confided to them were inadequate, and began to be very uneasy under their responsibilities. The former, though acting as Lord Wellesley's representative under that nobleman's own particular instructions, found his duties undefined and his position anomalous ; he had in reality no power, and yet he felt that he was responsible to the Governor General for any errors that might be committed, or any failures that might occur. He was suffering at the time under a complication of disorders, and the severe treatment to which they subjected him ; the general depression of mind produced thereby, and by the unaccustomed reproofs, which now came dropping in from the centre of action, was increased by the thought that he was almost useless, and compelled to bodily inactivity at so important a conjuncture—on the eve of what he felt must be a great and glorious war. On the 8th of August the contest was actually commenced by Wellesley, who delivered his long meditated blow at Ahmednuggur ; but the British colours were hardly hoisted upon the Fort before Malcolm, who had worked on to the very last, was compelled to yield to the solicitations of the General and his other friends, and suffer himself to be carried out of camp. His enforced absence was but short in actual time, but full long enough to form the subject of life-lasting regrets ; he rejoined Arthur Wellesley's army on the 14th December, but that army had meanwhile inscribed upon its standards the names of Assaye, Argaum, and Gowlighur.

Malcolm, however, was not the man to give way to vain repinings, and the high spirits which he had recovered with his health, lighted up the toil-worn camp with all the effect of a sudden burst of sunshine,—

“ He pitched his tent in the near neighbourhood of head-

quarters, and his presence was welcome in the extreme to the General's staff. Upon Wellesley himself an immense weight of responsibility had been thrown, and the labours of his double office pressed heavily upon him. When not engaged in his military duties, he was writing in his private tent those letters and despatches, the recorded number and variety of which are as illustrative of the laboriousness as of the genius of the man. The few preceding months, laden as they had been with serious work and heavy responsibility, had aged and solemnised his outer bearing, whilst they developed the great qualities of his mind. Something of this gravity communicated itself to his associates. Much work and much thought imparted a sombre tint to the social aspects of the life of Wellesley's head-quarters. There was little form or ceremony, but there was less vivacity. The party that assembled at table in the evening were generally weary with the labours of the day, and there was little or nothing to rouse and animate them. Unless there was something of unusual interest to excite them, the General spoke little at table. Grave and taciturn, he was brooding over the weighty matters which depended so much for a satisfactory adjustment upon his own personal energy and skill.

"Great and immediate therefore were the social results of Malcolm's appearance in camp. Half a century has not effaced the recollection of its cheering and inspiring effects. He was delighted to find himself again among old friends, and again on the scene of action. Imperfect as had been the restoration of his strength, and subject as he even then was to occasional depression of mind, he seemed to be, on his first arrival, in the enjoyment of high health and overflowing spirits. He had much to ask and much to tell. There was a continual flow of lively conversation in his tent. He was accessible to friends and to strangers, to Europeans and to Natives. Every morning, at breakfast and after breakfast, there was a social gathering within or without the canvas walls of his home, where there was good cheer and amusement for all who sought it. The Arab horses he had brought round from Bombay were then brought out and exhibited; or, amidst a brisk explosion of jokes at the starving condition in which he had found his friends, his supplies of wine and beer, and other generous commodities, were opened out and distributed. When the larger circle of his acquaintance had gradually dispersed, and he found himself in his tent with a few more intimate associates, he would still rattle on with the same unfailing flow of animal spirits, now discoursing on the grave politics of the day, now on lighter topics; sometimes reading aloud elaborate state papers, sometimes sentimental or ludicrous verses of his own composition,—but always ready to break off at a moment's notice to attend to some matter

of business, or to greet a visitor, European or Native, with befitting dignity or with genial welcome, as the occasion required. His native visitors he was wont always to receive not only with unflinching courtesy, but with that thorough understanding of the character and circumstances of each individual, which I believe Malcolm possessed in a greater degree than any of his contemporaries. One he would address with an elaborate compliment, another with a well-directed pleasantry—each according to the particular humour of the man ; and he seldom failed to send them away gratified with the manner of their reception and well pleased with themselves.

“ But great as were his social qualities—unflinching as was his flow of hearty animal spirits—Malcolm never forgot what was due to the public service. His business at this time was done by snatches, but it was done thoroughly and conscientiously. No one ever did so much work with so little display. It was one of his peculiar characteristics that, being continually engaged in public affairs, he was, of all the distinguished functionaries of whom I have ever read, the least *affairé*. And it might almost have been supposed by those who knew him at this period of his career, without being cognisant of the result of his labours, that it was his especial vocation to amuse the inmates of General Wellesley's camp. In after-life he used to tell his assistants who applied to him for instructions, that the first thing they had to do was to keep every one in good humour. He knew that not the least important part of public business is that which does not bear the name.” (Page 238.)

The effects of the late victories over the Mahratta confederates were immediately apparent in the ratification of treaties with the British Government by both Sindia and the Rajah of Berar. With the former two distinct engagements were entered into. The first was a treaty of peace, which was negotiated in Wellesley's camp by the General himself; the second was a “ subsidiary alliance,” which provided for the location of a British force in Sindia's dominions, and was arranged by Malcolm, who had been despatched for the purpose to the Court of the Maharaja then held at Boorhanpoor. Malcolm saw much of oriental courts, but never perhaps, in all his manifold experiences, did he witness so strange a scene as that which inaugurated his negotiations with the young Mahratta prince. “ We were well received,” he wrote to General Wellesley, “ by the Maharajah, who is a good-looking young man. He preserved great gravity when we first went in, and probably we might have left him without seeing that his gravity was affected, had not a ridiculous incident moved his muscles.” This incident

was of such a nature as to afford great amusement even to the grave and anxious Arthur Wellesley, who did not disdain to write the following account of it to the Governor General :—

“ It rained violently, and an officer of the escort, Mr. Pepper, an Irishman (a nephew of old Bective’s, by-the-by), sat under the flat of the tent, which received a great part of the rain which fell. At length it burst through the tent upon the head of Mr. Pepper, who was concealed by the torrent that fell, and was discovered after some time by an ‘ Oh Jesus !’ and a hideous yell. Sindia laughed violently, as did all the others present ; and the gravity and dignity of the Durbar degenerated into a *Malcolm riot*—after which they all parted on the best terms.” The negotiations thus harmoniously commenced proceeded but slowly, owing to the illness of the young prince himself, and to the fractiousness of his ministers, of whom two different parties were struggling for the conduct of the administration. It is usual, under such circumstances, for Brahman diplomatists to outbid each other by proposing impracticable concessions to the common adversary, and in particular by bringing forward some scheme, the truly Hindu character of which is sure, although rejected, to redound to their popularity. Such was the case in the present instance. A long memorandum of requests, which had been submitted to General Wellesley on the chief minister’s leaving his camp, re-appeared in a string of items inserted in a draft treaty presented for Malcolm’s acceptance ; and the last and most important article of all was, “ that the English Government agreed, out of respect for the *firman* of the king—out of regard for the tribe of the Peshwa—out of friendship for the Maharajah—and with a view to increase its own reputation among the natives of the country, *to allow no cows to be killed in Hindostan.*” Malcolm was, however, a man whose knowledge and temper alike fitted him in an eminent manner for meeting such demands, and without creating offence or being guilty of bluster, he succeeded in procuring the acceptance of the treaty which he had beforehand designed, and which at length received the entire approbation of the Supreme Government.

These negotiations concluded, the most harassing part of Malcolm’s labours commenced : he was called upon by General Wellesley to remain permanently at Sindia’s Durbar until relieved, and upon him therefore devolved the task of interpreting the practical meaning of the treaty, and of declaring the boundaries within which the Maharaja was henceforth to be confined.

At the commencement of the war the fortress of Gwalior had been held by a servant of Sindia ; at its close it was in the hands

of the British troops. The question arose "to whom was it now to belong?" In the treaty of peace concluded by General Wellesley it was declared that such countries situated between Jodhpoor and Jyepoor, and to the south of the latter, as had formerly belonged to Sindia, were to be placed in his possession, and though the Maharaja renounced all claims upon his feudatories with whom treaties had been concluded by the British Government, and admitted them to be independent of his authority, he specially reserved the territories belonging to him "situated to the southward of those of the Rajahs of Jyepore and Jodhpoor, and the Rana of Gohud." General Wellesley had, however, negotiated the treaty with Sindia in ignorance of the engagements which General Lake had contracted to the feudatory chiefs. One of these was a treaty with Umbajee Inglia, Sindia's Governor of Gwalior, which having been broken by that chieftain, had given rise to our possession of the fortress; another was an obligation to the Rana of Gohud, the some time lord of Gwalior. Malcolm was now called upon to choose a line of policy in regard to Sindia's claim upon Gwalior, without any instructions upon the subject, and at an immense distance from the seat of government. The responsibility was serious, which was thus thrust upon an envoy with limited powers, and who was compelled to shape his course according to circumstances, rather than by the theoretical principles, to the erroneous test of which his conduct was, as he knew, too likely to be subjected. But it was one of Malcolm's maxims that "a man who flies from responsibility in public affairs, is like a soldier who quits his ranks in action. He is certain of ignominy and does not escape danger." He was persuaded that one of the chief reasons which induced Sindia to consent to the peace, was the desire of preserving Gwalior; he was satisfied that there was room for doubting our right to retain possession, and he believed that if we determined a case of a disputable nature in our own favour, because we had the power, we should give a blow to the existing reliance upon our faith that would be more injurious to our interests than the loss of fifty provinces. We fear that in things small as in things great, in times present as in times past, with individuals as with states, the British Government in India and its officials have too often been guilty of—shall we call it only?—the mistake of interpreting treaties and agreements in a one-sided manner, because on that one side lay all the power. We boast, and with general truth, of our faith; but no one who has been in the habit of conversing with the natives of India, and who has the capacity of appreciating their feelings, can fail to be aware

that *in their opinion* serious deductions should be made from the claim to unsullied integrity which we assert, and that the picture would be coloured somewhat less brightly were the lion painting the portrait of the man.

Even as a matter of policy it was Malcolm's opinion that the concession should be made. "I do not think," he writes to Mr. Mercer, "we could have a better frontier than the Jumna, nor a better neighbour in India than Dowlut Row, if we act with a liberal and conciliating policy towards him. Of the revival of his infantry we can entertain no dread; and as to his horse, if they are to be led to plunder, a slip of country which they could pass in two or three days, and the hill forts which could never stop their progress, would prove a slight impediment to prevent their desultory invasion; but allowing the contrary, it is not the safety of the Doab which we are to look to in arguing this question, but the safety and tranquillity of India, which is, I think, likely to be seriously disturbed by the state in which I know the Deccan and in which you represent Hindostan to be; and this is only to be averted by our conciliating and supporting the more regular governments." (Page 268.)

The question of policy may be admitted to have been an entangled one; even the clear strong head of Arthur Wellesley could not solve it to the satisfaction of others or of himself. But the great soldier entirely concurred in Malcolm's high notions of public faith, and thoroughly sympathised with his generous sentiments. "I would sacrifice Gwalior," he wrote to Malcolm, "or every other frontier of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace; and we must not fritter them away in arguments drawn from overstrained principles of the law of nations, which are not understood in this country. What brought me through many difficulties in the war and the negotiations of peace? The British good faith, and nothing else."

Lord Wellesley wholly disapproved of Malcolm's opinions; he declared that justice did not require us to surrender Gwalior, and that sound policy imperatively called upon us to keep it out of Sindia's hands. He commanded his private secretary to express to Malcolm his excessive displeasure at the indulgence with which he had received *the tricks* the Mahratta ministers had endeavoured to put upon him. The true source of his disquietude was revealed in a subsequent letter: "Your having shown," writes the private secretary to Malcolm, "a great disposition to admit the justice of Sindia's right to Gwalior and Gohud, is likely, Lord Wellesley

thinks, to give his enemies in Leadenhall Street room to found an accusation against Lord Wellesley, of injustice and rapacity in insisting upon retaining those possessions contrary to the opinion of the Resident. Lord Wellesley is firmly satisfied of the right of the British Government to retain these possessions under the treaty of peace. There is not a man on this side of India who does not think with Lord Wellesley that the exclusion of the Mahrattas from Hindostan, which is stated over and over again in Lord Wellesley's instructions, declarations, &c. to be a main object of the war, will depend entirely upon the retention of Gwalior, &c. Under this conviction, and under a sense of our engagements with the Rana of Gohud, Lord Wellesley thinks that the restoration of Gwalior and Gohud to Sindia would be a breach of his public duty. But in retaining them he is apprehensive that the countenance which you have given to Sindia's pretensions will induce common observers to believe that the right is with Sindia, and that it has been trampled upon by Lord Wellesley." Such censure as this was sure to fall heavily upon a man of Malcolm's affectionate and generous nature; he almost began to fancy himself, against his better judgment, a traitor to his friend,—he declared himself "broken-hearted." But no doubt the feeling which he had shortly before expressed on the subject to General Wellesley, was gradually re-established. "There is one evil in this world which I dread more than the Marquis's displeasure—the loss of my own esteem, which I must have incurred had I acted contrary to what I have done on this occasion." Arthur Wellesley, who knew better than any man the circumstances in which Malcolm had been placed, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, hesitated not to say that he had not deserved such treatment. We shall return to the general subject of the relations between Political Agents and the Governments they serve, when we have carried Malcolm onwards a few steps in his career. It will be sufficient in this place to observe that the restoration of Gwalior to Sindia was for the time prevented, and did not take place until another act of the drama; and that Malcolm and the Governor General, though each appears to have preserved his own opinion to the last, remained not long unreconciled.

Having let the curtain fall upon Lord Wellesley, we must beg our readers, in melodramatic style, to imagine an "interval of four years between the acts." So long a time was not without incident in Malcolm's career; but as the space allotted to us

rapidly contracts, we must avail ourselves of a dramatic artifice, and instead of bringing the events upon the stage, put forward one of our characters to recapitulate the story. Up with the drop-scene, then, and behold our stage transformed into the deck of the "Psyche" frigate off Muscat! The marine treads the boards with steady pace, British tars and Hindustani lascars are lounging lazily about, or regarding with curiosity, if not with desire, the supply of fruit which the messengers of the young Imaum have just brought off from shore. Malcolm is of course the centre of the group, but the person next in prominence is a fine old Arab officer, who "combines the frankness of a sailor with the manners of his tribe," and who is expressing his great joy at thus again meeting the friend whom, in days gone by, he had piloted from Muscat to Abushire. "You have been all over the world," says he to Malcolm, "since I last saw you." "I have travelled a little," replies our hero. "Travelled a little!" exclaims the Arab, "you have done nothing else; we heard you were with the great Lord Wellesley, at Calcutta. When there in a ship of the Imaum's, I went to see you: Malcolm Sahib was gone to Madras. Two years afterwards I went again to Bengal and thought I would find my friend: no, Malcolm Sahib was gone to Sindia, and we heard afterwards you went with Lord Lake to Lahore. However, four months ago we heard you had come to Seringapatam and married a fine young girl, the daughter of some colonel. And now," continues the sailor-chief, "after travelling all the world over *and then marrying*,—task of greater adventure still,—you are come again to your old friends the Arabs and Persians."

Malcolm had indeed been with Lord Lake, the right-hand man of that gallant veteran; he had led Hindu sepoys to the bank of the Sutlej, and had charmed them over the yet uncrossed river by pointing, as with a talisman, to the sacred city and famous shrine of Umritsur; he had seen Wellesley retire, Cornwallis die, and Barlow reverse the policy which he loved; he had then for the first time thought of quiet, and "requested only to be left to his repose"; but it was no treacherous Delilah who had ensnared him, but a true wife, who loved his renown even as himself, and who, at the call of duty, gladly sent him forth once more.

When Lord Minto arrived in India, the Emperor of France and the Autocrat of Russia had met upon the raft of Tilsit, and the first words which Alexander had spoken had pledged him to "hate the English" with all the hate even of Napoleon. The

terrors of invasion, therefore, again haunted the council-chamber of Calcutta, and preparations were soon in progress to occupy, by diplomacy if not by arms, the countries which intervened between Europe and India. And now was proved, if not the military power, at least the command of diplomatic ability possessed by the Government of India; for the envoys immediately despatched to the Punjab, Afghanistan, and Persia, were Metcalfe, Elphinstone, and Malcolm.

We did not detain our readers long over Malcolm's first embassy to Persia; the story of the second may be told in still fewer words—it was a failure. The English envoy found these “vile democrats” in full possession of the ground, and far too strong to be successfully attacked; and though he behaved with abundant spirit, and nobly maintained the dignity of his country, the adverse influences compelled him to retire without even an interview with the monarch, who, if unfettered, would have gladly welcomed him as a friend. So Malcolm was soon once more in Hindustan; and not long after busily engaged as an actor in the celebrated tragedy of the “Madras mutiny.”

“There are men now living,” says Mr. Kaye, “who look back with astonishment—almost with incredulity—to that period of mutinous incitement.” Since the words were written India has, alas! become the scene of a still more horrible catastrophe. Our astonishment may remain, but our incredulity has disappeared; and we, whose hearts have been so lately incited with feelings of mingled suspense, alarm, and horror,—we, who are yet burning with indignation at the atrocities of Meerut, Bareilly, Allahabad, and Delhi, can have little disposition to refuse our credence to the story of Vellore, or of Seringapatam.

The two great centres of insurrection were Hyderabad and Masulipatam; and Malcolm, who was now a lieutenant-colonel, was sent to assume the command of the Madras European Regiment at the latter place, and to prevent, if possible, its taking part with the mutineers. Malcolm set off for his post, carrying with him, as he believed, the instructions of Sir George Barlow, the Governor, “to conciliate and reclaim the Company's army, not to render them desperate.” “I was particularly desired,” says he, “to point their views to England, persuade them by every effort to await the decision of the Court of Directors, and to prevent their precipitating themselves into guilt from which they could never retreat.”

It was soon, however, plain to Malcolm that he and the Governor of Madras did not understand each other. Sir George Barlow

scouted the idea of conciliating measures, and determined to dragoon down insurrection. Malcolm could not conscientiously bring himself either to express approbation of such a policy, or to take part in its practical development. "He knew," says Mr. Kaye, "that the army was dissatisfied. He knew that it had long been dissatisfied, and not without reason. In all parts of the world men require an adequate motive to exertion. In India it is especially required. The sacrifices which a man makes in leaving his native country are not small. The sources of discontent and despondency are many. Perhaps in two words, profit and honor, the sum and substance of all incentive are contained. The officers of the Indian army looked for the means of comfortable retirement in old age : but the emoluments of that profession had been dwindling down before their eyes, until it seemed to be the sole wish of their masters to ascertain how much of retrenchment and reduction they could bear without an outbreak of open mutiny. The profits of the service were fast disappearing ; and the honors had never appeared. In those days, indeed, the Company's officer knew nothing of honor but that which he carried about in his own breast. Fifteen years before, Malcolm had emphatically pointed out the invidious distinctions which kept the service, to which he belonged, in a state of continual degradation. But the Company's officers were still the Pariahs, the King's officers the Brahmins of the service. All the honorary distinctions for which the soldier yearns, were religiously guarded against the profane touch of the Pariahs, by the fiery sword of privilege. It might happen, as had happened in the case of Malcolm, of Close, and one or two others, that reputation might be gained for the Company's officer by a career of successful diplomacy. But to the general body of the army this was no consolation. To the soldier nothing was conceded ; and it was into the soldier's breast that, from one end of India to the other, the shame of this exclusion was burning.

"All his adult life long, Malcolm had been keenly alive to this, the great reproach of his order. For years he had heard, growing louder and louder, the groan which spoke the discontent of his comrades. He knew that they had just grounds of complaint, and he sympathised largely with their sufferings ; but now that their wrongs declared themselves in language violent, disloyal, seditious, there was no longer any community of feeling between them. He could see nothing to justify the outrages they had committed, but remembering the circumstances out of which the unhappy state of things had arisen and believing that there was much good and

loyal feeling still left in the Company's army, he thought that it would be more just and more expedient to endeavour to win the recusants back to their allegiance by mild and conciliatory measures, than to dragoon them into obedience by acts of overawing severity." To use his own words, he believed that the clemency and magnanimity of Government would have had more effect in the minds of liberal men, than twenty examples of severity; and he prophesied that by that course men's *minds* would be at once reclaimed, and they would be fixed in their attachment by a better motive than fear.

Malcolm's biographer hesitates to decide which course of policy was, at the time, the wiser of the two; that of Barlow was carried out, and was justified by the event in whatever degree success may be a real justification. Sir James Mackintosh, notwithstanding this success, wrote to Malcolm as follows:—

"The exact propriety of your conduct will, for the present, be most strongly proved by the degree in which the advocates of violence, on all sides, will blame it. The time will come when the army will distinguish incendiaries from friends, and the Government councillors from sycophants. Then you will have another more agreeable, though not a more decisive proof of your rectitude.

"From the moment I heard the measures adopted towards the officers at and near Madras, I was perfectly certain that your counsels no longer prevailed; and it was with no small pleasure that I heard of your being in a sort of disgrace at court.

"I conceived that the first indispensable requisite to the consideration of such an expedient, was the absolute certainty of its immediate, universal, and permanent success. Of this I much doubted; and the fatal events which have occurred at Hyderabad and other places, seem to show that my doubts were reasonable.

"But this appeared to me, I will confess, a secondary question. I considered the success of such a measure as a great public calamity. • I waive the impolicy of a measure which seemed to be contrived for the express purpose of imposing rebellion upon the officers as a point of honor, and of afterwards involving them in indiscriminate proscription. All these, and many other considerations respecting the officers, however important, seem to be inferior."

And then the great lawyer and historian went on to denounce, as "a wound in the vitals of an army," that appeal to the privates against their officers, which was one of the measures recommended by Malcolm's opponents.

The policy of coercion is sure to be the more popular one, and the crowd are always ready to applaud its advocates when they boast, as Barlow boasted, of "unshaken firmness and resolution." But no man can doubt the resolution of John Malcolm; and to our mind his moral intrepidity never shone so brightly as when, in the present instance, he devoted himself to the conscientious advocacy of a course of policy which had been already scouted and disgraced, and was evidently destined to be abandoned. The truth is that men take different sides upon such questions, according to the qualities of the heart rather than of the head, and they who are of a generous temperament, they who are sensitive in their own feelings and tender of those of others, who love justice more than the praise of men, are sure to be found upon the unpopular side. But to say that that side is unpopular, is only to say that a sensitive appreciation of other men's feelings and a generous sympathy with them, are things which do not belong to either the high-born or low-born vulgar.

Finding that his counsel was despised, Malcolm did that which his own honour called upon him to do: he washed his hands of the whole matter, and addressed a letter to Sir George Barlow, of which Mackintosh pronounced that he "really should be at a loss to point out so respectful an assertion of independence." It contained the following passage:—

"No man is more aware of the imperious nature of public duty than I am, and while I remain a public servant no consideration upon earth would induce me to swerve from the path of personal respect, and of implicit obedience to that constituted authority of my country under which I am placed; but the large and important duties I have to perform demand more than this—they require a warm, active, and devoted zeal, and a perfect accord in the mind of the agent with the measures he has to execute; and no officer that fills a high and confidential situation, whatever may be his experience or his ability, is fit to be employed in such times as the present, unless all his sentiments are in unison with those of the superior under whom he acts. This is a principle by which my conduct has been regulated ever since I was elevated to the rank I now hold in the public service. I had occasion to express it upon a very trying occasion to Lord Wellesley, and it was honoured with his fullest approbation. I acted upon it in consequence of being informed I should be called upon to execute certain measures under the administration of the late Marquis Cornwallis, and when you succeeded to the supreme government you were far from censuring the line I had adopted; and it is from this knowledge of your personal consideration to

me that I feel emboldened to state, in that confidence with which I have always been required by you to communicate my opinions, that with the sentiments I entertain upon the course of action and policy now in progress, and its probable effects both upon the service of the Company and the public interests, that I am altogether unqualified to be a confidential or principal agent in any part of its execution. I entreat that you will not mistake the intent of the expression of this opinion. It is given to account to you for my personal conduct, and it is communicated in that spirit of unreserved confidence which your kindness has ever allowed me to use towards you; but I am far from arrogating to myself the most distant right to question either the expediency in the policy, or the line you are pursuing. Your superior wisdom no doubt points out to you the measures that are most proper for the emergency, and you are fulfilling the high duties of your station when you act agreeably to the dictates of your own judgment; all I claim is, your indulgence for my feelings, and a pardon for this free expression of my sentiments."

These sentiments were justly characterised by Mackintosh as "independent,"—they would find little favour, we fear, in practice with most rulers. "No man," had Malcolm written in Lord Cornwallis's time, when he found himself likely to be made an agent in the policy of retrogression,—“no man, let his experience and knowledge be ever so great, is fit to be employed when every sentiment of his mind is opposed to the measures he is directed to execute.” And it was this same belief that something more than the mere obedience of an automaton was required from him by his duty, which dictated his assertion that in the Gwalior controversy his attention had been exclusively directed to the promotion of the public interests. Lord Wellesley, however, in reading these last two words, had underscored them, and appended to them in the margin the following note :—“Mr. Malcolm's duty is to obey my orders and enforce my instructions. I will look after the *public interests*.”

It is necessary, of course, as a general rule, that subordinate agents should act implicitly according to the instructions they have received; and when they deviate from them, the responsibility rests with themselves of rebutting the charge of presumption and disobedience. Many cases, however, must obviously occur in which, as in the case of Gwalior, the subordinate must act without instructions, and then it is the mere “insolence of office” to deny that he is *quoad-hoc*, vested with the care of the public interests. And it is precisely to such cases as these last, to which the principle laid down by Malcolm especially applies; for an unexpected cir-

cumstances he alone is likely to act as those who employ him would wish him to act, whose opinions and desires are in unison with theirs.

Turning away from the Madras mutiny, Malcolm, with his usual elasticity of mind, devoted himself to preparations for a third embassy to Persia. The "Psyche" was soon again in requisition, and Malcolm, attended by a gallant band of youths, arrived quickly off Muscat, and was greeted by the welcome news that England was once more triumphing under Collingwood at sea, and his old friend Arthur Wellesley on shore. He landed at Bushire, and commenced, for the last time, the tedious round of Persian etiquette and present-giving. By this we must not, however, be delayed. Picture we to ourselves, therefore, the Elchee once more in the saddle, and grouped around him, full of activity, youth, and spirit, a band of aspirants destined each one of them to future eminence and fame. There is Pottinger, there Ellis, Macdonald, Monteith, and Frederick,—Briggs and Stewart; and towering above them all Henry Lindsay Bethune, now to his Persian hosts only the "tall man," the *date tree*, but in later days the *second Roostoom*, whose gigantic figure was as a tower of strength in many a hard-fought field. "The journey onwards," says Mr. Kaye, "is remembered with the liveliest feelings of pleasure by the few survivors of the party. Not far from Shiraz they were joined by the king's story-teller, who amused them with the recital of oriental romances not inferior in interest to those of the Arabian Nights. Many of these stories found their way into Malcolm's journal, and were treasured up tenaciously by a memory that never failed. Some he had heard before, during his first sojourn in Persia, and had narrated, during the intervening ten years, at various times and places, and under circumstances of infinite variety. Great soldiers, little children, and gentle maidens had been equally delighted by them. They had made Arthur Wellesley laugh in the Maliratta camp; they had made Johnny Wainwright happy during the tedium of a voyage down the Bay of Bengal; and they had won a smile from the lips of Charlotte Campbell as he sat behind her on an elephant, in the course of that memorable journey to Mysore out of which had arisen the great happiness of his life."

The "third mission to Persia" is described by Mr. Kaye with great animation; but we have not room for many extracts, and must content ourselves with placing before our readers Malcolm's reception, and his dismissal by the Persian sovereign.

"On the 21st of June Malcolm and his suite entered the royal

camp. The same high officer of the court who, ten years before, had been deputed by the king to receive him, now met him again as he advanced. The royal message which greeted him was a flattering one. 'Tell him,' said the king, 'that all the trouble he has had about ceremony this time, is not the fault of Persians but of Englishmen, and that throughout he may be satisfied that he has always enjoyed my favor.' "

Onward now went the mission from the Indian Government, receiving and bestowing courtesies. All past animosities were buried. Before proceeding to his own tent Malcolm waited on Sir Harford Jones, who received him 'in a gracious and affable manner,' and in the course of the evening returned the visit. Malcolm welcomed him with a guard of honour, and went out of his tent to greet him. He was eager not only to show the Baronet every respect as the representative of the Crown, but to render him every assistance in his power, freely offering him money and supplies, and desiring him, whenever it was needed, to use the escort as his own. At subsequent interviews there was the same outward cordiality between them, but Malcolm felt painfully that it was all a despicable sham.—

"On the 23rd of June Malcolm paid his first ceremonial visit to Fattéh Ali Shah, in his summer camp in the high table-lands of Sultaneah. It had been arranged that Sir Harford Jones should be present at this introductory visit, but at the appointed hour he was absent at a pleasure-party. The king, however, declared that he needed no one to introduce his old friend Malcolm; so the mission from India made its way to the royal presence, whilst the Crown Ambassador was amusing himself at a distance. The ceremony of reception was an imposing one. Attended by eleven gentlemen of his suite, all in full-dress uniform, Malcolm entered the hall of audience. 'Welcome again, Malcolm,' cried the king, 'and welcome all you young gentlemen. Mashallah! you have brought a fine set of young men—all fine young men—to pay their respects to the Shah. Sit down, Malcolm.' Now Malcolm on his former mission always had sat down. He had contended for and established the custom. But Sir Harford Jones had consented to stand in the royal presence. How then could the representative of the Governor General accept a concession which had not been accorded to the delegate of the Crown? Malcolm felt the embarrassment of his position, and asked permission to stand. Again the king desired him to be seated. But still the envoy hesitated to comply with the request. 'Why Malcolm,' said the king, half in jest and half in earnest, 'what new thing is this, and what has come over you? You used not to

hesitate in conforming to the king's command.' On this Malcolm sat down. The embarrassment passed over, and Futteh Ali Shah and Malcolm were soon in earnest discourse.

"Malcolm had prepared a set speech; but when the time came for its delivery he made no great progress with the oration. 'Come,' said the king smiling, 'you are an old friend; I do not put you on a footing with other men. Compose yourself; I know what you would say,'—and he commenced a speech of fulsome panegyric. Then, breaking into laughter, he said, 'Now your speech is made, let me know about yourself. How have you been these many years?' 'Except for the wish to revisit your Majesty, I have been well and happy,' said Malcolm. 'But what,' asked the king, 'made you go back in dudgeon last year without seeing my son at Shiraz.' 'How could he,' said Malcolm, 'who had been warmed by the sunshine of His Majesty's favor, be satisfied with the mere reflexion of that refulgence through the person of His Majesty's son?' 'Mashallah! Mashallah!' cried the king, 'Malcolm is himself again.'

"Gracious beyond example was Futteh Ali. He was really glad to see Malcolm. He told him that he always was, and always must be, his prime favourite beyond all Europeans. Then he spoke of the state of India—of Europe—of his own country; and then returned to talk of Malcolm himself. 'I heard,' said he, 'that you were going to England, but I have caught you, and you must not expect to escape for at least four years. Your fame in India for settling countries has reached me, and your labour is wanted here.' He then asked a multitude of questions concerning the organisation of the Indian army. Malcolm spoke not only of its discipline, but of its admirable invalid and pension establishments. 'Discipline,' said the king, 'will always defeat valour; but discipline alone is nothing. It is the whole constitution of the military branch of Government which makes superior armies.' To this Malcolm assented; and then the king began to speak of Buonaparte, whom he styled the first of heroes, and said, 'What does he want?' 'The world,' said Malcolm. 'Right,' said the king, 'you are right, Malcolm—but in truth he is a great soldier.' Then he asked many questions about the state of Spain; and thence turning again to personal matters, inquired about the officers of Malcolm's suite, and asked particularly about the engineers. 'Mr. Jins (Sir H. Jones) is a good young man. I have a regard for him, and those with him have laboured hard in my service—but you must do everything for me now.' Malcolm assured him that he and His Majesty's other servants would do all that lay in their power; and the king was well pleased with the assurance. Altogether the reception was a most gracious one, and Malcolm, quitting the audience-chamber satisfied that

he had not fallen in the estimation of his old friend. 'I was shocked to hear, after I came out,' he wrote in his journal, 'that I had talked more and louder than His Majesty; but I could not have given offence, as I went away loaded with praises.' "

If the king's reception of Malcolm was gracious, his dismissal of him was more—it was affectionate. Futteh Ali Shah, a soldier, a statesman, and a man of genial temperament himself, was charmed with the manliness, the sagacity, and the frankness of Malcolm; and seldom, if ever, has any oriental Durbar witnessed so hearty, and at the same time so dignified, a scene as that which, in our author's words, we now present to our readers:—

"The time for Malcolm's departure now drew near. The 15th of July was fixed for his audience of leave. The king sent him a horse and a sword, and he was met at the entrance of the audience tent with a firman or royal mandate, appointing him a Khan and Sepahdar (a nobleman and general) of the Persian empire. With these new titles he was introduced to the king, who welcomed him with becoming cordiality. The gentlemen of the mission were also introduced in their dresses of honor; and then the king, desiring him to approach the throne, invested him with the diamond star, in the centre of which were the Lion and the Sun, the insignia of the new order of the knighthood. 'You are now,' said His Majesty, while Malcolm still stood by the throne, 'confirmed in my service, in which I know you have been faithful for ten years. I can do no higher honor to any one than at this moment I have done to you. You will wear this star on your breast as a proof to all the world of the royal favor of the King of Persia.' Malcolm bowed, poured out his thanks, and soon afterwards withdrew, amid renewed expressions of royal kindness. As he made his last salaam to the king, at the appointed distance from the throne, Futteh Ali cried out again, with irrepressible sincerity, 'Farewell, Malcolm, my friend!'—a little thing as we read it here, but in the stately ceremonial court of Persia, where every word and gesture is prescribed, where nothing is to be said but at the appointed time, and even a king enjoys no freedom of speech, a matter of no slight significance."

The object of Malcolm's "second," or rather third mission to Persia, if any definite object there were, was that the Home Government might be thereby induced to resign to the Governor General of India the control of our Persian diplomacy. This end, however, was not destined to be attained. Sir James Mackintosh said afterwards that Malcolm's introduction of potatoes into Persia would be remembered long after the ridiculous Persian

missions were forgotten. But Malcolm had, in truth, sown other seed, destined to produce a richer harvest, and from his embassies to Iran, as from the missions which his friends and colleagues, Elphinstone and Pottinger, conducted to Sind and Afghanistan, sprung up those well-known works which have illustrated Asia, instructed Europe, and adorned the literature of our country.

Nor, in our author's opinion, was this the whole. "A literary tone and character," says Mr. Kaye—himself a bright example of the truth of his own words—"was imparted to the Indian services generally by their eminent examples. Many were afterwards encouraged, by the success of such performances, to endeavour to imitate them. Literary research was no longer regarded as incompatible with active life, and men who, before, thought only of serving the Government, began to think whether, like Malcolm and Elphinstone, they might not at the same time promote the interests of literature, science, and the world."

After taking a final leave of the country with which his name is so inseparably connected, and of the sovereign whose friendship he had won and maintained, Malcolm soon turned his face homewards, to seek an interval of family intercourse and literary repose. Our readers, like ourselves, would gladly follow, if only "in the spirit"; but India, and not England, was the scene of our hero's exploits, and the labours of the historian and the man of letters were but episodes in his stirring career. We cannot then accompany him to Europe—to Paris, sounding with the tramp of victorious legions, and ruled by the baton of the victor of Assaye—or even to Burnfoot, the home of his childhood, and to the calm and lovely valley of the Tweed then graced by the presence, as it is now hallowed by the memory, of Walter Scott. In these he took the warmest interest; but even in the dearest scene of all, the bosom of his family, Malcolm felt a yearning for the East, and a consciousness that he had not yet earned a title to repose. And doubtless if the happiness of the disembodied soul consists, in some measure, in the recollections of struggles gone through, and successes achieved in the stern but sacred path of duty, the spirit of Malcolm, however soothed with those tender images which it beholds mirrored on the glassy streams of his natal border-land, must still view with a deeper and more expanded delight even the arid plains and the finest covered hills of Central India. Turn we then again from the delights of home to the labours of civil administration, and to the sharper, but not perhaps more painful, struggles of the field.

In the close of the year 1817 there was once more war in India, and at day-break of the 21st of December the advanced guard of a British army defiled through the dim twilight along the road which led to the banks of the Seepree River. *Sir John Malcolm* had received from the sovereign his knightly spurs, and was about to prove how worthily the honour had been bestowed, by winning in one of those short but stern and decisive struggles which placed India at the feet of the Crown of England. As the army advanced, a messenger from the faithless and vacillating Mahratta court brought letters to the English General, and Malcolm must have received with no little contempt the information conveyed to him in an arrogant tone, that he must desist from his march, or bear in mind that he was advancing against the army of Holkar. He wrote back that an asylum was open to that prince if he would throw himself upon his protection, and receiving no answer, he moved forward to *Mehidpoor*.

On the left bank of the Seepree River, where the winding of the stream formed a sort of circular ravelin with a wet ditch, was encamped the main body of the Mahratta army. Their infantry and artillery drawn up in line on the bank, with cavalry in their rear, fronted the British attack; a formidable battery of some fifty heavy guns commanded the only ford by which the river could be passed, and a considerable body of horse sent across the stream were prepared to harass the assailants in their advance, and if possible, to work round to the rear of the line. It was necessary that these horsemen should be dispersed before the British attempted the passage of the river, and Sir Thomas Hislop, who commanded in chief, entrusted the duty to Malcolm. Success was easy and immediate, and as the Mahratta horsemen dispersed in confusion, the British line moved down upon the ford, and though their own light artillery was silenced by the heavier metal of the batteries on the opposite side, they were soon formed on a ridge of sand under the left bank, and had occupied two ravines which opened therefrom upon the position of the enemy. Sir Thomas Hislop, yielding to Malcolm's solicitations, gave him the personal command of the two leading brigades, and permitted an advance.

The heart of Malcolm beat high; the dreams of his early manhood were now at last to be realised; for the first time he held an important military position in the field, and the red riband of the Bath seemed within the reach of his eager grasp. His dispositions were soon made. A village in the centre of the Mahratta position was to be carried at the point of his bayonet, and the

troops, ascending through the ravines, formed into line, despite a well-directed fire from the batteries, delivered at a distance of some seven hundred yards. At the sound of the bugle the whole line rose as one man, and moved forward upon the batteries of the enemy. Cheered by their enthusiastic commander, who galloped forwards despite the remonstrances of more than one of his friends, on went the British troops, Europeans and Natives, vying with each other, up to the muzzles of the guns; the artillerymen were shot or bayoneted at their post, the guns were taken, and the infantry flying at our approach, the British line swept on to form upon the ground which the Mahrattas had occupied in the morning.

The battle had been won, but Malcolm, ever ready for the chase, pursued the Mahrattas with the cavalry who had now come up, and with two light battalions captured their camp, and dashing onwards to a distance of some miles, scattered the last party of the enemy, who, with their few remaining guns, seemed inclined to make a desperate stand. The victory was now complete, the military power of Holkar was utterly broken, and that prince himself a miserable fugitive at the mercy of his conquerors. Malcolm had not only enjoyed a military command, but was also vested with political powers as Agent for the Governor General of India. The position in which he found himself a few days after the battle of Mehidpoor, is thus shortly described in a letter which he addressed to his wife:—

"I have concluded a treaty with Mulhar Row Holkar, including every advantage that could be desired, and our enemies are now encamped within two miles of me, quite in good humour. * * * Sir Thomas Hislop is sent south, and I am left with a division in Malwah, and with full political powers to settle Holkar's Government."

And now commenced that good work of the regeneration of Central India, which is the brightest jewel in Malcolm's chaplet. Other achievements were, during its progress, performed by him; but these we dismiss with the bare mention of the facts, that he pursued the Pindarces, successfully negotiated the surrender of the Peshwa, and took part in the capture of the fortress of Asseergurh. To the settlement of Malwa we must devote a larger space, but we will use for the most part Malcolm's own words:—

"You will rejoice to hear," he wrote to his wife, "that all my undertakings succeed. We have just tranquillised, by beating some

and setting others, the most troublesome province in Malwah; and during my operations against the few remaining Pindarees in this quarter, though the country is covered with mountains and forests, though my detachments have marched everywhere, and through countries so infested with robbers and lawless mountaineers that our troops from past suffering dreaded them, I have not a rupee's worth of value stolen, and not a follower wounded. This, my dear Charlotte, I am proud of, for it is the result of good arrangement, and of a general impression, which even the most lawless own, of my being neither unmerciful nor unjust. I am the general arbitrator and pacificator of the whole country. I support my title to these names by accessibility at all hours to the peasant as well as the prince. The labour is great, but its result is delightful. Out of forty-six villages within ten miles of this, only seven were inhabited six days ago, when I declared it was my intention to cantoon here. The rest were in complete ruins, every house roofless. The inhabitants of twenty have already returned to their homes, and are beginning to rebuild. The whole, I trust, to see flourishing in a few months. Nadir Bheel, the mountain chief, who has committed all these devastations, and is the terror of the country, has already sent his only son, a fine boy just the age of George, and promises to come himself. I gave the young plunderer knives with six blades, and a nice little Arab pony. He has taken a great affection for me, is going to settle in my camp, to hunt, to shoot, and play with me, and to learn cultivation instead of plundering; and he insists that I must take a pet elk that has been broken in to ride, and can run faster up a stony hill, the little fellow says, than a swift horse! As your friend Colonel Russell and I were yesterday walking from the place where I am building a little bungalow, to my tent, we were met by a joyous-looking group. A young lad dressed in red, with his eyes painted, fine ear-rings, &c. was brought forward by an old man, while a troop of females, half hiding their faces, among whom was a little girl of eight years of age, gaily dressed, came behind. A boy with an old drum, another with a rude flageolet, and some friends, made up the party. They came forward and addressed me by name. I asked them what they wanted? It was a marriage, and had been put off for two years because no one dared to go to the village in the hills, ten miles from my camp, and sixteen from their home, where it must be celebrated; but now Malcolm Sahib had brought peace to all, the wedding would go on. They, however, wanted two of my men to guard against accidents. 'Horsemen or footmen?' This gave rise to a curious dispute among themselves. They thought they might have to feed the soldiers, and the *economists* were for foot, the *dignity men* for horsemen. The latter carried it by

representing how fine the horses would look parading about at the marriage ceremony. They went away delighted."

About a year afterwards he wrote as follows to Mr. William Elphinstone :—

" I am looking anxiously for letters from England written subsequently to the war with Holkar. The countries of that young prince are advancing to prosperity, with a rapidity that looks almost miraculous to those who are unacquainted with the patience, industry, and attachment to the soil of the ryots. They actually have reappeared in thousands, like people come out of the earth, to claim and recultivate lands that have been fallow for twenty years. I delight in the scene, and if I succeed (which I trust I shall) in keeping the peace during the next two months, the danger is past, and my reign will finish (for I have applied to go to Calcutta in January) with great *éclat* ; I shall have to boast that over a tract of country three hundred miles in length and about two hundred in breadth (such is the extent of my command), not a musket has been fired, and hardly a petty theft committed for nearly twelve months ; and when it is added that this country includes the districts of all the Pindarees, that this was the scene of constant war between Mahratta Chiefs, that it is full of Rajahs, Grasseas, and Bheels, whose occupation is plunder, my right of exultation will not be denied. My mode has been to avoid all interference, but as a settler of differences and a keeper of the peace. I am the avowed enemy of plunderers, and the active friend of all those who maintain or return to peaceable habits. . .

" But the chief secret is—I am very tolerant of abuses, and can wait with patience to see them die their natural death. I am no advocate, God knows, for sudden reforms or violent changes. These are, indeed, the rocks of the sea in which we are now afloat."

To the Duke of Wellington he also wrote about the same time :—

" If I can leave this country in January in that state of profound tranquillity it is in at present, I shall really exult, as the change has appeared to me even, who am sanguine, to be too great to be permanent ; but unwearied efforts have been made to produce it, and the good of all has been my study ; and fortunately, from Lord Hastings, Dowlut Rao Sindiah, and Holkar, to every petty plundering Rajah and Bheel Chief, all have hitherto combined in leaving matters to my sole discretion and management. This, with a good army at my command, some experience, a resolution ~~to~~ alter nothing that can be tolerated, to distrust as little as possible, to attend to usage more than reason, to study feelings and prejudices, and to make no changes but

such as I am compelled to do, may enable me to leave a tolerably easy task to your nephew, Gerard Wellesley, who is appointed Resident with Holkar, and who is reported a very efficient public officer."

"I wish I had you here for a week," writes Malcolm at a still later period, to one of his oldest friends, "to show you my nabobs, rajahs, Bheel chiefs, pattyis, and ryots. My room is a thoroughfare from morning till night. No moonshees, dewaus, dubashes, or even choubdars, but *châr derwazah kolah*, (that is to say, 'four doors open,) that the inhabitants of these countries may learn what our principles are at the fountain-head. My success has been great beyond even my own expectations, but the labour of public duty, in the way I take it, is more than any man can bear, and I believe I should be grateful to the Directors for relieving me from a life that no human being that sees how it is passed can envy.

"Of the results of my efforts I will not speak. You will hear from others that have lately quitted this scene. Suffice it to say that from the highest ruler to the lowest robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain forest, your friend *Malcolm Sahib* is a welcome and familiar guest, and is as much pleased, thank God, with firing arrows and eating nuts with the latter, as at the fine durbar and sumptuous feast of the former."

One more extract, and we have done :—

"I am busy with my report,"* wrote Malcolm on the 3rd of April, from Nalcha, thirty miles to the westward of Mhow, "and with all kinds of improvements. I have fixed my head-quarters in an old palace from which I expelled (I speak a literal fact) tigers. The old ruins of this place and the celebrated city of Mandoo, have for more than a century been shared by tigers and Bheels more destructive than mere animals in their ravages. The tigers I shoot; the Bheels are my friends, and now serve in a corps I have raised to cultivate lands. I have made, and am making, roads in every direction. A great fair at a holy place which has not been visited for seventy years was, a week ago, crowded by at least 30,000 people. I gave guards at the place and cleared the road; and I confess that I was a little sensible to the flattery of the poor creatures making the air ring with 'Jy Malcolm, jy!' (Success to Malcolm, &c.) This, and the discovery a few days ago, that among the Bheel ladies, tying a string upon the right arm of the children, whilst the priest

* The report on Malwa, which afterwards grew into the "Memoir of Central India."

pronounced the name of *Malcolm* three times, was a sovereign cure for fever, is one proof at least of my having a good name among these wild mountaineers, which will do me as much and more good than one in Leadenhall Street."

The leading principles of the Malcolm school may be stated in two words—accessibility and non-interference. He sat with his tent open to the four points of heaven, he never permitted himself to be approached through an intermediate agent, he never suffered either rich or poor to depart without a hearing. The objects of this accessibility were two-fold. Malcolm desired to know the feelings and wishes of the people around him, and he was anxious that they should know and appreciate the system upon which he acted. It was probably not one in a hundred of those who visited him to whom he could give relief, or in whose affairs the principles he had laid down for himself would allow him to interfere. But *the native of India likes an open ear*; where he finds not this he turns away from the stiff and formal seat of power, muttering *Uundhâroo ke undhâroo*—"blackness of darkness," and there is thenceforth a thick cloud, a deep gulf between him and his ruler. It was not so with Malcolm. With resolute self-denial he went over the same story a hundred times a day, but he was rewarded by finding that he was trusted, and the patience of one hour rendered unnecessary the labour of many a future day. The patel of one village would tell another to be quiet and make the best of his condition, since Malcolm Sahib himself had told him that in such and such cases he would not, nay, he could not, interfere. For this was his other great rule of political management—non-interference. He tried hard to quiet what was agitated, but he unwillingly disturbed anything that was at rest. His firm basis was the "status quo" of our advent to power, and he refused to talk, much less to act, in any way that would induce the hope that questions which had been practically settled before that time, would be re-opened. He did so, not because he regarded reform as an evil, but because he desired to be understood, and feared to give alarm. He dreaded lest men should say one to another, "Where will interference cease?" He knew that changes must come, and he desired that they should come, but he was anxious that they should be based upon a sound knowledge on the part of the ruler, and be accompanied by a cheerful acquiescence on the part of the governed; and he was sure that to be so, they must proceed slowly. These were the modes of acting which Malcolm impressed upon the many able and gallant young officers who sat in his "school"; but the substra-

tum of all their efforts was to be an intimate and masterly knowledge of the topography of the country, and of the history, character, and customs of its inhabitants.

It is melancholy to think how little our late conduct in India has accorded with the wise principles of Sir John Malcolm. These do not apply, of course, with equal force to protected territories and to long-settled provinces; but there is much in them which is of universal application, and which it must concern every thinking man to see disregarded. We cannot especially regard without anxiety the rapid growth, among both our military and civil officers, of a supercilious contempt for everything which relates to the customs and feelings of India. In the same ratio that statistical knowledge increases and is applauded, it would appear that the knowledge of *men* declines and becomes despised. It is seldom that a native now finds the "four doors open," less often perhaps still that when he gains admittance he meets with either knowledge of, or sympathy with, *himself*, within. And so the alienation of Indians from Englishmen gradually but surely proceeds, until a spark falls upon the smouldering mass, and then the very men who served with Malcolm, who would have given their lives for *him*,—the very corps which bear the name of the scene of his great victory,—discard their allegiance with disgust, and join themselves to the perpetrators of insolent revolt, brutal violation, and most inhuman murder.

We have given, for various reasons, Malcolm's testimony in regard to himself. Let it not, however, be supposed that his labours were unappreciated by others. "By a happy combination of qualities," said the Government of India, "which could not fail to win the esteem and confidence both of his own countrymen and of the native inhabitants of all classes, by the unremitting personal exertion and devotion of his time and labour to the maintenance of the interests committed to his charge, and by an enviable talent for inspiring all who acted under his orders with his own energy and zeal, Sir John Malcolm has been enabled, in the successful performance of the duty assigned to him in Malwah, to surmount difficulties of no ordinary stamp, and to lay the foundations of repose and prosperity in that extensive province, but recently reclaimed from a state of savage anarchy, and a prey to every species of rapine and devastation." Nor be it supposed that such a man as Malcolm left no permanent good name among the people of India—he who knew every light and shade of native character, who could meet the Prince in the durbar, or the Mahratta in the saddle, or the Bheel in the forest, with equal confidence and zest,—who was

not only the public benefactor of the people, but their private friend,—one who recognised something more in human nature than is furnished by statistical collections, and who could afford to lay by an official report to sympathise with the undeserved sorrows of Kishna Koomaree, or with the well-merited fame of Ahilya Baee. “How great must be the difficulties attendant on power in these provinces,” wrote Reginald Heber, who a few years afterwards visited Central India, “where, except Sir John Malcolm, I have heard of no one whom all parties agree in commending! His talents, his accessibility, his firmness, his conciliating manners and admirable knowledge of the native language and character, are spoken of in the same terms by all.” The same author relates how, when travelling in these provinces, he inquired what was written on an amulet worn by a native child, and was told that it was *the word* which in that part of the country was considered the most efficacious of all charms—the name of *Malcolm*!

Our task is ended, for we should to our mind be guilty of an unpardonable bathos did we reproduce, as the formal and ceremonious Governor of Bombay, him whom we have been delighted to present as the patriarchal ruler, the friend, the father, the tutelar saint of Central India. Nor should we even allude to the disappointment experienced by Malcolm in his supercession, while in Malwa, by his old friends Munro and Elphinstone, were it not for the sake of introducing to our readers the following letter, so characteristic of, and so honourable to, the man:—

“On the subject of ambition,” writes Malcolm to the future historian of Rajpootana, “I may speak, as I have been all my life an *aspirant*. I think on that beyond all other matters of life. We are the makers or destroyers of our own peace of mind and happiness. It is the habit we give ourselves of thinking upon such subjects, or the way in which we view them, that makes every occurrence in an ambitious man’s life a subject of regret or consolation.

“I have, through a breach of promise in rulers, the intrigues of opponents, and the defection of friends, seen a person who was not only my junior by twelve years in the political line, but had been under me, supersede my fair and recognised claims to a Government. I have seen another officer, whose pretensions, though great, were publicly placed by the Indian minister below mine, raised to a Government for which I was declared not eligible. All my friends are in indignation, but I am neither in a rage nor disappointed. Two most able men who were behind me have by accident (my self-love persuades me) shot ahead; but the race is not over. The day’s work is not done. Besides, how

many hundreds have I beaten ? It is folly, according to my doctrine, that makes us unhappy. It is presumption and an over-estimate of ourselves, that renders us disappointed. This is my course of reasoning ; it may be wrong, but it keeps me in spirits. You may have formed schemes which are not realised. But take a view of the past and the future. Look to the altered condition of India. You will find yourself on a high step of a large ladder, the top of which you may in time expect to reach ; but both your happiness and success depend upon being at rest with your own mind."

His biographer has well summed up the achievements of our hero in the following words :—

" It is no small thing to cope with a tiger in the jungle ; it is no small thing to draw up an elaborate State-paper ; it is no small thing to write the history of a nation ; it is no small thing to conduct to a successful issue a difficult negotiation at a foreign Court ; it is no small thing to lead an army to victory ; and I think it may with truth be said, that he who could do all these things with such brilliant success as Sir John Malcolm, was a very remarkable man in a very remarkable age."

The letter we have just quoted will justify to our readers the opinion that Malcolm was something more than even this,—that he was the very beau-ideal of that character which we allude to when we use that hackneyed expression *a practical man*,—a man in whom the melancholy and philosophic Dane would have recognised that strong evenness of mind which he himself so much envied, and of which, in his over-balancing intellectuality, he felt the maddening want. Yes ! John Malcolm was indeed one whom the princely Hamlet would have delighted to wear in his heart's core, for he was in an eminent degree one of those rare men,

" Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please."

ART. V.—THE AMERICAN RAILWAY SYSTEM APPLICABLE TO INDIA.

Report to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade and Foreign Plantations, on the Railways of the United States. By Captain DOUGLAS GALTON, R.E. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London : 1857.

THE author of this very able report concludes his remarks by calling attention to certain inferences, which he very fairly draws from a consideration of the American Railway system. "It is," he says, "with reference to the construction of railways in our own colonies, that the American system deserves especial notice." He then proceeds to state as results of his investigations :—
"1st,—that a railway would appear to be the best road for arterial lines of communication in a new country ; 2nd,—that in making railways in a new country, bearing in mind the high rate of interest which money commands, the outlay for construction should be as small as possible, consistent with safety and economy of working ; the object being to devote the money to be spent to extending the mileage and opening out the country, rather than to making very solid works, or to obtaining high speeds."

It will be obvious to all who are interested in the progress of our Indian Railways, that these reasons apply, with at least equal force, to our own country, and that if the Illinois Central Railway has been able to create itself a traffic in a wild and uninhabited prairie, how much more speedy a return might be expected from lines which should open out the resources of the most fertile provinces in the interior of India. We are all persuaded of the advantages of speedily extending the railway system throughout India, and the only obstacles to our rapid progress are those which also existed in the United States, and which have been overcome by the "rough and ready cheap system" pursued in that country.

Captain Douglas Galton, of the Royal Engineers, is the principal Secretary of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade, and has had considerable experience in railway matters in England. He states that in the course of a rapid journey which he made through the United States in the autumn of 1856, he took

every opportunity of observing the railway system of that country. That he made good use of his time, is amply proved by the report now before us, of which we cannot sufficiently commend the painstaking and laborious accuracy. Although presented to us in the uninviting form of a Parliamentary Blue-book, the style of the work is better and less encumbered with technicalities than is usual in such productions. Appended to the summary of information are several statistical tables exhibiting the financial condition and practical management of the various lines throughout the United States. In addition to these, there are copper-plates illustrative of the construction of their rails, bridges, and rolling stock, as well as a very good railway map of the country. Availing ourselves of these materials, we propose to lay before our readers a brief outline of a system, which we feel convinced may serve as a useful hint to those who are interested in the gigantic enterprises necessary to open out the resources and to consolidate the power of our Indian empire.

The original European idea of a railway was, a means of locomotion between large towns, or through a populous district. Both in England and upon the Continent of Europe there had long existed fair means of internal communication and a considerable trade. Roads and canals were already in possession of the traffic which the newly formed lines sought to obtain and to increase. The railways came in as competitors with the established modes of transit, and were forced to outbid the old systems by a superiority in speed and accommodation. There was, generally, a large amount of capital available for their construction, as well as a facility in calculating beforehand the probable profit to be realised. All these considerations influenced the first start of European railways, and led to their being placed in a tolerably complete state when originally opened for traffic. In England, Belgium, France, or Germany, there were other modes of conveyance, after, as before, the formation of railways; and where these were undertaken by companies as profitable speculations, they were seldom considered as a means of conveyance for the lower classes, and never as the sole highway of the country through which they passed.

In America the conditions were totally different. The large cities were, for the most part, situated either upon the sea-coast or upon the great navigable rivers, and were thus only approachable by water. Few attempts had been made to furnish the interior of the country with good roads or canals, whence it resulted that the large tracts to the west of the Alleghanny Mountains were

very thinly settled, or else uninhabited, except by Indians. Nevertheless, the tide of immigration continued to flow westward, and thus to create a continually increasing demand for roads and means of communication. The rich fertile loam of the prairies only needs cultivation to produce abundant harvests, but without means of transport there was no inducement to cultivate or to inhabit these districts. Captain Galton tells us that the soil of the prairies is "unsuited to the construction of a common road; but that railways are laid easily and cheaply upon it." The introduction of railways into America was, therefore, the greatest possible boon to the country. They were hailed, not as luxuries, as was the case in Europe, but as the best and cheapest media for developing the resources of the interior. While in Europe it has been usual to calculate the traffic as a preliminary to forming the line, in America the lines were established in the hopes of creating a traffic. Railway companies, encouraged by grants of land from the states through which they passed, ran their lines far westward into the unpeopled regions of Illinois and Missouri. When the Illinois Central Railway, to which we have already alluded, was first opened between three and four years ago, the station-houses were almost the only habitations on the line, whereas now there is a large village at each station, surrounded by vast tracts of cultivated ground. Captain Galton goes on to inform us that when he passed along the line last autumn, "sacks of corn covered every available spot around the stations, and the means of the company were scarcely adequate for removing them." The rapid spread of the railway system throughout the Union has already had the effect of calling into existence large cities in places where no habitations previously existed. Although the city of Chicago lies upon the borders of Lake Michigan, it may be said to owe its rapid rise to the railway system of which it forms the chief focus to the west.

In 1832 the site of Chicago was occupied by a small fort and a few log cabins. The first railway was completed in 1850, and since that time its progress has been as follows:—

"In 1849 the population was 23,047; in 1855 it was 83,509. At the present time it probably exceeds 100,000. In 1851 the number of miles of railway centreing in Chicago were 40, and the annual receipts from traffic about 8,000*l.*; in 1855 the miles of railway centreing in Chicago amounted to 2,933, and the receipts from traffic to 2,659,640*l.* Twenty years ago Chicago and the surrounding district imported grain for food; in 1853 the amount of grain exported was 6,500,000 bushels, and in 1855 the export

of grain amounted to 16,633,813 bushels. The value of real estate in Chicago, which is stated to have been 360,000*l.* in 1840, and 1,600,000*l.* in 1850, was estimated at 8,200,000*l.* at the end of 1855."

This wonderful progress of Chicago is mainly due to the cultivation of the rich soil of the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, by which it is surrounded,—

"At the present time the land of the prairies is only cultivated at intervals along the lines of railway; but the area of the State of Illinois is 55,000 square miles, and it is stated, upon good authority, that 80 per cent. of the whole area—equal to 44,000 square miles, or 28,260,000 acres—consists of first class arable land very similar to what is already in cultivation. It is stated that an average crop of wheat in Illinois is from 25 to 30 bushels per acre, and that frequently it reaches 40 bushels per acre. If one-fourth of the abovementioned area were devoted to the culture of wheat, and if the annual average produce per acre be taken at 25 bushels, the yield would amount to nearly 180,000,000 of bushels annually. As the prairies are bare of timber, no clearing is necessary, and the land need only be ploughed and sown to obtain a crop. The absence of timber, however, gives rise to an enormous demand for lumber, as the houses are almost invariably, at first, built of wood. The president of one of the principal railways told me that it is curious to observe how, in the first year or two after a railway is opened, the necessaries of life alone are transported along it, but how, as time progresses, luxuries, such as New York carriages and harness, handsome furniture, &c., are sent for by the settlers." (Pages 5 and 6, and note.)

Although the main object of the great arteries of the American railway system has been to connect the sea-coast with the fertile lands of the far west, yet the people of the United States have not been insensible to the political advantages of extending their lines of communication for the purpose of connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. This great question has occupied the attention of the authorities at Washington, and has been made the subject of a Report to Congress by the Secretary of State. Out of five routes originally proposed, three have been selected as practicable. The first of these is from St. Paul's to Vancouver, near the parallel of 48°. St. Paul's is situated about 130 miles to the south of the western extremity of Lake Superior, near the Wisconsin frontier of Minnesota. The length of this line would be 1,864 miles, and its estimated cost £25,000,000. The second line would extend from Council Bluffs, a place situated about

430 miles west of Chicago, and some thirteen hundred miles west of New York, to Benicia, near San Francisco. It is near the parallel of 42°. The length is 2,032 miles, and its estimated cost £23,000,000. The third proposed line, and the one which, upon all accounts, appears the most practicable, would commence at Fulton, a town upon the Red River, about 180 miles west of the Mississippi, and extend thence to San Pedro, near the parallel of 32°. Its length would be 1,618 miles, and its estimated cost £17,000,000.

Captain Galton remarks that "the question of a means of communication across this continent is one which Great Britain should not leave to be solved by the United States alone," and he goes on to observe "that the large American population which is flocking, year after year, to the new territories of the United States which adjoin the British possessions, render it almost necessary, if further complications on the subject of the boundary are to be avoided, that the country should be colonised on the British side. Political, commercial, and military considerations make it desirable that Vancouver's Island should become an important colony, and be connected by railway with Canada. The land between Lake Superior and the Red River is known to be fertile, and it is probable that this fertility extends far beyond; hence a private company might be induced, by grants of land, to construct that portion of the railway which would lie between Lake Superior and some point a short distance to the east of the Rocky Mountains. The main difficulty lies at the Rocky Mountains. This portion would, however, afford a good opportunity for employing convict labour; and the construction of docks and other public works at Vancouver would enable this colony to be continued as a penal settlement for some years to come." (Pp. 4 and 5.)

We have been tempted to make these extracts rather on account of their intrinsic interest to Englishmen generally, than from any particular reference which they bear to our Indian system. It will be obvious, however, to many, that the closing remarks of the above paragraph contain a hint which ought not to be lost upon us, namely, the opportunity afforded, upon certain lines, for the employment of convict labour. This seems to lead us to the consideration of the subject of railway legislation, upon which we may gain much useful information from a perusal of the various plans pursued in America.

Their railways have been constructed under four different arrangements:—1st,—by the State; 2dly,—by a company to whose capital the State has contributed, and has thus secured itself a

voice in the management of its affairs. 3dly,—by a company to whom lands have been granted by the State, but which is generally free from political interference ; and 4thly,—by unassisted companies, which, being so, are uninterfered with.

The purely State railways have been unsuccessful in America. This may be attributable, in some degree, to the democratic management to which they are subjected. The officers, who administer their concerns, are elected by universal suffrage for periods varying from one to three years, and, as might be expected, are rather selected from political considerations than on account of any special qualifications for the post. The failure of these Government undertakings has, in most instances, led to their being transferred to private companies. Captain Galton informs us that “the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg is held by the State of Pennsylvania, which maintains the road and furnishes locomotive power ; while the cars for passengers and freight are supplied by any parties who are willing to place them on the road, paying a specified toll and adhering to certain regulations.” The system has proved so unsatisfactory that it is in contemplation to transfer the line to the Pennsylvanian Central Railway Company.

It seems that democratic interference is incompatible with commercial speculation ; for even where the States and municipal corporations have given assistance to railway companies, exacting in return a joint appointment of directors, the schemes have suffered from the admixture of the popular element. In these cases it has been usual for the State to appoint, by universal suffrage, a number of directors proportionate to the amount contributed. Being elected for short periods, and having no individual interest in the concern, these men naturally make it their object to manage the railway with reference to some local political object, and without regard to the pecuniary interests of the line.

The only successful mode of Government intervention in America seems to have been that resorted to by many of the Western States, of inducing companies to construct railways by offering them considerable grants of land. “In these States,” says the report, “the fertility of the soil cannot be made available without means of communication, and any amount of land is well applied which will induce a company to construct a railway. In all new territories the land is surveyed in lots, each containing a square mile. The railway company, to whom land is granted, is allowed to take, in addition to the actual land required for the line, a specified quantity in alternate lots on each side within a certain distance of the line. The State, in granting the land, generally

reserves a percentage on the gross receipts of the company. On the Illinois Central Railway this amount is 7 per cent."

The Illinois Central Railway Company was formed for the purpose of traversing the wilds of Illinois, and thus drawing population into the prairies of that far west region. No less than 2,595,000 acres were granted to the company as an inducement to undertake this project. Incorporated by the Legislature of Illinois in 1851, the company created a capital stock of 17,000,000 dollars, upon which 25 per cent. has been paid; and for the additional money required they raised a mortgage loan of 20,000,000 dollars upon 2,345,000 acres of the land granted to them; reserving the remaining 250,000 acres to assist them in paying the interest upon this mortgage. The ordinary price of new land in the States is one dollar per acre, but the company are selling theirs at prices varying from 5 to 25 dollars per acre, which is paid in five annual instalments with 3 per cent. interest. The line runs, for the greater part of its course, through prairie land denuded of trees, and which, with a small expenditure of labour, produces most luxuriant crops. When the line was first opened through these wild uninhabited tracts, stations were erected at every eight or ten miles along the line, around which villages, and in some cases towns have already sprung up, and fields of corn and herds of cattle are now to be seen on every side. "If well managed, this railway should prove most lucrative to the shareholders." It has already largely developed the resources of the State, and the percentage which it pays to the Government will eventually relieve the State from taxation to a considerable extent."

With respect to unassisted railway companies the conditions vary in the different States. In New York the Legislature has made the powers of inspection and supervision realities, instead of being merely nominal as in England. The railway department of New York consists of three commissioners:—1st,—the State Engineer, who is *ex officio* president; 2dly,—a member elected by the shareholders of the various railway companies; and 3dly,—a person appointed by the Government with, and by the advice of the Senate. These commissioners have full power to proceed against any railway company which may have exceeded its powers, or have failed to comply with the provisions of its acts. They have also a veto upon the opening of new lines until they have fulfilled the legal requirements in all particulars. And in addition to this, they are authorised to inquire into accidents and to investigate the financial condition of the various companies, with power to publish such inquiries. If their suggestions, with respect

to accidents, are not attended to, it is their duty to report the fact to the Legislature.

The government of American railway companies differs from those in England in one or two particulars worthy of notice. The management is vested in a highly paid president, selected for his knowledge of business and for his practical acquaintance with the subject, and an unpaid board of directors. The president devotes his whole time to the affairs of the company, and possesses the whole executive power for which he is responsible. The directors are rather in the position of a consultative body to assist and watch over the president. They are responsible for the finance only.

The features in the American system which are most likely to interest our Indian readers, are those which relate to the construction of the road and of the rolling stock. The peculiar character of their lines has resulted from a want which we feel in common with the people of the United States. They required, we are told, "a means of communication which could be laid cheaply and rapidly through forests and uncultivated districts, where high speed was of far less consequence than certainty of communication. A railway was the instrument best adapted to supply this want, and it would afford a better means of communication, at a less cost of maintenance, than an ordinary road.—

"As the first cost of a railway was a more important consideration than the after-expense of working the line when made, sharp curves and steep gradients were unhesitatingly adopted, and the railways were opened with a minimum of accommodation. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway affords a striking illustration of a line opened with steep gradients, which have since been improved. In order to avoid for a time an expensive tunnel, which has since been constructed, the line was carried by a series of zigzags ascending over a hill by a gradient of 1 in 18 at its steepest part. Each zigzag terminated in a short level space, so that the train was run up one zigzag on to this level space, and then backed up the next zigzag, and so on. The load which could ascend in this case was of course very small. There are curves on this railway of 360 feet radius, and curves of 400 feet radius are common; the railway follows the sinuosities of the valleys in its passage across the Alleghany Mountains: it is also carried through the streets at Baltimore down to the wharves, and passes round right angles. In these streets the traction is by horse power."

It is quite true, as Lieutenant Colonel Kennedy has stated in his admirable summary of the "Principles of Construction which

should be pursued on Indian Railways," that "heavy gradients are the most formidable enemy to low working costs and high dividends;" but it is a question whether in India, as in America, we are not bound in many cases to set off against this inconvenience the scarcity of capital, and the obvious consideration that any road is better than none. If the construction of a railway is to be delayed for years on account of a deficiency of the capital required for the formation of a tunnel, it will surely be better to adopt the temporary expedient of a zigzag over a mountain-pass, than continue with our present absence of communication until the capital can be found. We do not ask for higher velocities than those with which our Western brethren are satisfied. "Travelers in India," says Lieutenant Colonel Kennedy, "who have been accustomed to make long journeys, of which the rate has been limited to ten or twelve miles a day on their own horses, or twenty to thirty miles a day in palanquins, will be delighted to find those rates accelerated to twenty miles an hour in railway-trains."

The chief difficulty which our engineers have experienced upon the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India line, has been upon the point of bridges; and this is a difficulty which must, we are told, be encountered in every part of India. This is precisely one of those questions which, owing to a similarity in the circumstances of the two countries, may be elucidated by reference to what has been done in the United States. Captain Galton has accompanied his report with admirable sketches of American bridges, both in iron and timber, of recent construction, which are well worthy of consideration. Timber seems to be the material most frequently employed. The railway bridge of greatest length is that which connects the United States with Canada. Its span is 800 feet, and the level of its rails is 250 feet above the water.

There is a kind of stereotyped system in practice upon English railways, which seems likely to gain ground in India simply through a want of courage to originate something new. Lieutenant Colonel Kennedy appears to take it for granted that we are to perpetuate the European division of carriage-stock into first, second, and third class compartments. It appears to us that the long American cars, often forming a single apartment sixty feet in length and admirably ventilated, would be far better adapted to our climate than the stuffy compartments in use in England. Captain Galton observes that, "in designing their rolling stock, the Americans appear to have taken their ideas more from a ship than from an ordinary carriage, and to have adopted the form best

calculated to accommodate large masses with a minimum of outlay for first cost, as well as the one which involves a minimum of attendance upon the passengers in getting in and out of trains. Whilst the cars have been designed with a view to avoid every appearance of privilege or exclusiveness, or of superiority of one traveller over another, they have been constructed so as to secure to every traveller substantial comfort and even privacy. There is only one class, but as the cars are designed with more regard to comfort than English railway carriages, this class is very much superior to second and third class carriages, and only inferior to the *best* first class English carriages. It is much to be regretted that almost all English railway companies have so entirely disregarded the comfort of second and third class passengers, although, as a general rule, second-class and sometimes even third class passengers pay a higher fare than is required for the much superior accommodation of American railways." (Page 16.)

Appended to the report we have a sketch of the passenger car of the New York and Erie Railway Company, which is sixty feet long and capable of containing eighty passengers. The principle upon which these cars are constructed is one well adapted to the peculiar nature of the American railways, which, being laid down in a hasty and imperfect manner, are subject to inequalities of surface which would not be tolerated upon European lines. The body of the car is supported by a couple of four-wheeled trucks, one at each extremity. "The body is attached to these trucks by means of a pintle in the centre, the weight resting upon small rollers at each side. The main framing of the truck is supported on springs resting upon the axles, and the pintle and rollers are fixed to a cross-beam which is attached by springs to the main-framing; so that between the body of the car and the axles are a double set of springs."

The interior of the car forms a large room, with a passage about two feet wide down the centre, upon either side of which cross seats are arranged. These seats are of sufficient width to accommodate two passengers, and the backs are so formed that the seat can be turned to face in either direction. The seats and backs are comfortably cushioned, and there are a window and ventilator above each. A netting is carried from end to end, for the reception of umbrellas and other articles. In winter these long rooms are warmed by stoves, and at night they are lighted by numerous lamps at the sides. There are various contrivances, too, for keeping out dust and for ventilating the cars. The dust caused by the friable nature of the soil, is said to be the great

inconvenience of summer travelling in the *States*. The plan adopted upon the New York and Erie line appears to have proved the most effectual for securing freedom from dust and good ventilation. "A funnel placed at the top of the car, faces the direction in which the train is proceeding, and the movement of the train causes the air to pass down this funnel into a chamber, where it is purified. A cistern of water is fixed under the car, and a pump, worked by the rotation of the axles of the car, forces the water into the chamber through jets arranged to fill the chamber with spray. The air, in passing through this spray, is freed from dust. In cold weather a stove is placed so as to warm the water. The air then passes through flues under the floor into the interior of the car." In order to carry out this arrangement we presume that the windows would be hermetically sealed. Lieutenant Colonel Kennedy recommends, for Indian railway carriages, the substitution "of *thermantidote* mattings, kept moist by water from a small supply on the roof," for the upper front panels; but it occurs to us that the sixty feet American-room might be kept much cooler both by the use of the punkah and other means, than the carriages which he describes, and that the method pursued upon the New York and Erie line might be adopted with great advantage upon our railways. In a climate like ours, and with long distances to traverse, the American plan of partitioning off a small room for ladies nursing and for other conveniences, would appear to be highly desirable. In summer iced water is placed in water-coolers in the cars.

"A peculiarity well deserving of consideration," says Colonel Kennedy, "is the habit of the great mass of Indians to sit on the floor instead of on raised seats; this will require that we should have two distinct arrangements . . ."; and he goes on to recommend a class of carriage, in two stories and without raised seats, for the use of natives. He says that the height of each floor, under this arrangement, would be about the same as that of a London omnibus.

The Indian public is probably not sufficiently democratic to appreciate a single class, and the habits of the Natives require that a portion of the train should be adapted to their convenience. Would it not be possible to provide for all these requirements by means of two long cars answering to the passenger and emigrant cars upon the American lines? One of these cars might be arranged without raised seats, and appropriated to the use of Natives. Both cars might easily be so subdivided as to render them available for two classes of passengers, without interfering

with the unity of the compartment for purposes of ventilation. A long punkah, extending the whole length of the saloon, might be worked by the rotation of the axles. Only just sufficient light should be admitted as would be absolutely required by the passengers, and use might be made of the wetted *kuskus* if the American mode of ventilation were not found sufficient. We venture to offer these suggestions, as it has appeared to us all along that the arrangements and accommodation of a ship, which the Americans have had in view, would afford in a far greater degree the luxuries required, than the small cramped *diligences* which are used upon English railways.

In many respects India stands in a most fortunate position upon the whole subject of railways. We have the experience of the civilized world for our example, and have no excuse for not steering clear of those errors into which other countries have fallen. We are indebted to Lord Dalhousie for placing our railway interests upon a far better footing than they ever stood in England. His experience at the head of the railway department at home enabled him to remedy those defects in principle with which he had become conversant. It is to him that we owe our uniform gauge of five feet six inches instead of the conflicting gauges at home. This is a better width than that of any of the United States lines, and it is the same which has been adopted in Canada.

We have noticed the benefits of the system of control exercised by the railway commissioners of the State of New York. Lord Dalhousie has limited the powers of our Indian companies, by giving to the Government a close supervision over all railway proceedings, and has extended that supervision to a minute scrutiny of their accounts and disbursements. In the place of the Parliamentary investigation to which English lines are subject, such investigation is retained as a function of the Government aided by special consulting engineers. We need not apprehend any of those peculiar difficulties, with regard to State railways, arising from political interference, to which the American lines in connection with Government have always been liable; but nevertheless, it is for the interest of the public as well as for that of the shareholders, that our rulers should correctly ascertain and practise the due mean between the absence of all control and over-interference with the companies. The public has suffered too much from the irregularities, extravagance, and jobbery of private speculations, to be any longer insensible to the advantage of Government supervision of the financial position of joint stock

companies. We are writing fresh from a perusal of the gross roguery of the Directors of the Royal British Bank,—and we are of opinion that there ought to exist some wholesome check in the hands of the State, in order to avert such atrocities as this. We cannot help, therefore, feeling grateful to Lord Dalhousie and our Indian administration for the powers which, from the first, they determined to exercise in this respect.

The sort of interference most to be deprecated, is that which meddles with the internal constitution of the company as a commercial corporation, and thus paralyses its energy by destroying its peculiar character. Where, for instance, as in some of the American States, the Government has reserved to itself the right of appointing a certain proportion of the directors, the commercial element of the company has been over-ridden by a political element. Nothing should be done, to destroy the entirety, and consequent vitality, of the corporation itself. Whatever interference there is should be external to the association as such, and should have for its sole object the protection of the public, whether in their capacity of shareholders, of travellers, or otherwise, from the neglect, the mismanagement, and the dishonesty of the directors and their employés.

The system pursued in the Western States of America, of inducing companies to construct railways by grants of land, has, we believe, been adopted in India, where the Government has, in some cases, made over the land as an equivalent for certain advantages secured to itself.

It is not through any wish to depreciate what has been done in India, that we have ventured upon calling attention to the American system. We are quite willing to admit that what *has* been accomplished in this country is most satisfactory. Our sole complaint is that we have done so little, and are proceeding so slowly in the work. The Great Indian Peninsula Company made its first contract with Government on the 17th of August 1849,—nearly eight years ago; and in the month of May 1856, nearly seven years from the date of that contract, they had 90 miles of railway open for traffic. At this rate Colonel Kennedy has calculated that more than twenty-five years will be required to enable them to complete 335 miles of rail. The East Indian Company has been a little more rapid. In seven years they had opened nearly 122 miles of rail. The Madras company has actually finished seventy miles in three years and a half. Our Yankee friends would be amused at our slow and steady proceedings. They possess already 26,000 miles of railway in full operation,

and we find that between the years 1851 and 1855, in one locality alone, no less than 2,893 miles of railway were commenced and completed. It may be quite true, as Colonel Kennedy informs us, that heavy gradients ought to be avoided, but surely where it comes to a question of providing a country, such as ours, with arteries of communication, and where it lies between these lines and no regular mode of transit at all, we should do well to imitate our Western brethren in their "go ahead" method of supplying themselves with "rough and ready cheap" lines, as, at all events, a *basis* for something more perfect and more permanent.

Some distinction requires to be made between the circumstances and local requirements of India and America, as respects both iron and wooden bridges. For the former, it would doubtless be necessary to import, as indeed is now done by the railway companies, the whole of the bridge work from England, as no dependence can be placed on native workmanship in India, where the work is to be exposed to great strains; and (par parenthèse) greater strength should be allowed in all designs than would be assigned in England, on account of the deterioration in strength iron undergoes in this country, according to recent experience; whether from the high temperature or the more rapid oxydation, is not yet clearly determined.

With regard to wood, however, the question may be at once determined; for large spans, wood is quite inapplicable in this climate, from the great hygometric changes between the hot seasons and the monsoons, which, though not of much consequence in small spans up to 40, or perhaps even 60 feet, would have a very prejudicial effect on a bridge of 190 feet span, and cause a considerable deflection at the centre of the trusses. Timber, however, is not plentiful in India as generally supposed, as an illustration of which the present high price of teak-timber in Bombay might be urged; and also the fact of most of our railways importing their sleepers, as the most ready method of procuring them in sufficient quantities within a given time.

Cost of railways:—

In America, according to Captain Galton, \$10,000 to \$12,000 per mile.

On the G. I. P. Railway, including rolling stock, £7,269, and a portion ($20\frac{1}{2}$ miles) of double line.

The great delay in the first years of the G. I. P. Railway was in great measure caused by the necessity of examining the range of ghauts between the Tull and Blore Ghauts, in order to ascer-

tain exactly the best points for the ascents. Until these were determined, it was obviously impossible to go beyond Callian, as the precise direction of the lines could not be determined.

	Miles.	
The company have now open	88½	
Under construction, to be completed in 1862	14	Bhore Ghaut.
„ „ „ 1858	39½	Bhore Ghaut to Poona.
„ „ „ „	164	Poona to Sholapore.
Contracts recently let :—		
Wassind to Tull Ghaut . .	25	
Tull Ghaut	9½	
To Bhosawul	190	
	<hr/> 530½	

With the exception of the Tull Ghaut inclines, these will also be completed in about two years.

So far as steep gradients are concerned, those of the G. I. P. Railway vary up to 1 in 132 on the Sholapore line, and are much the same on the north-eastern extension. The Surat and Ahmedabad have better gradients, the ruling one being 1 in 500.

The heavy engines in use on the G. I. P. Railway are now scarcely equal to their work on the steeper parts of the line; the diminution of speed in ascending is distinctly perceptible, and in some cases the train has to back, to get a sufficient impetus to ascend the incline, as at the Tanna Viaduct and Callian Station on the down line.

Steep gradients require heavy engines, and heavy engines require heavy rails; there is consequently a limit beyond which economy, even in first construction, cannot be obtained.

The older engines in use in England averaged from 9 to 16 tons in weight.

The modern engines vary from 30 to 56* tons.

American engines weigh about 30 tons for steep inclines.

We have omitted many of the most salient points in Captain Galton's report, such as the centralised system of management pursued upon the New York and Erie Railway; the systematic use made of the electric telegraph as a provision against the inconveniences of single lines of rail; the construction of their engines, and various other interesting accessories. Many of these details are essential to a complete view of the cheap system which

* An engine of this weight proved so destructive to the permanent way that it was necessary to shelve it.

we are inclined to advocate for a newly-opened country, and we strongly recommend a perusal of the report itself. Our object is to call attention to a method which has proved so beneficial in the United States, and which seems far better calculated than our present course, to open out with rapidity the resources of this great empire.

ART. VI.—PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

1. *Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects.* 2nd Edition. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 1856.
2. *Woman in the Nineteenth Century.*

NOTHING proves so clearly the healthiness of our generation, in nothing is it so superior to all preceding eras, as the pure idea it embodies of woman. Downwards from Chaucer, albeit the fashioner of one of the most perfect women idealised as Resignation, there has been, with two or three exceptions in the Elizabethan period, a current of impure thought and vulgar satire (sometimes from *not* vulgar men) allowed to flow about the name of the sex. But this has passed away. Passed away with this literary sin is a kindred literary folly. The Popeian sneer, feathered in all its elegance, is fossilised for ever in our language; but no one heeds it now,—it is simply untrue. Chesterfield's opinion (so like Chesterfield and the "fine gentleman,") that women were "mere toys," went out with perukes and a belief in Voltairism. Both the Nobleman of Department and the Poet of Sneers, however, borrowed from that old Malthusian Hesiod, who thought her a "luxury only for the rich." Times are changed, and she is not now looked on as a toy, a luxury, nor thought of upholstery-wise. At no other time than that wherein exists the respect and admiration with which our periodical literature welcomes woman in any womanly sphere in which she excels, or in any sphere which she makes womanly, can we so truly deny that the age of chivalry is gone. The phrase is stereotyped, — we cannot help it. Looking beneath the chivalry of the dark ages, darker all the

more from the pure light it cast on them, we discern clearly enough that woman was never understood, was indeed what she is to this day in India, a *purdah-woman*, that is, concealed behind a curtain. Bodily and spiritually that has been her fate for centuries. Well might Rahel say, Chivalry "was a practical lie necessary to restore the equality of the sexes"; or call it rather, the manifestation of a certain ideal in the minds of a few noble men, upheld by a few noble women. Half the worship of the Madonna was towards a goddess of the worshipper's inner idolatry; his prayer was a craving that he might find such a living woman. And he went on fighting, wandering, and performing many absurd things in both—according to his lights;—beyond all was superstition, darkness, and weariness. Chivalry this certainly was in a manner, but it was neither Christian nor human. It seems to us, living in the age we do, that the true and effective age of chivalry is only being born, and that to a life the consummation whereof, beholders as we have been of progress in so many shapes making such gigantic strides, we cannot venture to form any notion; certain, however, that it shall be infinitely beyond any dreams of ours.

Apart from the great fact that the rudest of us, in all ages and circumstances, inherits from the love he has had for, and the memory he has of, a mother, somewhat of reverence for all women at all times ready to develop itself, there are two immediate causes of this reformation at home in the relative position of the sexes. These were the revulsion that very naturally followed, what may be called, the heartless school in literature, the school of Pope, itself a revulsion from the passionate and grossly sensual school of Congreve and Wychley, and of the later of the old dramatists; and secondly, the intellectual assertion of several eminent women in grappling, not only effectually by pen, but by voice and hand, with questions of high art and of social bearing. Mary Woolstanecraft, Jameson, Somerville, the Brontës, Florence Nightingale, Fry, Norton, are names already more than classic, and dear to all lovers of intellectual and affectionate nobleness.

Combined with the efforts of these women are the exertions of such men as Maurice and Kingsley, and the other authors of *Lectures to Ladies*. No testimony could be higher, if it were needed, to the attention this subject is obtaining with our great minds. Yet it must be confessed that the brunt of the battle has been borne hitherto by women themselves; and to their own philanthropists and authors must we give the honour of raising them to the height noticed. And this, not so much by what they have written on their own sex, which on the whole is rather dull

and weak, as, being women, they have for ever proved in their objective works their spiritual purity and capacity. Nevertheless, the social difficulties in the way of her continued elevation are formidable enough, as we shall endeavour to point out, though necessarily in a very fragmentary manner.

It is one of the necessary evils, resulting from a high state of civilisation with excessive population, that young men cannot marry till such time as they are enabled to support wives in the position in which they have been brought up. No caste prejudice in India is stronger than this in England. There are forty thousand young women in London alone, marriageable by age, health, and education—according to their class. In other words, the equivalents of the population of a second class town are more or less victims to this law of society. Poverty, and the allurements of dissipation on the part of the other sex, doom at least one-half of these to a life-long spinsterhood ; to too many of them an unvirtuous one. It will be seen that one of the two causes just noted, is the result of the above law of society, and is not in fact its most disastrous one. A little courage on the part of the man would obviate this. Laws of society are but legal conventionalisms, and are not irremediable, since they proceed from hereditary notions liable at all times to be modified, and often, as is allowed by society itself, quite foreign and inappropriate to the subject matter. The average mind is ordinarily conservative. It receives with faith what the past bequeaths it. To it contemporary ideas are new-fangled and dangerous. That is why your great man must be bodily dead before he can spiritually live. Only when the brow, that burnt with regenerating thought, is cold and pale for ever, does the aureole of public applause grow round it. Let us dare to be true, let us think, and speak, and act in all honesty—always duly keeping in mind the bounds of decency ; let us turn full eyes on the world about us ; there will *then* be no want of moral courage—at any rate of as much as will carry us through the ridicule and pity of the world, in marrying at such a period in our finances as will not enable us to live quite so idly, so luxuriously, as we did as bachelors and spinsters ! Many and many a face has paled year by year, waiting for the happy time a thousand circumstances delay. To the young man able to support his wife in decency, we say, Be brave, life is not so very long that we can trifle with our own souls through half of it. Fight your way courageously on, and you will not be retarded

because you have one by your side, who, sharing your crust, revives your drooping spirit, preserves you pure in a sacred enclosure of affection, and is a visible beckoning onward. He who makes the bosom of such a woman his Bethel stone, shall have a Jacob's visions every night, and all his thoughts, like the angels the old Patriarch saw, shall have immediate and active commune with heaven. Would that this mental independence were rigorously and humbly cultivated! There would be hope then for many more matters here, besides that of the fortune of woman.

At the same time no man of right feeling should think of marrying unless he is prepared to leave an independency of some sort to his wife and children, in the event of death. It will be said insurance meets that objection. It must be remembered, however, that an income from labour, depending on health, care, the caprice and the fortune of others, may at any time be taken from him; and the coming of that day is not at all improbable when he may not have the small sum even for the insurance. Not even prospects, nothing but the possession of some *bond fide* property, can justify marriage, unless indeed the peculiar advantages of Government service, with its pension, may not form an exception. We are no believers in Malthus, and read with great satisfaction the other day the recorded opinion of one of the greatest political economists we have, that population can never at any time exceed its ratio to produce; in fact, that the capacity of production is equal to any amount of labour that can be brought to it, directly or indirectly; and moreover, that the day at which the consumption may equal the production, is so very remote as to make the question almost a *reductio ad absurdum*. Still no general law will cover the individual responsibility of marrying without means. Itself the crime of a crime either of lust or thoughtlessness, its results, in how many cases, range from the irritability of the pecuniarily comfortable, to the miseries of the workhouse; and that has always been; thanks to the inefficient working and insufficient conditions of the poor-law, the stepping-stone to the gaol. But if it do not go so far, it still throws on the world children, whom the parents find it difficult to educate, and who are therefore left to their own wits for bread—a very dangerous consummation, the consequences of which every Police Court at home has had occasion to register. We speak, of course, of the middle classes, or rather of the lower sort of them, as tradesmen, clerks, and small merchants, by far the most important element in the country.

Take up an old ballad for the epical and at the same time familiar version of the story of early marriages. Amid all the human

joy and sorrow, and love, and fear, and jealousy—human, though made as inhuman often as quaintness and false taste could make them—do we not see ever and for ever, to-day is but the reproduction of yesterday? Through gaudy ornament, gauze dress, straw hat, rouge, still there is heard a beating that can only come from a genuine human heart—the old immortal sorrows and loves. Taken so, and with reference to the mite of time man has here for “such fantastic tricks,” do we not look on the poor silly Corydons and Amaryllis’s playing in the shades, as so many innocent sheep whom the butcher may be even now sharpening his knife for? In the summer, when woods are green, O, come, Amaryllis! here is always summer; here my peaceful flocks, my pipe, our cottage covered with honeysuckle, your favourite kids. The cool stream invites us to its bosom. The gods are all propitious. (Have they not ever been to the most damning unions?) And Corydons, out of the old ballads, repose in this dream of eternal summer. But in the everlasting law of things winter comes (forgetful though ballads, Corydons and Amaryllis’s are of him); he hides the grass from the sheep, the stream is frozen over, the cows must be fed on turnips (not the saddest bathos Corydon will find in his new life)—squally children, tax-gatherers, dunning grocers—nay, for unfortunate Corydons—bailiffs. Alas! was there ever such a thing as “love in a cottage”? Are we not the world’s as much as love’s? Before the murmur of the first hymeneal Io’s are died away, the bride’s heart is sighing for the flesh-pots of her father’s house, and the bridegroom for his friends and his billiards. Are not bride and bridegroom brought too near each other in a cottage, and with no root or branch of love to abide by; do they not feel all the effects of an unrespecting familiarity? So it is too, with Corydons and Amaryllis’s, worldly comfortable enough, though the love—shall it be called love?—of the youth goes with the young blood; and for each and every couple of human bipeds the dream of life realised in this and that imperfect way, assuredly has its awful and bitter awakening; passing away as a vision, not of the earth—“trailing clouds of glory” with it, back to its own region—leaving us snug, matured respectabilities, very vigilant after tradesmen’s bills—no longer romantic swains and shepherdesses piping inane or lewd ditties *sub tegmine fagi*.

No one who has read Thackeray or knows life, will call this at all fanciful or overdrawn. It is the history of thousands of young men and women of all conditions. How much, and in what degrees, such a marriage owes to love, interest, expediency, apathy, influence, few sufficiently accustom themselves to self-examination

to determine. Only when irrevocable, do we see the act clearly and wholly. Nevertheless, there are ideas of marriage whereto no written poetry could reach in beauty, harmony, and significance; yet so eminently practical that they include the completest ordering and fulfilment of the small details and numerable duties of daily life. That such ideas exist, more or less perfect, in most men's minds, not a few of us can bear witness; that they do co-exist with many lives not altogether pure, is one of the hundred anomalies of poor human nature. But even with these natures they present a vast amount of evil. How many experiences record with De Quincey, and how many unrecorded there must be, that to an ideal of woman they owe their moral salvation! Such an ideal has been many times made incarnate. For such a one Colonel Hutchinson's love "stopped on this side idolatry"; read Godwin's protest for the discarded Mary Woolstanecraft; look at Roland. Howitt sees in his wife "one of the constellations of distinguished Englishwomen." Manzini grieves he has not the wherewithal to "honour the dear name" better than by the dedication of his *Alekhi*. Zinzendorf, after twenty-five years of married life, looks back with astonishment at her mighty love:—"Whom God loves, to him gives he such a wife." With such wives we are not amazed at the singular purity and goodness of these men's lives. You see how love raises man. Like a miracle he rises through love in moral height. The world, heretofore but a repulsive dull reality, immediately becomes full of significance. Now only he feels himself a son of God, and his body the temple of God. High thoughts seem native to him. He learns to respect his personality, to see it more distinctly, to feel it gaining daily accessions of unwonted divine power;—he is awed at this self-revelation. Whatever is good or lovely he gathers and clusters about her image, but *that* is so good and lovely, he cannot say whether the flowers he brings are not a superfluous ornament, or are weeds which contact with *her* makes flowers. All the good and bad in the world is made, in like manner, to contribute to her *apotheosis*. Very many books have been written on this same love, and yet the thing is incomprehensible but by personal experience. It must not for a moment be confused with mere animal desire. The fruit of the Hesperides made men godlike, but the Asphaltic turned to dust in their mouths. God speaks to the earth in welcome sunshine and beneficent rain, and the earth makes worthy and grateful answer in flowers. He speaks to man through woman, and love fills his whole being with praise. As sleep to the physical frame, she is not merely a resting, but a

restoration. The speech is man's, and it is silver; silence *rightly* belongs to the woman, and is golden. And so his speech fills up her silence, and there is the Platonic consummation. Poets have sung all this these five thousand years. The man not merely reverences the woman by instinct in the mother; loves her by instinct in the sister and daughter; loves her by habit in the wife; he religiously puts aside her peculiarities in faculty and position, and looks on her as an impersonation of what is above him. His whole mind and strength enter into this view of his helpmate. His intellect gives and takes strength from it. The heart, left to itself, is a creeping and not a climbing plant. It is content to wind itself round the roots of trees, unlike the mind, (to compare it to the top branches,) which will have nothing between itself and the sky. Till something like these relations enter more into human marriage, we do not augur much for Christianity, and are unprepared to hope much for progress.

Let us take heed—when the hour comes to us, as it assuredly shall come, when we feel in our hearts a new and divine emotion yearning and all-embracing towards a woman, called these thousand years 'love'—to go into the secret room of self-questioning, and resolutely bringing *our* ideal face to face with us, ask ourselves what manner of worthiness lies in us to make us a companion meet for her; what manner of unworthiness is in us to be rooted out; what life we would entail on her and her children; whether it is not selfishness, either as thoughtlessness or passion, that is about to hurry one, the hem of whose garment we could kiss with reverence, into a new sphere, immature, unprepared. O be no Corydon! make her no Amaryllis! If the house be not swept and in order; if that other house, the spiritual one, be not also swept and in order, let us love our future bride too well to solicit her entrance. What is it to wait? Is not the love itself sufficient for laborious days? It is said the old Persian kings (Cyrus's and all) drunk of no other water than that of the sacred river Choaspes,—abroad and in an enemy's country it was carried about with them. Be this woman's love our Choaspes. How many exiles have drunk of this sacred river in innumerable remote places, and have been refreshed! How many there are here who may bitterly say—

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Bombay,”

and who have nothing else to make this unreal, unhappy life endurable? “Renunciation,” as Goethe says, “is the one thing

needful." "Is there not a love which exults in the power of self-abandonment, and can glory in the privilege of suffering for what is good?" Renounce—so we do. And when that other time comes at last—for it too will come, never fear, when the bridal light shall fade away, and the bridal twilight deepens into a tender darkness—surely God will bless the renunciation of youth in the perfect joy of manhood.

We cannot help recording it here as our opinion that, taking the world all in all, those women make the best wives who move least in society. Reserve, by which term we would characterise a disinclination for public places, and those amusements which are merely animal, as balls, public dinners, &c., (for no one will contend that these, in the least, contribute to the social good feeling of a community), is both a positive and negative merit. The latter, in that it argues a sufficiency of mental employ at home, and a calm mind; and the former, in the case of the spinster, that the man she chooses is likely to have *all* her heart, and that in the depths of her love no other image shall be reflected. Do not let us be understood as asserting altogether that the more women see of men, the more fickle they become; and that, where there has been the usual amount of such experience, though possibly one man has the hand, the heart may be involuntarily, and from a lively imagination, contradiction, love of discursiveness, the example of the last novel, shared in by *another* or *others*; that is, such a heart as a flirt can have. It is nevertheless true to some extent, and so far as they go, in the history of civilisation it has never been denied, that the harem and the nunnery are great political institutions when insuring so much safety to domestic life. Education, more real and higher than what is now common, can only effectually take the place of these barriers. Again, it may be argued that the very fact of a woman marrying from a nunnery augurs ill for the marriage. She starts from a life of restraint and ignorance, to one of freedom. Other men, probably handsomer and wittier than her husband, will converse with her. Affection was no more consulted in her union than it is in a treaty between nations. Here seems enough to tempt weakness & stray. But French licentiousness has never been ascribed to this state of things. Indeed, as a rule, experience is against this dictum. *She knows this man first*, and finding him reasonably upright and sensible, first gives her good-will; and with the possession of her person, affection; and with her first-born, love. Hence it happens that in the East, hundreds of thousands of men and women

are happy and faithful to their dying day,—a fact in favour not only of seclusion for the unmarried woman, but an irresistible argument for early marriages, other things, of course, agreeing.

But, as we have said, it is on education we rely for the future development of the sex, and on the enlarged ideas which will come with time to result in the establishment of a system of education, appreciatory of the materials it is called on to mould. While necessarily eclectic, the primary condition of such a system must be intenseness, earnest striving, and in the most universal sense—religion. For the woman far more than man, is accessible to spiritual impressions. The divine idea should be the *be-all*, and *end-all*. “Man is not placed in the world of sense alone, but the essential root of his being is in God. Hurried along by sense and by its impulses, the consciousness of this life in God may be readily hidden from him, and then, however noble may be his nature, he lives in strife and disunion with himself, in discord and unhappiness, without true dignity and enjoyment of life. But when the consciousness of the true source of his existence first rises upon him, and he joyfully resigns himself to it till his being is steeped in the thought, then peace, and joy, and blessedness, flow in upon his soul.”* That is a conversion indeed. Thereafter whatever is untrue is repulsive; “the student becomes holy and honourable to himself above everything else; not in respect of what he *is*, but of what he *should be*, and what he evermore must strive to *become*.” “The peculiar self-abasement of a man consists in this,—when he makes himself an instrument to a temporary and perishable purpose, and deigns to spend care and labour on something else than the imperishable and eternal. *In this view every one should be holy and honourable to himself.*” We are not, of course, to interpret this as saying anything against the earnest fulfilment of daily duties, or even the employment of a mind in its degree of enjoyment, irrespective of *mere* usefulness, (practically and immediately understood,) as in poetry, for instance, which is not by any means in its course of culture a low or weak agent towards the spiritual development Fichte is advocating. “*And so does his own person ever become holier to him through the holiness of knowledge, and knowledge again holier through the holiness of his person.*” His whole life, however unimportant it may outwardly seem, has acquired an inward meaning, a new significance. Whatever may or may not flow from it, it is still a godlike life.”†

* Fichte's Student, by Smith Chapman; 1845, p. 143.

† Ibid, p. 160.

The time has passed away when woman's recognised and highest sphere was harlotry, and her ambition, intrigue; and since trifles irritate human nature more than crimes, no less glad are we the days of the Montagues, Carters, De Staels, and the eighteenth century *blue stockings* are over. Not only are the old vices subdued, but the old virtues develop themselves in a higher way; and the lady who, two hundred years ago, bore her husband ten children, and defended Corfu Castle against all comers, would probably be now as prolific as ever, and the energetic president of some charitable society. We have, however, peculiar to our day, what is called the *strong-minded woman*, a sort of mushroom that grew out of Mary Woolstanecraft's rebellion against her own sickly times. But the strong-minded woman will have her day in America, (for only in the social circumstances of that country could she, as Overbury would say, "be generated,") as bloomer, doctor, editor, politician, and then doubtless, in due time, she will sink down into an alcoholic Mrs. MacStinger—a sort of social nightmare not unknown even now in the British Isles. The process pursued in *female* education has been too much like that the Egyptians pursued with their mummies; you must take out the brains to put in the sweet-smelling odours. We have taught the feet of our pretty ones to wear Chinese shoes, and when we discover natural shoes are too large for them, call them deformed! There appears to be a wakening in right quarters to these small facts. There is a rising appreciation for schools of design and art, where something more shall be effected than a tinted rose or a sketch, finished by the drawing master. Colleges are starting up whence something more shall be taken away than dancing, a smattering of Italian, and a copy of Mrs. Hannah Moore's poems. Margaret Fuller's classes, intended to introduce a noble style of conversation, might be revived; not unwanted, it is confessed, as a relief to prevalent inanities. Compared to these insipidities, the education of our great-grandmothers, that went little beyond the making of a pudding, was classic. Spiritual being must have fair play; it has been too much cramped. For instance, we might despair of femality in crinolines, if one did not know it was the soul forcing itself. Roots and branches are not expected to grow up healthily if buried under flagstones or tied down; they will come into the upper daylight, and of course in a very sad grotesque way. Rear up the mind to appreciate the great in nature and intellect, and the frivolous will not be heard of. No woman, for instance, that could read and understand Bacon, would wear crinolines! If Chaucer, and Milton, and Jeremy

Taylor, and Addison, were in the boudoir, be sure the legion of three-volumed would be left to rot at the circulating library. Do not look for cosmetics on the dressing table whereon a Bible is laid. We do not for a moment lose sight of the infinite small graces wherein a woman should, and does naturally delight ; we only protest against what are falsely taken as such. Ben Johnson truly says, " I love measures in the feet, and numbers in the voice ; they are gentlenesses that often draw no less than the face." The rugged old poet spoke the truth. But all must be natural with a due reference to more important matters. It must never be forgotten that the human soul *will* assert itself according to the degree of its essence, and the measure of its means—by the distaff and the Greek Testament three centuries ago (women are wiser now than to spin or read Greek), or by Bloomers and rights-of-women ravings now. But there is promise enough at present to warrant faith in the future. And every Englishman's heart must beat with pride when he thinks how many thousands of his young blooming countrywomen are only waiting for an education, based on religion and common sense, of which we have just quoted the divinest of all human definitions, to become each in her sphere, however small and under whatever modifications, what those eminent women, whom we have mentioned, were in theirs.

One word on the rights-of-women ravings noted above. It need not be said here that allusion is made to deluges of philippical pamphlets thereon. These, for the most part, emanate from bilious American ladies, whose notions on things in general are a confusion of chartism, atheism, and intense man-hating. One dimly discerns in these lucubrations what prospects the husbands of those ladies can have as regards their eyes and hair. They admire Bloomerism. They write pretty audaciously on Mormonism. In other matters they exhibit great freedom of opinion, and a corresponding " freedom" of manner. One of their " last" is, that Bacon wrote " Shakespeare's Plays," and a London Smith (*horribile dictu*) sees fit not to echo the belief, but apparently is so taken with it, as to pass it off as his own ! Your ladies of the bilious school are hardly content with wearing the breeches metaphorically. As for the husbands, though happily at least half of these agitators are spinsters, what can they do ? Evidently, there is nothing for them but henpicked idiocy or tavern boosing. There is one depth even beyond this. These modest women have their meetings or demonstrations, and with quite a feminine refinement of cruelty, put some miser-

able husband in the chair. He must speak in their favour under the threat of terrors unhappily unknown in England. Lynch law hangs over him. Sydney Smith was afraid of being talked to death by wild curates; mankind in America are liable every day to be eaten up by wild women. Mrs. Jellaby is a pattern of womanly usefulness compared to them. Men over the Atlantic who dare to think, console themselves with a few general reflections. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and a little corporal punishment, as allowed in old law, would not be at all out of the way, if you were not deterred from Haynau's "method" by the fear of your wife writing a book against you, or turning you out of the house. The "Candle Lectures" are sweet prose Idyls to a Lecture on Woman, her hopes and rights, by Seraphina Sarks, M.D." One's instinct tells one Lucretia Borgia would have been an honourable loving *safe* companion to S. S. the M.D. Sarks and Strychnine strike the alarmed mind as something more than mere alliteration. The fact is, this lady and all of her persuasion have made a great mistake. They will never further any cause, especially the cause of women, by trying to become men. Hens will never crow, flap they over so loudly. They know too much, and their knowledge is not exactly of the right sort. It is to be feared, moreover, they want certain elements we old-world people look on as necessary. There are "excellent things in woman" we cannot afford to dispense with yet, not even for what they offer us as substitutes. We inherit, with the memory of our mothers, a love for domestic grace, humility, in her sex. We not only see that our wives are bodily virtuous, but what is apt to be overlooked in the hurry of the times, that they are spiritually so. We have a prejudice against female statesmen, doctors, lawyers, and lecturers. It is quite enough that they rule statesmen, make patients of doctors, browbeat lawyers, harangue lecturers at home. That is their way, for good and evil, of ruling the world. In so far all women are Jesuits—they have secret powers which they use or abuse as they will. Public philippics, however, dear Seraphina, will no more advantage this bugbear of yours, your cause, than mending stockings at home will damage it. Indeed of the two, we should imagine the satisfaction the husband would derive from a pair of well-mended stockings, would do more through his gratitude for the same, than any amount of tea drinking and passing of shrill resolutions. Furthermore, there is no fear of the right. It can take care of itself. There is a persistency in all right that works on silently and independently till it have obtained its ends. Men too may safely be left to themselves to find out their duty as regards it.

A single passage in Ledyard has converted more woman-haters (if there be such) than the most vehement of Sarkisian orations. A tender nurse at a bedside has brought tears to worldly hard eyes that would glance at no pamphlets of Seraphina's, however blood-thirsty. An Exeter Hall of the sisterhood addressing five thousand defiant bonnets, and ten thousand indignant pattens, will never have the weight with any man that the knowledge of a girl gaining bread for her old parents, and keeping herself pure in the world, will have. And not to any declaration of the independence of women of the United States of America, or of any women, can, as we have already remarked, be ascribed the extraordinary reverence now held towards the sex. An old faded flower placed in a book by hands long years cold, a lock of hair (the pathetic "only a woman's hair"), have kept in the heart of a man not only a consecrated spot for the dead, but a sacred love, for her sake, for all women. Since the bilious school will not believe in this, we cannot accept it as furnishing the type of the progressive woman.

For the more important questions reaching the *substantia* of the social system we have not the space, nor the *matériel* at hand, necessary for their honest discussion. Such questions, however, are pregnant at the present moment. They are becoming, in fact, of very deep political importance. The most pressing seems to be, in what way the amelioration of the condition of governesses and needlewomen can be effected. As the line of demarcation between male and female employment exists now, there is every day a sadder prospect for the immense number of young women, who have no other openings in life but these. As population increases, certain classes of labour like those noted will become more abundant, and wages must decrease. The most conscientious efforts of individuals to give fair pay for fair labour done, and not that regulated by ruinous competition, will not altogether avail. It is to the enterprising tendencies of the age we turn with hope for the solving of this and other problems. Daily there are new avenues for capital, daily there is the discovery of new industrial employment. Women must have their share in them; in all work requiring delicate handling, they are superior to us. Furthermore, occupations we now monopolise, might be opened up for them. Miss Barbara Leigh Smith has written a very earnest pamphlet on this subject. Why should they not be watchmakers (Bennett says they would do admirably), accountants, managers of washing and sewing machines? Miss Smith finds occupation in this way for a hundred thousand

women ! A new society of female artists was founded only the other day. Altogether there is hope. But a still greater, because a far more attainable remedy for the slavery, poverty, and sin of England, is emigration. Emigration should be vigorously persisted in. We heartily wish it were made compulsory on, at any rate, the thousands of able-bodied adults of both sexes who crowd the workhouses. That mere law-making can do much, we grievously doubt. No law-making can meet the innumerable fine shades and distinctions of condition and requirement that are constantly growing and changing. Nothing short of miracle in human arrangements will provide *alike* for all humanity. There never was, and never will be, such a thing as communism. Injustice there will needs be. To make it as little as possible is one great aim of every man's mission. Certainly there has been very little legislation for the two classes of women named ; there have been some few public movements in their favour, but, with one or two exceptions, with short-lived zeal and questionable prudence. And surely theirs is a desperate condition ! With both, sooner or later, it is for the most part irremediable dependence and poverty. Each is exposed to "the great crime of great cities." Yet in them, as classes, we behold (perhaps for that very reason) the noblest representatives of their sex in purity and high-mindedness. The vigils of years are nothing to one hour of steadfastness amid such evil as they are exposed to. There are many Jane Eyres amongst them. Good wives for any men, they make the best wives for poor men. No class, as a class, has any so good, or so many of them. For the redemption the man brings the woman with the wedding-ring—from discomfort, persecution, all manner of humiliation, in the governess—squalid poverty, severest labour, evil company, in the needlewoman—what a heart of love, wisdom, forethought, devotion, governed by what bitter experiences ! Daughters supporting parents, and younger brothers and sisters striving womanfully in the great battle. Of course parallel instances are on our side as signal, and more frequent. But what a struggle compared to a man's ! What a victory, when it is a victory, compared to a man's ! How many social heroisms of this sort are being silently enacted, while the world is absorbed in purple and tinkling cymbals !

For the rest, this cause must be left to the great ameliorator—Time. But we hold that all true aspiring women are, in fulfilling their own natures, directly serving the unhappier portions of their own sex in raising the idea of it, and in creating

more and more reverence for it. From Florence Nightingale to Mrs. Seacole, Woman is by nature a nurse. One does not wonder at the poor fellows in the hospitals of Scutari kissing the very shadows of the nurses there. We look to Rosa Bonheur with her miraculous horses; so true to nature, eye, and true too to something within us greater than nature, Mrs. Somerville, whose works are the most popular, and moreover among the most advanced scientific manuals of the time; high thoughtful intellects like Mrs. Jameson, the finest expositor of the most poetie side of middle age fanaticism. (Of the Miss Brontës we cannot say much here: about souls so great, so early dead, it is well to be silent.) For the most exquisite blending of tenderness with intensest mental power, we look to, and to no one else of either sex, Mrs. Browning. She is the poet of women. Her "Aurora Leigh" embodies her hopes and fears, and thoughts of female progress. On the whole, in a crude unreal story and in poetry, the like of which we have not heard in our time, she is hopeful. It is the mission of these, and such as these, and in these ways, to elevate human nature.

The poet of our age has, in "The Princess," with the true poet's vision, nicely indicated what the place of woman should be in the world—

"For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years woe must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world,
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set her self to man,
The perfect nurse unto a noble world."

ART. VII.—SIAM : PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *The Kingdom and People of Siam ; with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855.* By SIR JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. 2 Vols. London : J. W. Parker.
2. *Voyage du Comte de Forbin à Siam, suivi de quelques détails extraits des Mémoires de l'Abbé de Choisy (1685-1688).* Paris : Hachette.

TWO-THIRDS of Sir John Bowring's volumes on Siam consist of *verbatim* extracts and translations from the works of previous writers. His own journal, which occupies but a very short space, is modestly placed towards the end of the second volume, and forms the sequel to some seven hundred pages of such collected materials. In his preface the author returns thanks to Bishop Pallegoix for his permission "to make use of the contents of his interesting work (published in 1854) entitled, "*Description du Royaume Thai, ou Siam,*" and, as he adds, "he has not failed to take advantage of this permission to a considerable extent." Indeed, to Bishop Pallegoix, Sir John Bowring is indebted for the greater part of his information respecting Siam. He has likewise largely borrowed from the works of other French Jesuits, from Colonel Low's "*Journal of the Eastern Archipelago,*" and from the narratives of Crawford, Finlayson, and others.

This system of compilation, whilst it detracts in some degree from the literary merit of his performance, at least entitles Sir John Bowring to the credit of frankly adopting the superior information of others, instead of amusing the public with crude opinions or uncertain facts.

What we thus gain in information, however, we lose in interest. There is no longer that spontaneity of manner which is the great charm of books of travel ; there is none of the freshness with which actual impressions are naturally recorded ; and, instead of the easy graceful flow of a personal narrative, we have often the dry pedantic style of an encyclopædia.

We remark, throughout the work, that considerable caution has been exercised with regard to observations or criticisms on the present government of Siam, and perhaps the key to this may be

found in the fact, that the reigning kings read the public newspapers with interest and attention, and exhibit some vindictiveness against those who publicly attack them. One of the first acts of the king, after Sir John Bowring's arrival at Bangkok, was to call his attention to a Singapore newspaper containing some slightly disparaging remarks on his government, for suspicion of having written which the American missionaries had suffered some personal restraint. Our ambassador seems to have foreseen the possibility of thus offending Siamese majesty, and has therefore generally refrained from the expression of adverse opinions, limiting himself to mere statements, giving much prominence to what is favourable, and casting evil a little into the shade. This is politic, and perhaps not unnatural under the circumstances, and we are far from finding fault with any writer who confines himself to facts, and suppresses opinions.

We cannot say anything in praise of our author's style, which is laboured and inelegant, and often sets sense and grammar at defiance ; but still he has collected much interesting matter respecting Siam, and we are content to thank him for that, without inquiring here whether his task might not have been better performed. We cannot, however, avoid inquiring what possible interest Sir John Bowring thinks that the public can take in such information as the following :—" April 4. This morning enjoyed a bath at six o'clock." These personal details are entirely out of place in such a work, and, whatever he may be himself, the world is supremely indifferent to an author's ablutions.

Sir John Bowring gives some account of the early European intercourse with Siam. The Portuguese communications with that country date as far back as 1511 ; but those cited are of no interest, and are only catalogued. The earliest detailed account which he has been able to find, is that of Van Schouten, in 1636. The Portuguese, however, had active relations with Siam long before the Dutch, but the author does not seem to be aware of the narrative of Odoardo Barbosa, a Portuguese gentleman, who circumnavigated the world at the beginning of the sixteenth century. We find the account of this traveller, written in 1516, comprised in the treatise "*Delle navigatione et viaggi raccolto da M. Gio: Batt: Ramusio*," published at Venice in 1559. Barbosa afterwards sailed in 1519 from Lisbon, in the good ship "Vetoria," and again went round the globe, but died without being permitted to reach again his native country.

This traveller gives a quaint and interesting account of Siam and its king, "a mighty prince, having many soldiers, both horse

and foot, and many elephants." He says that in the port of Tenasserim, the first to which he came after leaving Pegu, "there are many merchants, Moor and Pagan, who deal in all kinds of merchandise. They have ships with which they navigate towards Bengal and Malacca, and other parts. Within the kingdom is produced much excellent gum benjamin, which is the juice of trees. * * * To this port of Tenasserim come many ships from different parts, and bring there copper, quicksilver, cinnaber, cloths of cotton and silk, dyed velvets of Mecca, saffron, wrought coral and beads, rose-water, &c., all which are highly prized in the country." Passing on to Quedah, he says, "here come an infinite number of ships which traffic in all kinds of merchandise. Here grows very good and excellent pepper, which is carried to Malacca, and thence sent on to China."

Another Portuguese gentleman, who continues the narrative of his friend Barbosa, says, "All the land is very green and beautiful, and very rich and prolific, with much people and many cities." Its ports he describes as frequented "by many foreign merchants, the greater part of whom are Chinese, because the trade of Siam with China is great." He says that the inhabitants "have the reputation of being a prudent and wise people," and that the kingdom is ruled with justice by the king, "who resides constantly in the city of Odia." With regard to its commerce he says :—"The principal articles of trade which Siam receives from Malacca, are slaves of both sexes in great number, white sandal-wood, pepper, quicksilver, cinnaber, orpiment, cloves, mace, nutmegs, cloth, according to the use of Siam, stuffs of silk and wool, rose-water, carpets, brocade of Cambaia, wax, camphor of Borneo, putchuc and galls." But even then, as he states, the misgovernment of the country, the excessive exactions from foreign merchants, and the extortions of the nobles, greatly cramped trade, which was considerably diminishing in consequence. The Chinese, however, were on a better footing than other merchants.

So long as Barbosa relates what he had himself seen, he appears to be truthful and moderate ; but when he gives the experiences of his friends he is more apocryphal. We leave the reader to form his own opinion of the following :—

"Going further inland towards China there is another kingdom of heathens, which is also tributary to the king of Siam, in which there is a beastly and horrible custom, according to what a gentleman of credit has informed me, that when there dies any one of their relations or friends, to honour him they take the dead body, whether by disease or of other death, and

carry it into the midst of a field, where they fit up three beams, two upright, and one across, to which they fasten a chain with two hooks, upon which they hang the body so as to be able to roast it by a great fire underneath; and until it be cooked there stand round all the children, and their relations and friends, weeping with all their might (*a più potere*), and when it is roasted they take vessels full of wine, and each one a knife, and go on cutting the flesh and eating it, and drinking the wine, not ceasing to weep continually, however; and the nearest relatives are the first who commence eating him, and they do not leave off till there remain nothing but the bones, which they burn. And they say that they give this burial to these their relations, because, being of their own blood, they cannot be buried anywhere more comfortably than in their own bodies."

The most detailed and interesting account of early European intercourse with the Siamese, however, is the history of the embassy sent to their monarch by Louis XIV. in 1685. Of this singular proceeding four narratives were published. The first, by the Chevalier De Chaumont, the French ambassador, which is quoted by Sir John Bowring, is dry, meagre, and unsatisfactory. But, doubtless, our envoy, if he were aware of the other accounts, preferred that of his predecessor, stupid but dignified, on the Highgate principle of not having recourse to the *attaché* so long as he could get at the ambassador.

The second account was by the Père Tachard, one of the Jesuit priests, who accompanied the mission. It is both uninteresting and incorrect, being evidently written with the view of exciting hopes of proselytism, which had no foundation but in his own over-credulous imagination. The same objections, with a stronger charge of fiction, must be preferred against a third account by the Abbé De Choisy, whose antecedents give him, as we shall see, no very strong assistant credentials. We greatly prefer, to all, the interesting and graphic account of the young Comte De Forbin, an *attaché* to the embassy, who describes naturally and pleasantly his Siamese experiences, and seems very little inclined to increase his own importance by exaggerated statements with regard to the country in which he spent about three years. For, on the return of the mission to France, he was left with the Siamese monarch, who created him High Admiral of the kingdom, and Governor of Bangkok. His narrative has an evident air of frankness and candour, and gives many a passing glimpse of the state of things in Paris and Siam in the days of the *Grand Monarque*, and forms an interesting *pendant* to the mission of 1855.

The good people of Paris, in 1684, were a little surprised, but still more amused at first, by the arrival of two scantily-clad ambassadors from Siam, who excited as much curiosity in the streets of the gay capital, as Captain Cook on the shores of the Sandwich Islands. The equally astonished Siamese, however, brought in their pockets letters which secured for them a welcome at court, due to the credulity and superstitious zeal of the age. These letters, dictated by no common knowledge of human nature, were written by the Prime Minister of Siam. This individual was a Greek, named Constantine Phaulcon, but generally called simply Monsieur Constance. He was the son of a poor tavern-keeper in a little village of Cephalonia, who, possessed of some talent and greater cunning, and urged on by a very unscrupulous ambition, had, after much vicissitude, risen to the first position in Siam, and exercised great influence over the sovereign. As a foreigner, however, he had numerous enemies amongst the nobles, and it was to strengthen himself against them, and establish his position, that he had resolved to address himself to France, and quietly place her in possession of the capital. Knowing, however, that Louis XIV. would not listen to any such direct overtures, he resolved to address himself to the weak point of the times, stating that the Siamese monarch was desirous of embracing Christianity, and calling upon the court of France to foster this good disposition, nor allow such an opportunity of converting a monarch and his nation at one *coup* to escape. The traduced king of Siam, unfortunately, did not understand French so well as the present one does English, and, consequently, thinking that he was merely sending his compliments and presents to his dear brother of France, he allowed the ambassadors to depart with his royal benediction.

Conversion cannot, after all, have appeared a matter of much difficulty to M. Constance, for he himself had changed his religion on several occasions with the same ease as he changed his coat. His mother had brought him up in the profession of the Greek Church, but, on being launched into the world, he had found it convenient to forsake this for Protestantism. Whether at any period he left this creed ~~for~~—let us say no creed at all—we cannot affirm, but think it likely he did. One thing is sure, however, that, by the ministry of the Jesuit missionaries at Siam, our facile friend emerged, before the period at which we make his acquaintance, as a Roman Catholic, to which church he now hinted the possibility of turning a few millions of souls at one masterly stroke.

Louis XIV., whose greatness, according to Auguste Vacquerie, lay more in his imposing wig, which he never removed even in the presence of a valet, than in the head it covered, was not proof against this tempting bait, and, counselled by his own superficial religious zeal, and by his clergy, he resolved to send an embassy to convert the king of Siam. Doubtless the influence of Madame De Maintenon somewhat assisted him in forming this determination, and at least we know that she exhibited much interest in the addresses of the Siamese ambassadors. Spite of her quiet good sense, her imagination, coloured by the strange reflection of her own fortune, was not unapt to take occasional flights beyond the regions of probability, especially where the Church lent its venerable aid to plume the wings.

The gentleman chosen for the office of ambassador was the Chevalier De Chaumont, a somewhat stupid but very pious naval officer; but as the Comte De Forbin says, admirably fitted for an embassy "whose aim was principally to convert an idolatrous king, and perhaps the whole of his kingdom." For the flaunting will-o'-the-wisp of proselytism has also flashed delusively before the young Comte De Forbin, and such periods roll from his pen with unctuous gravity.

The Abbé De Clôisy was named second in the affair, with the rank of ambassador-in-ordinary, with a special eye to his clerical character, and the consequent aid he might render to the Siamese monarch in his transition from Bhuddism to Rome. This gentleman merits a word or two. It must be admitted that in his youth he had been an extremely *mauvais sujet*, a fact of which we are even now forcibly reminded by occasional mundane remarks which escape from his clerical pen. A portion of his younger days had been passed in the disguise of a woman, during which period the future abbé had been known to the world as the Comtesse De Barres. Fate and famine had even forced the *soi-disant* countess to offer her services as an actress to the manager of the Bourdeaux theatre, where, for several months, she delighted the eyes of the stage-loving Bordelais. We are told, however, that on his recovery from a serious illness he abandoned his evil ways, wrote pious books instead of plays, and entered the church. Hearing of the intended mission, our abbé's imagination fired up with some of the adventurous spirit of former days, and he determined to join the expedition. Spite of several repulses, he represented to the Minister De Seignelai, as he himself tells us, "that the Chevalier De Chaumont might die on the way, and that the embassy might thus fall into the hands of some sailor, little versed

in that sort of matter ; that religion might consequently suffer ; that, besides, the king of Siam wishing to be converted, the chevalier, who was a very mediocre theologian, would only be able to give him superficial instruction. In a word," he says, " I prayed him to ask for me the coadjutorship to the chevalier, and the post of ambassador-in-ordinary, in case the king should wish to be instructed in the Christian religion." His wish was granted, as we have seen, but the abbé, perhaps, exaggerated the extent of his own theological powers, he having been ordained, and "coached" through all the sacred orders in the rapid space of four days, by his friend the Bishop of Metelopolis *in partibus*.

The abbé, however, declared himself smitten with the crusading fever from the first moment in which he heard of the Siamese project. " Nothing more," he exclaims with a fervour worthy of Peter the Hermit, " nothing more was required to put into my heart the apostolic ambition of going to the end of the world to convert a great kingdom." But, alas ! zeal could not procure the abbé his outfit, credit there was not for him, and his relations pretended to be very angry with him, as he pertinently supposes, " to avoid being obliged to offer him a pistole." So, as many a time before, he had recourse to the usurers. But the truth must be told—an additional motive, beyond " apostolic ambition," moved the Abbé De Choisy to go to the end of the world to convert the great kingdom of Siam. His creditors, of the Comtesse De Barres period, had become clamorous, and made a short absence from the capital not only agreeable, but necessary. Siam might have its *désagrémens*, but at least amongst these the pressure of small tradesmen's bills was not included, and to Siam therefore he would go. Doubtless visions of Japan cabinets, China shawls, ornaments of gold and of silver, and jewels of pure water floated through the abbé's mind in the pauses of his apostolic ambition, and it may have occurred to him that the gratitude of a penitent monarch, and the tokens of Eastern magnificence and generosity might, ere long, relieve him from the painful necessity of travelling in foreign parts.

The young Comte De Forbin, with his reputation for bravery as an officer in the French marine, arriving in Paris about this time, was induced to join the expedition by the advice of his relatives and friends, the Cardinal De Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Beauvais, Bontems, the first valet-de-chambre of the king, and the Comte De Luc. He was made major of the embassy, and was led to Siam partly by his love of enterprise, and partly in the desire to

advance his fortunes abroad, at a time when a general peace left him little to do at home.

The Comte De Luc mentioned the expedition to a Madame Rouillet, who happened to have two cases of coral, and who, desirous of disposing of them, and not content with an offer of 500 livres from the India Company, begged De Forbin to take them with him to sell to the Siamese, and invest the proceeds in Indian stuffs, Chinese cabinets, Japan ware, and any curiosities of the country.

The three persons already described, accompanied by the returning Siamese ambassadors, by six Jesuit priests, including the Father Tachard already mentioned, whom the king was sending, in the capacity of mathematicians, to China, by four missionaries, and by a numerous suite of young gentlemen curious to see the world, embarked at Brest in two frigates, *L'Oiseau*, and *La Maligne*; and with many a cry of "*Vive le roi!*" this singular embassy set sail, on Saturday the 3rd March 1685, "to convert a monarch and his entire kingdom."

Smooth seas and favouring gales waft them along towards the line, under the fiery glances of a vertical sun, and the silver sheen of new stars and unfamiliar constellations. They see the beautiful Southern Cross rise before them, doubtless suggesting to the enthusiastic missionaries visions of that cross soon to rise brightly before the benighted king of Siam, and, like a second Charlemagne, turn him to the bosom of the Mother Church. After three months of slow, but steady progress, they reached the Cape of Good Hope, and had a narrow escape from shipwreck, not from storm, but from a sudden calm which left them drifting on shore. A saving breeze, however, sprang up, and after enjoying for eight days the hospitality of the Dutch, who, De Forbin says, purchased the Cape from the Caffres for a very mediocre quantity of brandy and tobacco, they proceeded on their voyage. Stormy winds then separated the ships, and after great difficulty they found their way to Java and entered the straits, reaching Bantam in two months from the Cape. Here they were not allowed to land or take in provisions, on account of a revolt of the Javans; so they set sail, and in two days and a half reached Batavia and met with friendly welcome. Here De Forbin being offered 6000 livres for the two cases of coral belonging to Madame Rouillet, decided to "sell and repent," thinking the price a fair gain upon the offer of 500 livres from the India Company. Sailing hence they very peaceably (*fort paisiblement*) continued their voyage, and cast anchor at the bar of Siam in the mouth of the "Meinam or Mother of

Waters," on the 23rd of September, about six months after leaving the harbour of Brest.

The Comte De Forbin, accompanied by M. Le Vacher, one of the missionaries from Siam, who had led the ambassadors to Paris, and now returned to the seat of his labours, immediately landed to report the arrival of the French envoy. On nearing the shore he saw three or four small cane huts covered with palm leaves, where, Le Vacher informed him, resided the Governor of the bar. De Forbin thus describes his first experiences in Siam :—

" Leaving our boat, we found, in one of these houses, three or four men seated on the ground on their haunches, ruminating like bulls, without shoes, without stockings, without hat, and not having on all their bodies more than a piece of cloth with which they covered their nakedness. The rest of the house was as bare as themselves. I saw there neither chairs nor any other furniture. I asked, on entering, where the Governor was. One of the troop answered, ' I am he.' This first glimpse demolished a good many of the ideas I had formed, to myself, of Siam ; but feeling very hungry I asked for something to eat : this worthy Governor presented me some rice ; I asked him whether he had not something else to give me : he answered me, '*Amay*,' which means *no*. Thus we were regaled on landing."

Poor Comte De Forbin ! already were his illusions beginning to be dispelled. Was this the kingdom of his golden dreams ?—this the mighty realm which he and the envoys of *la belle France* had been laboriously seeking, for six months, through sun and storm, and perils of waters, with intent to convert ? Cane huts for gorgeous palaces, naked governors for jewelled dignitaries, and plain rice for spicy banquets, had not entered into his calculations, nor that impression, with which he entered and left Siam, of " misery everywhere displayed to that degree that it strikes the eye (*qu'elle saute aux yeux*) and that it is impossible to avoid seeing it."

But the two emissaries proceeded up the Moinam, seeing neither house nor village, except a few miserable huts like those at the bar, and, through a heavy pelting rain which came on, they arrived about ten o'clock at night at Bangkok, not then, as now, the capital. De Forbin says that the Governor of this place was a Turk by birth, and a little better lodged than he of the bar. Here they had a bad enough supper *à la Turquie*, with only sherbet (*sorbee*) to drink. The next morning Le Vacher took a native canoe and went on to Siam, as the capital was then erroneously called, whilst De Forbin returned to the friends

impatiently awaiting for news in the ships. Before starting, he asked the Governor whether he could not purchase fruit and vegetables for his companions, but was answered by the invariable "*amay*," no, which word seems to have exasperated our young Frenchman, for on reaching the ship and being hailed with the question whether he had brought with him anything for the refreshment of the crew, he answered "*Amay!* I bring back nothing but musquito bites, which have persecuted us all the way."

For five or six days they lay disconsolately enough at anchor without seeing a soul; but then there arrived some of the Jesuit missionary establishment of Siam, with compliments from the king, and his minister, M. Constance, and shortly after they received abundant supplies of fowls, ducks, and all kinds of Indian fruits, but very few vegetables. Fifteen days more elapsed before the court of Siam were ready to receive the ambassadors. Barges were then sent to convey them to the capital, as the ships could not cross the bar. Cane houses were erected at certain distances for their reception, lined with thick painted cloth, and being moveable, they were carried along, so that those which served for dining in one day, again came into use for the same purpose the next, and the same with the sleeping-rooms. When they arrived near the capital they found a cane house which was no longer moveable, and in which the ambassadors were lodged until the day of audience, and where they were visited by all the great mandarins and, *incognito*, by M. Constance himself. And here let us translate a passage from De Forbin's narrative:—

"I cannot help again correcting an error of our tale-makers. They speak at every turn of a pretended city of Siam, which they call the capital of the kingdom, which they say is scarcely smaller than Paris, and which they embellish as it pleases them. It is very certain, however, that this city has never existed except in their own imaginations; that the kingdom of Siam has no other capital than Odia or Jondia, and that it is scarcely comparable in size to towns of the fourth or fifth order in France."

There were the usual long and perplexing arguments regarding the ceremony of reception, and the manner of presenting the French monarch's letter, De Chaumont wishing to deliver it from his own hands into those of the king, and the ministers being shocked at the idea of such a violation of national usages; for, as the Count says of the kings of Siam: "They make their principal grandeur and the mark of their sovereign power to consist in being always raised high above those who appear before them, and it is for this

reason that they never give audience to ambassadors, except from an elevated window opening into the hall in which they receive." After much discussion it was settled that, on the day of audience, "the king's letter should be placed in a golden cup, which should be carried by a handle of the same metal, of about three feet and a half in length, fixed underneath, and by the aid of which the ambassador could raise it to the king's window."

De Forbin remarks the enormous number of canoes on the river, rendered necessary, he says, by the long inundations which annually submerge the country. He says that the largest were not more than four or five feet broad, but very long, often having eighty rowers, and some even so many as one hundred and twenty, who kept time, with marvellous accuracy, to the voice of a conductor. Many of these barges were carved in imitation of dragons and marine monsters, and those of the king entirely gilded; all which account applies exactly to the present day.

On the day of audience a magnificent train of these carved and gilded canoes, filled with mandarins, came to escort the ambassadors. The French king's letter was placed in a barge on an elevated throne by itself, and in orderly procession they proceeded up the river to the landing-place, the banks being lined by an immense multitude, who prostrated themselves in the dust as the letter passed. On landing, the Chevalier De Chaumont, the Abbé De Choisy, and the Bishop of Metellopolis were carried, in palanquins lined with crimson velvet and gold, to the palace, passing through two rows of elephants, amongst which, though with a space of separation between them, they perceived the venerated white animals. Passing into a second court they saw "five or six hundred men seated on the ground, like those at the bar, having their arms painted in blue bands—these are the executioners, and at the same time, the guards of the kings of Siam."

Arrived at the hall of audience, the ambassador seated himself in an arm chair, with the Abbé De Choisy on a stool at his right, and the Bishop at his left, on a small carpet placed there for the purpose, "and cleaner than the large carpet with which the floor was covered." All the *suite*, amongst whom the Comte De Forbin, were seated cross-legged on the floor immediately behind, with a strict injunction not to let their feet be seen, "there being no want of respect in Siam greater than to show them." On the left were the great mandarins, whose full dress, on this solemn occasion, consisted of a cloth reaching from the waist half way down the thigh, a kind of shirt of thin muslin, and a pyramidal basket, a foot in height, on the head. When all was ready, a large

drum was struck a single blow, and immediately all the mandarins threw themselves on the ground and remained prostrate, resting on their knees and elbows, much to the amusement of the young Frenchman, at seeing them "*avec leurs paniers dans le cul l'un de l'autre.*" The drum again beat a few single strokes at short intervals, and at the sixth the king appeared at a window looking into the hall. We must now let De Forbin describe :—

"He had on his head a pointed hat, such as the kings of France formerly wore, but whose brim was scarcely more than an inch wide ; this hat was fastened under the chin by a silken cord. He wore a Persian costume of a stuff, colour of flame and gold. Round his waist was a rich scarf, through which was passed a poinard, and he had a great number of valuable rings on his fingers. This prince was about fifty years of age, very thin, short, without beard, having on the left side of the chin a large wart, whence issued two long bristles like horseshair. M. De Chaumont, after having saluted him with a profound bow, pronounced his harangue, seated, and with the head covered. M. Constance acted as interpreter, after which the ambassador, having approached the window, presented the letter to this worthy king, who, in order to take it, was obliged to stoop a good deal, and to stretch half his body out of his window, either because the ambassador did it on purpose, or that the handle was not found long enough. His Siamese majesty put several questions to the ambassador. He asked after the health of the king and royal family, and enquired about several things touching the kingdom of France. Then the big drum beat, the king closed his window, and the mandarins rose to their feet."

The details of this interview differ little from those at the presentation of Sir John Bowring, nearly two hundred years later. Indeed, the proceedings of the first were made the basis, to a very considerable extent, of the last embassy. The description which De Forbin gives of Joudia is not very enticing. He proceeds :—

"The audience ended, the assembly retired ; and the ambassador was conducted to the house prepared for him. It was of brick, small, and badly built, but the best, however, that there was in the town ; for one must not expect to find, in the kingdom of Siam, palaces corresponding in magnificence with our own. That of the king is ~~very~~ large, but badly built, without proportion and without taste, all the rest of the city, which is extremely dirty, has only houses of wood or of canes, except one single street of about two hundred houses, small, built of brick, and of one story.

These are inhabited by Moors and Chinese. As for the pagodas or idol temples, they are built of brick, and resemble somewhat our churches. The houses of the talapoins, who are the monks of the country, are only of wood like the rest."

M. Constance, however, gave them as magnificent an idea of the country as he possibly could, in order to make the French monarch consider it worth his while to send French troops, with which he hoped, perhaps, as the Abbé De Choisy afterwards said, "to make himself king at the death of his master." But as for the conversion, alas ! that made no progress. The Chevalier De Chaumont pressed the matter on M. Constance, who, serving as interpreter, allowed the Siamese monarch to understand just so much as suited his own purpose, and "he sustained the Christian religion only because it could sustain him." With their apostolic ambition considerably abated, therefore, and with dispelled illusions, the embassy returned to France. The worthy abbé may have sighed over the ruin of his utopian dreams, but he wrote his account in very good spirits, and part of the secret cause is revealed by De Chaumont, in stating that the king of Siam had presented his intended instructor with Chinese vases, articles of silver, fine porcelain, Japan ware, and Indian curiosities, to the value of some eight hundred pistoles.

The Comte De Forbin was, however, left in the country, and created High Admiral and Governor of Bangkok. After the departure of the ambassador and his suite, he went to Luovo, the usual country residence of the king, and, for the first time, was admitted into the palace. Notwithstanding the honours laid so thickly on him, he was in no way consoled for his exile from *la belle France*, and his experiences in the palace did not diminish his regret. Let him relate in his own words what he saw : "All the mandarins were seated in a circle upon mats made of young osiers. A single lamp lighted the whole court, and when a mandarin wished to read or write something, he drew from his pocket a candle end of yellow wax ; he lighted it at this lamp and stuck it on a piece of wood, which, turning from side to side upon a pivot, served them for a candlestick." At the sight of such a court circle, and the wretched appearance of the mandarins, poor De Forbin was not a little cast down (*interdit*), but there was nothing for it but to make the best of things. On his appointment to his high offices the king gave him a small house, with thirty-six slaves and two elephants. The cost of providing for his entire household was only five sous per diem, "so sober are the men, and so cheap provisions in that country." His

house was very poorly furnished, but they added "twelve silver plates, two large cups of the same metal, all very thin, four dozens of cotton napkins, and two yellow wax candles daily." This was the entire establishment of the High Admiral, General of the King's Armies, and Governor of Bangkok. The ceremony of his appointment to these offices he describes as follows :—

"The mandarins having come for me at my house, conducted me as far as the precincts of the palace. When we were at a hundred paces from the window where the king was, I prostrated myself to the earth, and all the great mandarins did the same. We crawled upon our knees and elbows about fifty paces, two masters of ceremonies crawling in front in the same posture. At a certain distance from the place from which we had started, we all made a second reverence, which consists in rising on the knees and striking the forehead on the ground, with the hands joined over the head. All this passes in complete silence. At last we prostrated ourselves a third time when we were arrived below the king's window. That prince then sent me some betel-nut, pronouncing two words which signify, I take you into my service."

The giving of betel was a great mark of honour, and on one occasion, when De Forbin had gone out of his way to visit a very aged talapoin, celebrated for his virtues, that worthy put betel into his mouth, and, after having chewed it for a while, he took it out and presented it to the young Frenchman to chew in his turn, which, "not being sufficiently used to the dirtiness of the Siamese," he declined, and ceded to one of the mandarins, who received the unsavoury morsel with much respect and gusto, as a favour only due to a prince.

Here are some of the penalties inflicted by the law or the king's anger, at that time in Siam :—

"The ordinary punishments are to slit the mouth to the ears for those who do not speak enough, and to sew it up for those who speak too much. For light enough faults they cut off the thighs of a man, they burn his arms with a red-hot iron, they give him blows on the head with a sabre, they pull out his teeth. One can scarcely have done anything to be only condemned to the bastinado, to carry the cangue on the neck, or to be exposed bare-headed to the burning sun. As to having splinters of cane run under the nails, which they push up to the roots, to have the feet put in irons, and many other similar tortures, there is scarcely any one to whom that does not happen at least sometimes in his life."

One curious ceremony witnessed by the Comte De Forbin, and which exists at the present day, we must allow him to describe before we leave him. The kingdom of Siam is visited by annual and most beneficial inundations, as De Forbin states, from the melting of the snows on the Tartarian Mountains. "It is in this season, and when they begin to see that the waters are notably diminished, that the king goes to perform the ceremony of which we speak. He appears on a great throne, all shining with gold, placed in the midst of a superb barge. In this state, and followed by a crowd of mandarins, small and great, assembled from all the provinces, all in magnificent galleys, and accompanied by an infinite number of other boats, he goes to a certain part of the river to give a stroke with a sabre to the waters, and command them to retire." It is amusing to find the Siamese monarch, in the exaltation of barbarous despotism, habitually doing that which has made Canute famous and ridiculous, but the despot at least has the prudence to wait for the turn of the tide, and does not risk the rebuke of the rising waves to the Saxon monarch.

Here we leave De Forbin and the singular embassy of 1685, which, as we stated, ended in complete failure. The proceeding altogether was in strict accordance with the spirit of the times. There then seemed nothing strange in the idea of conversion by Ambassador Extraordinary, who should divide his time between questions of etiquette and articles of faith, making the former, however, the main consideration. Religious opinions held then nearly the same position as political ones in a later day, and both were changed with equal facility. With the example of their own Henry IV. before them, there seemed no absurdity in expecting the king of Siam thus to accept a new creed, and as for the religion of the people, Louis XIV. was too great a monarch to conceive the possibility of their hesitation to follow in the steps of their sovereign. Besides, there was the eloquent, but bigoted Bossuet beside him, to suggest violent remedies under such circumstances.

But no such utopian ideas prompted the mission of 1855. No hopes of proselytism swayed the minds of Her Majesty's ministers, and no such apostolic ambition lured on Sir John Bowring. Much more sublunary and material than a treaty of conscience was here the object, and consequently the more modest treaty of commerce, with its subsequent probabilities of civilisation and moral advancement, unstipulated by articles or

conventions, but not forgotten by men of thought, was successfully completed.

One hundred and seventy years after the French ships *L'Oiseau* and *La Muligue*, with the ambassadors of the *Grand Monarque*, anchored off the bar of the Meinam, the *Rattler* and *Grecian* steamed up to the same spot with the envoy of Queen Victoria. Two days after, an ornamented vase of gold was brought on board to Sir John Bowring by three high officers of the Siamese sovereign, one of whom spoke English, containing a letter written by the king's own hand, of which a facsimile is given, showing penmanship decidedly above the average powers of English gentlemen. The following is a literal copy :—

“ Rajmondern House, Grand Palace,

“ Bangkok, 27th March 1855.

“ MY GRACIOUS FRIEND,—It give me to-day most rejoyful pleasure to learn your excellency's arrival here as certainly as your excellency remained now on board the steamer *Rattler*, which accompanied with a brig of war. I cannot hesitate to send my gladful cordil more than an hour. I beg to send my private minister, Mr. Nai Kham Nai Suong, and Mr. Nai Blou, with some Siamese fruits, for showing of my first respect and expressing of my greatest joy, that I will have now personal entertainment with your excellency in both publicly and privily, as well as very intimate friend during your Excellency's staying here, when our officers of state have communicated with your Excellency according to Siamese custom

“ Please enter to ‘Packnam’ as soon as I have ordered the high supreme officer of the apartment of foreign affairs to get down to-day to ‘Packnam,’ where your excellency will meet at the hall newly built for your Excellency's recaptance.

“ After consultation with the high officer thereon, your Excellency will be leaded or called to this city with as much respect as your Excellency is my friend. Please allow our respects according to Siamese manners. Your Excellency's residence here was already prepared. We are longly already for acceptance of your Excellency.

“ I remain, your Excellency's faithful friend,

“ S. P. P. M. MONGKUT,

“ The King of Siam

“ P. S.—I have just returned from old city Ayadia, of Siam, 15 days ago, with the beautiful she Elephant which your Excellency will witness here on your Excellency's arrival.

“ S. P. P. M. MONGKUT, the King

“ To His Excellency Sir JOHN BOWRING,

“ Right Dr. of Laws &c &c &c ”

This is not quite an average specimen of the letters of the king to his "favouring friend" Sir J. Bowring. Some of them are subscribed "*Primus vel Major Rex Siamensium.*"

The second king, for in Siam the crown is divided between two persons, is still better acquainted with the English language, and writes as good a letter as any Englishman, whether as regards caligraphy, composition, or spelling. The following is a copy of his letter of welcome to our ambassador, *verbatim et literatim* :—

"To His Excellency Sir JOHN BOWRING,
"Governor of Hongking, Minister Plenipotentiary
to the Empire of China, &c., &c

"SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to hear of your excellency's arrival in Siam as the representative of your Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria. It will afford me great pleasure to meet and welcome you personally to Siam. In the mean time, I beg your acceptance of a few Siamese fruits, bread, cake, &c With the assurance of my high respect,

"I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

"S. PIN KLAU CHAU YU DEA

"Second King of Siam, &c

"Palace of Second King, April 4th, 1855."

Had Sir John Bowring arrived in Siam without any previous knowledge of the kings, he must have been not a little astonished to receive, from Siamese barbarians, letters like these, in penmanship superior to that of most Englishmen, and in spelling infinitely beyond that of the candidates at a civil service examination in England, where aspirants, with perverse ingenuity, discover seven erroneous modes of spelling "grievances," and fourteen equally incorrect ways of representing the "Mediterranean."

No naked Governor of the Bar, with his *suite* equally "*venue comme il plait à Dieu,*" now receives the ambassador, and no moveable cane huts accompany his progress up the Meinam, but after many a present of fruit and other refreshments, after many a visit from the dignitaries of the kingdom, and after receiving several letters from the kings, enclosed in embossed golden boxes, and cups often glittering with jewels, the *Rattler* gets up her steam and gallantly conveys the party to Packnam, past pretty pagodas, and forts well armed and manned by soldiers in Sepoy uniforms, who greet them, as they pass, with salutes of twenty-one guns.

On landing to meet the Prime Minister or Phra Kalahom, they were met by a general dressed in an old English Court dress.

and by a body of troops, who presented arms as they passed. A park of artillery, extremely well served, returned the *Rattler's* salute, and their ears were delighted by a grotesque looking band playing fifes, drums, and a fiddle, which evidently, not even in Siam, could claim the aristocratic designation of violin.

The Phra Kalahom is a notable man, and we shall hereafter hear more of him. His dress is described as a long golden jacket, with a belt of flexible gold richly ornamented with diamonds." A rude magnificence is everywhere apparent, and a great abundance of the precious metals,—tho betel cases, cigar boxes, and spittoons even being of gold.

In the carved and gilded barges described by De Forbin, our ambassador was conveyed to Bangkok, the capital, the ancient Joudia having fallen away from that distinction. His boat had a carpeted divan, with curtains of scarlet and gold, and was carved in the likeness of a fish, with eyes painted, on the Chinaman's principle, "No have eyes, how can see!" The barge was rowed by forty men dressed "in scarlet, faced with green and white, with a curious helmet-like cape (cap?), having two tails pendent over the shoulders." Two men steered with oars, and excited the rowers to exert themselves, who all kept time to a song whose burden was, "Row, row, I smell the rice," i. e., their dinner. Sir J. Bowring describes the Meinam as follows:—

"The appearance of the river is beautiful, crowded with the richest vegetation to the water's edge. Now and then a bamboo hut is seen amidst the foliage, whose varieties of bright and beautiful green no art could copy. Fruits and flowers hang by thousands on the branches. We observed that even the wild animals were scarcely scared by our approach. Fishes glided over the mud banks and birds either sat looking at us as we passed, or winged their way around and above us. The almost naked people sat and looked at us as we glided by; and their habitations were generally marked out by a small creek, with a rude boat and one or more pariah dogs. As we approached Bangkok floating houses became more and more numerous. They are raised on piles of bamboos and moored to the shores: they are shops and bazaars as well as the dwellings of the inhabitants. In front of some of the superior edifices we observed a great number of ladies waiting to see the procession, among whom the wives of the Phra Klang (minister of foreign affairs) were pointed out to us. Many of the priests (talapouns) sat upon the rafts and wharves before their temples"

The first and semi-official interview with the king took place by moonlight in one of the courts of the palace, but the great

public audience was conducted in a style of barbaric magnificence surpassing even the dreams of the enthusiastic Abbé De Choisy. In state barges, curtained with scarlet and gold, Sir John Bowring and his suite were conducted to the landing-place, and thence the envoy was carried to the palace in a gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella held over him, "through an unbroken line of soldiery dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon (many singularly grotesque and rude), spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle axes, bows, quivers in every form, and uniforms of every colour and shape, fantastical, farcical, fierce, amusing; the rudest forms of ancient warfare mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars, ancient European Court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction." They moved on through rows of elephants, and caparisoned ponies, past bands of fifes, drums, and tom-toms, and were conducted to a building where they had to wait for the king's summons. Here they found coffee and cigars. Vessels of gold and silver containing pure water covered the table, and there were on the ground, as usual, spittoons of silver inlaid with gold, and measuring about fourteen inches in diameter.

On arriving at the grand hall of audience all the native nobles threw themselves on their knees, and crawled in by two sides of a screen. A great discussion had taken place, and was here slightly renewed, as to whether the English party should be allowed to wear their swords in the presence of Siamese royalty, which point Sir J. Bowring says that he was "so fortunate as to carry." We extract parts of his account of the reception :—

"On entering the hall we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me, in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The king came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne, like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the king's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the king, his throne being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as

gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again. Very agreeable music continued to be played; it sank into silence, and I addressed the king in a speech, which I read, thanking His Majesty for the cordial welcome. * * * This was put into Siamese and read aloud by the prime minister's brother. The king made rather a long speech, which was an account of various embassies to Siam. He said, it was only of late years that they had become acquainted with the greatness of England, and the value of the alliance. * * * The king introduced me then to his eldest brother, to his son, and to various princes of the blood royal, who 'lifted up' their heads as he mentioned their names. They were clad in light garments of flowered gold-embossed lace, or *tulle*, for the most part exceedingly splendid; but the nobles at the lower ends, and the more distant parts of the hall, were naked to their waists, wearing only ornamented garments round the lower parts of their bodies. The legs and feet of all, without exception, were bare. In the distance, on the two sides of the throne, were a great number of pages. On the pillars of the hall were pictures of the Pope, and the Queens of England and Portugal on the same pillar, and of the Chinese Emperor, Taon Kwang, on the opposite side; several lithographs of the Great Exhibition of 1851; a collection of national flags painted by a boy at Whampoa; and some other portraits of persons whom I could not distinguish. The reception must have lasted half an hour, when the king withdrew, and a golden curtain was let down before the throne on which he had been seated. The nobles rose, and we were greeted by such of them as we personally knew. There was again a chorus of music, and in which innumerable drums took part; and I received a message from the king that he wished to see me quite alone."

The author was afterwards taken to see the white elephant, which had just been brought with great pomp to the capital. It was of a light mahogany colour, with the eye of an albino. It had numerous attendants, was richly caparisoned with cloth of gold and ornaments, and occupied a large apartment, in which was placed a golden chair for the king. * The great reverence in which white elephants are held by the Siamese, originates in the idea that the animal is the incarnation of some future Buddha, and consequently that he will bless the nation that possesses and takes care of him. When one of this colour is captured, a high dignitary is sent to escort him to the capital, and in the present instance both the kings went in person to honour the illustrious captive. They are treated with a respect not accorded to any but members of the royal family, and are often fed from vessels of

gold. Almost all the wars in which Siam has been engaged up to the most distant times, have been in some way connected with these animals; and considering the immense amount of blood spilt, and treasure wasted on their account, we can no longer wonder that the Siamese monarch estimated the most valuable present made to our Queen, to be a few hairs from the white elephant's tail. The king, as an especial favour, sent for Sir J. Bowring's edification and inspection the bristles of the last defunct animal, which were fastened into a golden handle similar to those used by ladies for their bouquets.

The city of Bangkok is now becoming a place of very great importance. Its position is fine, and the approach to it is both picturesque and interesting, presenting to the European traveller a striking scene of oriental life and vegetation. The city lies on the banks of the Meinam, along which it extends for several miles. Its population is about 400,000, of which more than half is Chinese, who add not a little to the motion and industry of the place. From its proximity to the river, and the numerous canals which everywhere intersect it, a boat is a necessary part of every establishment, and forms the principal means of locomotion. As in some of the Chinese rivers, a large part of the inhabitants live entirely on the water. Floating houses are consequently numerous, and myriads of canoes of every description are eternally in motion around it.

The climate of Siam is salubrious and favourable to longevity, it being no uncommon thing to meet with persons who have lived upwards of a century. Of few tropical countries can this be said. The average temperature of eight years has been $81^{\circ} 14$, the highest mean being in the month of April, when the rate has been $84^{\circ} 24$. Fever is rare, and generally of a mild intermittent character. Hepatitis is uncommon, and phthisis almost unknown. Polygamy is universally practised, and marriage is permitted beyond the first degree of affinity. No religious ceremony is performed, and divorce is easily obtained on application from the woman. In such cases, if there be only one child, it belongs to the mother, the second to the father, and so on alternately. If a wife contract debts in her husband's name, she may be sold to pay them.

The king has six hundred wives, who occupy the inner part of the palace, and have two thousand four hundred women to attend on them, the whole forming a shrill domestic colony of three thousand within the royal precincts. In the private audience with the king, Sir J. Bowring asked how many children he had; he

answered, "Eleven since I was king, and twelve before—plenty of royalty."

A barbarous custom is in force with regard to child-birth. Immediately after the child is born the mother is placed near a large fire, to whose burning heat she is often exposed for weeks. It is not strange that many die under the infliction. In a narrative, written by the present king, "Of the most lamentable illness and death of her young amiable Majesty the Queen Somanass Waddhanawaddy Wattec, the lawful royal consort of His Most Excellent Gracious Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut the King of Siam, and reigning upon the present times," we have a singular account of the state of medical science in Siam. She died in child-birth, and the king vacillated, during the illness, between the fire, homæopathy, allopathy, native doctors, missionary medical men, and Siamese quacks, giving a short trial to each, the end of which was, that "this orphan royal girl," daughter of a "prosperious prince," died. The account, which really evinces feeling, is a most extraordinary document. But to show the extent of enlightenment which the Siamese have attained in medical practice, we give the following prescription for what they term "morbific fever":—

"One portion of rhinoceros horn, one of elephant's tusk, one of tiger's, and the same of crocodile's teeth; one of bear's tooth; one portion composed of three parts bones of vulture, raven, and goose; one portion of bison and another of stag's horn; one portion of sandal. These ingredients to be mixed together on a stone with pure water; one half of the mixture to be swallowed, the rest to be rubbed into the body; after which the morbid fever will depart."

Woe to the unfortunate patient who, as Molière says, "*n'a justement de la force que pour porter son mal!*" Fortunately, however, the compact with Siamese doctors is, "no cure, no pay."

Although the position of women is better than, in many oriental countries, inasmuch as they are allowed freely to move about the streets, yet the system of absolutism extends to the domestic circle, and a wife crawls into the presence of her husband on her knees and elbows, and keeps her head and eyes bent to the ground till he deigns to address her, remaining, however, still in this grovelling position all the time she is before him. But this degrading servility is universally practised in Siam—the inferior crouching in the dust before his superior, and all before the king. When a nobleman's servant sees him, even at a

distance, he crouches and creeps along, bent double, till he arrives closer to him, when he lays himself on the ground, and in that prostrate attitude awaits his master's will and pleasure. The modes of address are in the same spirit. To a prince they say, "Lord, benefactor, at whose feet I am;" and to the king, "mighty and august lord! divine mercy! I, a dust-grain of your sacred feet;" and they style him "the divine personage," "the master of life," "sovereign of the earth," &c. At the king's entrance to an assembly of nobles, the whole, as we have seen, throw themselves on the ground and remain prostrate on their knees and elbows till he retires. When requiring move in his presence, they drag themselves along on their hands and knees. What revelations of the past history of a nation we have in such a custom! We are not surprised, in a country where there are these extremes of despotism and degradation, to find that the mode of designating a governor is not by saying that he rules, but that he *eats* a city, which no doubt he does with considerable appetite and gusto.

A large part of the population of Siam is in a state of slavery, and indeed from a certain condition of feudal serfdom none are exempt, all being obliged to devote one-third of every year to the service of the king. More than half of the slaves, however, are debtors, for the Siamese laws oblige a man who has no means of paying his creditors, to give them at least his time and labour. Parents are allowed to pawn their children, remaining accountable themselves in case of evasion, when the parents must either take their place, or refund the amount of the debt. The treatment of slaves is said to be kind, and their condition is not worse than that of a slave must intrinsically be.

Amongst the Siamese, both men and women shave the entire head, with the exception of a tuft of hair on the top. The women twist this into a knot, secure it with a golden pin, and encircle the whole with a wreath of flowers. The shaving of the tuft is an important ceremony, and is the preliminary step to education. The men pluck out the beard as soon as it begins to grow, and none are seen throughout the nation with hair on the face. The priests, likewise, shave off the eyebrows. It is considered an essential towards Siamese beauty to have black teeth, and the whole people stain them to this colour with a preparation of burnt cocoanut, quicklime, betelnut, and tobacco. It is likewise a mark of high birth and breeding to have long nails. These are never cut, and their growth is cultivated in every possible way. Although this is admired generally in

women, however, the more sober portion of the community think it rather "fast" in the men, and a Siamese, writing an account of the manners and customs of his country, rather sweepingly declares that "the man who keeps long finger nails is a man of dissolute mind—he desires to deck himself that he may stroll about and talk with the women, that they may have a heart to love him." The most fashionable and desirable accomplishment of the women, acquired only by painful practice from the earliest years, and always exhibited with pride and complacency, is to wind round the arm in some way, so as to bring the elbow nearly to the front, to the considerable inconvenience of the shoulder joints. So sensible and eccentric is the standard of taste! From the king to the peasant, all are without covering to either head or feet.

The laws of Siam are said to be well adapted to the wants of the people, but, so far as we can judge, neither they nor their administration are very enlightened. There are, strictly speaking, three courts, namely, those of the king, the princes, and the provincial governors. These latter hold daily sittings in the porticoes of their residences, and administer justice or injustice to a crowd of prostrate suitors. Bribery reigns from the highest to the lowest, and in the king's court, while the suppliants are being examined, the judges and officers talk together, smoke, drink tea, and chew betel. From all these courts there is an appeal to the king himself, who sits, during part of one day in the week, to hear complaints. He lets down a small case or basket from his window, into which the statements are placed and pulled up for his perusal. Bail is required both from defendant and plaintiff, but is not accepted at all in criminal cases. The oaths administered to witnesses are of a startling length and ferocity, and call down in detail the most ingenious and frightful tortures both in this world and the next, upon the head of the perjurer. The legal reasons for excluding witnesses, on impediments moral, physical, and intellectual, are so extremely comprehensive that we suppose evidence must be on a very small scale. It is difficult to state who *may* give evidence, but amongst those excluded on *moral* grounds we may instance goldsmiths, blacksmiths, shoemakers, women who have been thrice married, orphans, quacks, and liars! Punishments have generally direct assimilation to the crime committed. Thus in cases of coining, the actual coiner has the right hand cut off, and the man who passes the false money loses his fingers. Sir J. Bowring says that this punishment generally proves fatal, from the ignorance of the medical men. Murders and aggravated crimes are punished by decapitation, except in the

case of princes of the blood, who are put to death with clubs, or by strangulation, as it is not lawful to spill the royal blood. Bangkok being chiefly built of wood, and consequently in danger of conflagration, any man whose house even accidentally takes fire is led through the town for a week, and obliged constantly to repeat in a loud voice, "My house caught fire, take care, be warned by me." He is then heavily fined.

The language of Siam is a composition of Chinese, Sanskrit, and Pali. It has, however, a distinctive character, and is very peculiar in construction. Nouns are not susceptible of declension, nor verbs of conjugation. All the roots of the language are monosyllabic, and the immense number of words spelt alike, receive their divers significations, like the Chinese, from the pitch of voice. For instance, "*Khai, khai, khai, khai na khai? ha nie khai pha khai khai,*" signifies, "Is nobody selling eggs in the city? the seller is ill." There seems to be much natural poetry in the construction of the language. Content is expressed by a word meaning "good heart"; a flower is "the world's glory"; a crocodile, "the son of the water." But its idioms are intricate, tedious, and indirect. The commonest sentences are most lamentable examples of circumlocution. By way of illustration we give the Lord's Prayer, as it is arranged on translation into Siamese. "Father, our who art in heaven, name God must glorify all places, people all offer God praise. Kingdom God ask find, with us must finish conformable heart. God kingdom earth equally heaven. Nourishment we (our) all day ask must find with us day this; ask pardon offences we (our) equally we pardon persons do offences us. Not must fall into cause sin. Must deliver out misery all. Amen."

The bonzes or priests are entrusted with the care of public education, and schools are attached to most of the religious establishments. It is said that a large proportion of the men can read and write, but very few of the women have even these elementary branches of instruction. The limited literature of the country, as may be supposed, does not permit of any very extended use of these acquirements. The cost of tuition in a common school at Bangkok is about thirty-five shillings per annum, probably quite enough for the amount of knowledge dispensed. The two kings have studied English with some success, especially the second one. Before commencing he inquired how long it would take to learn the language. He was told, three years. Upon which he ordered a boy to be chained up for that period to study it, but the unfortunate lad, not being a Kossuth, did not learn it

in the prescribed time. The prime minister has likewise an excellent knowledge of English.

The religion of the king and country is Buddhism. It is said that the king is anxious to reform the present system, and purify it from the numerous corruptions and traditions of the priests. He has already done much in this way, but we fear that no very extensive change can at present be hoped from Siam. The monarchs themselves, however, have professed what is considered a purer and more primitive form of their religion. The present incarnation of Buddha is called Guidama, and is, as La Loubère says, the result of hero-worship, he having been "a sagacious and benevolent prince, probably the son of a monarch of some consideration, a sage and a hero, deified by the admiration of after days." Sir J. Bowring supposes him to have been some wise sovereign who lived about the sixth century before Christ, "whose deeds and words were admired during his life, exaggerated after his death, associated with a succession of fables and inventions, till the passion of hero-worship laid the foundation upon which the future deification of a great and good man was constructed; and the doctrines of Buddhism have become the profession of a far larger number of human beings than belong to any other faith."

The reign of Guidama is to continue about twenty-five centuries longer. Many of his sayings breathe a calm and serene wisdom, recalling those of later philosophers in a striking degree. He says:—"Attach not yourself to the pleasures of this world; they will fly from you in spite of yourself. Nothing in the universe is really your own, you cannot preserve it unchanged, for even its form is perpetually varying. Be not the slave of love or hatred, but learn insensibility to the vicissitudes of life; be indifferent to praise and blame, to rewards and persecutions; endure hunger and thirst, privations, diseases, and even death, with the tranquillity of an imperturbable spirit." As Buddhism inculcates a belief in a succession of manifestations of Deity in various forms, and at various periods of time, so also it believes that man will pass through a succession of stages, either of degradation or elevation, according to his conduct in future phases of existence, and the ultimate and supreme felicity is absorption into Divinity, or a primary state of being, wherein the soul, losing all individual sensation, will be immersed in the beatitude of everlasting peace and repose. This creed has none of the barbarism which characterises many other Eastern religions, but it has that true oriental peculiarity of ignoring all activity or spiritual ener-

gy, and, both in this life and in the next, sinks the soul into a state of lethargic and emasculated indolence. To anticipate in this world a condition of perfect abstraction and indifference to all earthly concerns, and to all the active duties of life, and to absorb all the faculties in abstract and motionless contemplation, is considered the acme of holiness, and is made the great aim of priests and devotees. The bonzes profess to live in perfect unconcern for all sublunary persons and things, but they take good care to make others supply, in the amplest manner, all their selfish wants and desires. They receive the donations of the devout without thanks, and as a right, and whilst they stand erect in idle arrogance, the almsgiver is bending humbly in the dust at their feet. The people look upon them as superior beings, safe from the ills and frailties of humanity, and equally exempt from all its duties and obligations. They pay no taxes, they render no services to the state, they make no effort either for their own improvement or for the amelioration of their fellows, and they condescendingly allow all their necessities to be largely and unremittingly supplied by the industrious part of the community. When the king really commences the reformation of his kingdom, we recommend as a first and important step, the application of a "beneficent whip" to the shoulders of these idle vagabonds, till they learn a little more correctly the true objects of existence. The maxims of the priestly orders which define their duties, and pronounce what actions are sinful, are very singular, and well illustrate the degradation and puerility of their minds. Here are a few :—

"It is a sin to walk in the streets in a non-contemplative mood. It is a sin not to shave the head and eyebrows, and to neglect the nails. It is a sin to stretch out the feet when sitting. It is a sin to appear as austere as a priest of the woods, to seem more strict than other priests, to meditate for the sake of being seen, to act differently in public from in private. It is a sin to cultivate the ground, to breed ducks, fowls, cows, buffaloes, elephants, horses, pigs, or dogs, as secular people do. To cook rice is a sin. It is a sin to mount an elephant, or a palanquin. To wear shoes which hide the toes, is a sin. To plant flowers or trees, is a sin. It is a sin to wear red, black, green, or white garments (yellow is the priestly colour). It is a sin in laughing to raise the voice. It is a sin to mourn for dead relations. To sleep in an elevated place, is a sin. To eat and talk at the same time, is a sin. To clean the teeth with certain long pieces of wood, or while speaking to others, is a sin. To ask alms every day in the same place, is a sin. A priest sins who, in eating, slobbers his mouth like a little child

A priest sins if, when speaking with seculars, he stretches out his legs. A bonze may not wash himself in the twilight or the dark, lest he should unadvisedly kill some insect or other living thing."

Their hells, which are eight in number, with numerous subdivisions, exceed in the ingenuity and horror of their torments all that Dante ever imagined. In the sixth hell, for instance, "the damned are roasted on spits before blazing fires. When roasted, enormous dogs with iron teeth come in and devour them; but they are reborn, again to be roasted and eaten for a period of sixteen thousand years," each of which consists of an enormous number of mortal ones. In some of the minor hells the tortures are frightful, and punishments are represented as appropriate to the particular sins for which they are inflicted. Thus a drunkard is chained under a burning sun with water before him, which he cannot reach. A liar or slanderer has his jaws torn asunder by one devil, whilst a second pulls out his tongue by the roots. One who has been uncharitable, and refused to clothe the naked, is first stript of his own garments by one gang of demons, and a second then proceeds to flay him of his skin.

Siam contains within itself all the elements of commercial wealth and prosperity. Its position is good, its climate salubrious, and its soil is capable of the most exhaustless production. It occupies, with its dependencies, an area of upwards of 200,000 miles. Four great rivers, navigable to a very considerable distance from their mouths, open up paths for commerce with the interior, which is rendered still more accessible by innumerable canals, which everywhere intersect the country. It is said by many very capable of forming a judgment, that it would be a work of little difficulty to establish water communication between the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Siam across the Isthmus, thus saving a long *détour* by the Straits of Malacca, and very considerably facilitating communication between India and Eastern Asia. The direct distance across the isthmus is about fifty miles. A ship canal of only a few miles is required to unite navigable rivers, and open up an easy passage between the two seas. The principal river of Siam is the Meinam, on the banks of which stands the capital. This fine river carries fertility and beauty to an immense tract of country, the area of its valley being upwards of twelve thousand miles. The soil along its banks is "magnificently productive," and where the labour of man has not directed this fertility to purposes of usefulness, the whole country is covered with luxuriant

natural vegetation, or thick jungle. Periodical inundations fertilise the kingdom, like those of the Nile, and carry to its rich alluvial soil fresh deposits to repay the toil of future cultivators. Besides this richness of soil, so full of encouragement to agriculture, Siam is believed to possess much as yet unexplored mineral wealth. Gold and silver are found in many parts of the interior, and its copper is unusually pure and abundant. Tin is an important article of its production and export, and iron, lead, antimony, and zinc, exist in great quantity. Precious stones are likewise found in profusion. Bishop Pallegoix states that in wandering through the Chuntabun Mountains his party, in the course of an hour, collected two handfuls of topazes, garnets, sapphires, and rubies.

At one time, after Calcutta and Canton, Bangkok was the most important commercial city east of the Cape of Good Hope, and so many as sixty British ships were engaged in trade with the port. A long course of misgovernment and extortion, and above all, the ruinous system of monopolies, however, soon nipped this rising trade in the bud, and counteracted all those natural advantages which seemed to promise it rapid extension and prosperity. We are happy to think that, under its present more enlightened government, a liberal policy is likely to be pursued, which may restore its activity, and develop the resources of the country to an extent not hitherto dreamt of by its benighted economists.

The commercial treaty concluded by Sir J. Bowring is an important one. It establishes a just and reasonable scale of duties, destroys monopoly, and offers every inducement to increased cultivation and enterprise on the part of the Siamese. It is very creditable to their present monarchs to have so freely and courageously entered into an arrangement which completely overthrew the existing system of taxation, and to have adopted a liberal policy before unknown in the country. The innovation was startling, and it required considerable foresight, and faith in principles, to introduce it without preliminary experience. In taking the step, the kings abandoned their former sources of revenue, and trusted entirely to the effect of a moderate tariff, and to the rapid increase of transactions under its fostering influences. The abolition of the corn laws, and the reduction to a penny postage, measures forced out of our own government, in no way adequately represent the comparative magnitude of the reform now freely accorded by the sovereigns of Siam. They will have no cause to repent of it.

The articles now principally exported from Siam are sugar, pepper, cotton, hemp, rice, metals, gums, cardamoms, gamboge, ivory, horns, hides, oils, sapan wood, lac &c. Opium is one of its largest imports. The cotton of Siam is of fine quality, and England may one day derive her supplies thence, when production increases before the inevitable demand. It seems equally probable that a rising and valuable market is there being opened for British manufactures. Although as yet little time has been allowed for trial, the new system has already produced a rapid and encouraging extension of the commerce of Siam, as we learn from recent statements from China. During the dozen years which preceded the present treaty, the average number of foreign vessels annually engaged in trade with Bangkok was *twelve*. In the first year of the treaty the number of square-rigged vessels actively employed in it has risen to nearly *two hundred*. We trust that this proof of the advantages of a liberal policy may establish the kings in their new principles, and induce them still further to pursue an enlightened system of commercial legislation. Upon this depends the future of Siam, and the question whether the country is destined to advance steadily in prosperity and civilisation, or fall back into a lower depth of barbarism and ignorance. At present there is every guarantee for the progress of improvement in the character of the two kings, and of their prime minister. These are amongst the most remarkable men of this age, considering the state of the country in which they have been born and brought up, and that they are almost entirely self-educated, betaking themselves to extensive study voluntarily, and as a source of pleasure.

The present sovereigns were the only sons of the king of Siam, by his queen, and ought to have immediately succeeded him on his death in 1824, but their elder brother, by an inferior wife, managed to obtain possession of the throne. The present first king, availing himself of Siamese custom, which permits men to devote themselves for a certain period to the priesthood, at once entered a temple, and thus, avoiding all prostration to his brother, remained in retirement for nearly twenty-seven years, during which he employed himself as follows:—"He devoted his time to the most laborious studies, became a learned Pali scholar, and the president of the board of examiners into the proficiency of the priesthood in this sacred language; he acquired the Sanskrit, the Cingalese, and the Peguan, and associated his name with the literary honours of the priestly hierarchy. • He became, to some extent, a religious reformer, and, like the Vedanters in Bengal,

with reference to Brahmanism, sought to purify the Buddhist faith by rejecting the enormous masses of tradition and fable, clinging to the moral instructions of Buddhism, and recognising the principles of sound natural philosophy as regards the cosmogony of the universe. The king was taught Latin by the French Catholic missionaries, principally by Bishop Pallegoix. English he began to study in 1845, principally availing himself of the United States missionaries. Mr. Carswell devoted a year and a half to instructing him four times a week, one hour each lesson. He occupied himself with astronomical investigations, and is able to calculate an eclipse, and the degrees of latitude and longitude. He has introduced a press, with both Siamese and English types. His conversation is highly intelligent, but is carried on in the language of books rather than of ordinary colloquy."

During this retirement he made a series of astronomical communications to the Bangkok calendar, printed, as he himself says, that his foreign friends "may know that he can project and calculate eclipses of the sun and moon, occultations of planets, and some fixed stars of the first and second magnitude, of which the immersion in and emersion from the limb of the illuminated moon can be seen by the naked eye, for every place of which the longitude and latitude are certainly known by him." It is not the least singular fact of modern times, that perhaps the only sovereign who has sufficiently mastered astronomical science to do this, is the king of a country like Siam, more than semi-barbarous in many respects, and generally lagging behind in the march of intellect. He, however, has evidently a predilection for this science, for one of his first conversations with Sir John Bowring was regarding the discovery of the planet Neptune, during which he mentioned both the Latin and English names of the signs of the zodiac; and when asked what objects he would wish from England, he mentioned astronomical instruments, a good telescope, an armillary sphere, besides models of steam engines, &c. of a screw steamer, a hydrometer, and a ventometer. He has written in English several papers on the history of Siam, as also descriptions of some of its customs, all showing good sense and discrimination. As a last illustration of the man we may extract the following:—"A missionary mentioned to me that the king, when a bonze, and carrying on his studies in the temple to which he retreated, had gathered around him many young men, whom he was fond of instructing in European sciences, and encouraging them to study the progress of knowledge. He illustrated his views by the following allegory:—Two men start from the jungle

loaded with the coarse articles it produces—the fibres of the hemp, for example: they move onwards and come to a place where there is more valuable material, as cotton. The foolish and unimproveable man persists in carrying his coarse and unprofitable burden of hemp; his wiser companion exchanges his hemp for the finer and more valuable material. They still move on, and come to a silk district. The fool sticks to his hemp, the wise barter his cotton for silk: and thus they reach the end of their journey, one exhausted with carrying an almost worthless and heavy load, the other having brought with ease a profitable and valuable investment."

The second king is a younger and legitimate brother of the first, and exercises a secondary authority in the kingdom, not very defined, but still very important. He has ministers and all the insignia of royalty, is allowed to dispose of one-third of the revenue, and commands an army of two thousand men. One of the most striking proofs of his prudence and moderation is the perfect understanding he preserves with the first king, retaining his influence without exciting jealousy or distrust by any open interference with the state. The position is delicate, and the peril great, but he has conquered both. It is said by those who know him, that in ability he is decidedly superior to his brother, but that he wisely turns his attention, at present, more to private studies than to public affairs. He is described as "a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, writing and speaking English with great accuracy, and living much in the style of a courteous and opulent European noble, fond of books and scientific enquiry, and interested in all that marks the course of civilisation." He has a well-selected library of English books, and a good museum of mechanical instruments. He has closely studied Euclid and Newton, and our ambassador found him "of very cultivated understanding—quiet, even modest in manners,—willing to communicate knowledge, and earnest in the search of instruction." He is said to have no very bigoted attachment to Buddhism, and candidly to recognise European superiority, and desires to adopt our arts and improvements. All those who are acquainted with him say that he is "one of the most intelligent, manly, and unimproveable minds in the kingdom," and more capable than his brother of advancing the condition of the Siamese.

But the prime minister, or Phra Kalahom, is the most remarkable man of the three, and, we should say, in Siam, whether on account of his clear, quick, intelligent mind, or of his enlightened and liberal principles, so far in advance of the national po-

sition. He is the son of the late prime minister, and one of forty-five brothers of the most potent family in the country. It was chiefly by his influence that the present sovereigns were placed on the throne. His directness of purpose, and consistency of action, excited the admiration of our ambassador. He is described as being most candid in argument, freely admitting and renouncing errors, and on all occasions exhibiting a very remarkable quickness of perception.

When he heard of the coming of Sir J. Bowring, being still in doubt as to the right policy to pursue, he sent for a foreign gentleman whose opinion he valued, and having desired him to represent the English envoy, he argued the proposed treaty with him, and in half an hour had convinced himself that the old system was untenable, and at once prepared himself to advocate the desired reform. From the very first, the sentiments he energetically expressed seem to have so much astonished Sir J. Bowring, that he remained in a perpetual state of doubt and hesitation whether they could be genuine, and whether the Kalahom were the noblest of patriots or the vilest of hypocrites. Finally deciding in favour of the former on finding these liberal opinions pressed on, and steadily assuming a positive and tangible reality. To illustrate at once the character of the Kalahom, and the history of a remarkable reform, we cannot do better than make a few extracts from the ambassador's journal :—

"April 5. His excellency also pressed much the necessity of our opening the trade with Cochin China. * * * Again and again the Kalahom said he wished that the treaty should benefit the people; that the Government could make the sacrifice of revenues for two or three years, and wait for the beneficial results which trade would bring with it. He insinuated, more than once, that if there were difficulties, they would be from other quarters.

"April 7. The Kalahom called at ten o'clock, and we had much general talk about the treaty. He said the existing system was very ruinous and bad, that the people were overtaxed and unhappy, and that the best thing would be to get rid of all the monopolies. That they were pernicious to the country, that the trade was reduced to nothing. He said the principal opponents were the nobles, who were interested in the existing state of things, and who would not be willing to surrender their privileges. I doubt whether any good will be done, and I am more out of spirits than I expected to be. The king is a man no doubt wonderfully self-instructed, but that he should appreciate the great truths of political science, one could hardly expect. * * * The conversation with the Kalahom was very interesting. He

eschewed delay; he said if it depended upon him everything should be settled in two hours. I told him much depended on himself. He said his heart and wishes were with me; that, for the good of the people, he desired a total change: he was very busy, but would at any time see me to discuss matters, and do all that could be done. Either he is a consummate hypocrite, or a true patriot; in any case, he is a most sagacious man, towering far above every other person whom we have met. Of graceful, gentlemanly manners, and appropriate language.

"April 8. If the Kalahom be sincere, matters will end promisingly; if not, he is the most supereminent of hypocrites. He denounces the existing state of things with vehemence, says that bribery and misrule are often triumphant, that monopolies are the bane of the country, and the cause of the loss of trade and misery of the people. He told me I should be blessed if I put an end to them, and encouraged me to persevere, in a most vigorous persistence, in my efforts for its overthrow. It is quite a novelty to hear a minister abuse the administration of which he is the head. He confirms his statements by facts; he mentioned instances of bribery and extortion: in a word his language is of the most high-minded patriotism. I find myself uttering the Castilian exclamation, *Ojeda!*

"April 13. The personal character of the prime minister is to me an object of much admiration. * * * He has again and again told me that if my policy is to save the people from oppression, and the country from monopoly, he shall labour with me, and if I succeed my name will be blest to all ages. He unveils abuses to me without disguise, and often with vehement eloquence. If he prove true to his profession, he is one of the noblest and most enlightened patriots the oriental world has ever seen. He is careless about wealth, and says money is an anxiety to him, so he spends it profusely: he explained all the difficulties of his position, even as regarded the other members of his own family. To him Siam owes her fleet of merchant ships.

"April 14. Last night's meeting was satisfactory. They urged the conclusion of the treaty, so that the *Rattler* might get away by the next tide: and from half-past five A. M. all hands have been engaged in copying out the articles. They wished to have them one after another, in the hope that the whole may be concluded to-day. Inshallah! Such promptitude was, I believe, never before exhibited in an Asiatic court. It is mainly due to the Phra Kalahom's energetic influence: he has a great work to accomplish, and he is working while it is day—ay, and by night as well."

Such is the prime minister of Siam—a man of talent, of large

and liberal mind, sprung up in the midst of darkness and barbarism, and leading his nation onwards to freedom and prosperity. He is one of nature's great men—good speed to him ! We cannot do more than allude to the Phra Klang, or minister for foreign affairs, who is likewise a man of ability and enlightened views.

We trust that all these men may long live to guide their people towards civilisation ; but all are past their prime, and it seems a very doubtful thing how far their enlightenment is shared by the nobility of the country, or whether succeeding sovereigns are likely to possess the same gifts and attainments, or to prosecute the system of reform. It is evident that the apparent pre-eminence of the few is greatly enhanced by the degradation of the many,—that there is no general diffusion of education amongst either the nobility or the people,—and that even these leading minds of the nation present anomalies not easily reconciled. They have at the same time the qualities of the sage and of the savage, and not yet is the barrier of civilisation firmly established against barbarism. Each inch of the ground may be disputed. Even in the acceptance of the present treaty the two systems have contended, and whilst a liberal policy dictated its articles, the Siamese astrologers indicated the propitious moment for its ratification. But we are inclined to believe that this measure, concluded by the moderation and good management of Sir John Bowring, may be but the first stride of a people rapidly and continuously proceeding up the scale of civilisation.

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INDEX.

A

Age of Progress in Bombay. 1740--1762.—Employment of the Company's superfluous capital, 159 :—loans to native states, *ib* :—improved communications with England, 160 :—early adventurers, *ib* :—overland routes, *ib* :—Presidents of the period, 162 :—cyclone 1742, *ib* :—salubrity and cultivation of the island, *ib* :—manners and customs of the inhabitants, 163 :—castles and conveyances, *ib* :—encouragement of immigration, 164 :—letter from the Court on the subject, *ib* :—unprecedented increase of a mixed population, *ib* :—peculiar dangers arising therefrom, *ib* :—slaves, *ib* :—census of the inhabitants, 166 :—precautions against strangers, 167 :—revenues and works of improvement, *ib* :—description of the town and fort, 168 :—weakness of the fortifications, *ib* :—improvements and alterations, 169 :—trade in grain, 170 :—Government monopoly, 171 :—Mussulman dealers, *ib* :—the trade declared free, 172 :—the Clerk of the Market and his monopoly, *ib* :—debates on free trade, *ib* :—the question one of great difficulty, 175 :—sentiments of the age, and peculiar position of the Bombay legislators, *ib* :—arbitrary limitation placed on profits, 176 :—the Mayor's court, *ib* :—position and proceedings of its members, 177 :—collision with Government, *ib* :—controversy respecting the 'cow-oath' and 'book-oath,' 178 :—decision of the Court of Directors in the matter, 179 :—ignorance and incapacity of the members of the Mayor's court, 180 :—haphazard law, 181 :—want of honesty in the administration of justice, *ib* :—gross oppression and extortion by a Member of Council, *ib* :—his punishment, 182 :—criminal cases, charges of 'fascination,' *ib* :—rupture with the Maratha Governments nearly caused by a case of sorcery, 183 :—ecclesiastical matters, 184 :—paucity of clergymen, *ib* :—statements of the number of European inhabitants, and mortality in each year, from 1746 to 1751, 185 :—Coxeter and a Popish plot at Tellicherry, *ib* :—particulars of the supposed conspiracy, 186 :—Coxeter's zeal for his country rewarded with dismissal from the Company's service, 187 :—charity schools, *ib* :—tendency of the age to infidelity, 188 :—career of Daniel Draper, 189 :—follies and errors of his wife Eliza, 191 :—her admirers, the Abbé Raynal, 192 :—the Rev. Laurence Sterne, 193 :—his inconstancy, 195 :—her elopement from Belvidere with an officer of the royal navy, and unhappy death, 196.

Allen, Rev. Dr. D. O.—See *History of India*, 1

Andrew, W. P.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 329

Aylton, W. E.—See *Professor Aylton*, 73

B

Bombay.—See *Exodus of the Indian Empire*, 130 :—in 1740--1762, see *Age of Progress in Bombay*, 158 :—navy and army of, see *Five of the Navy and Army at Bombay*, 265 :—wet and dry docks for, see *Projects for Improved Shipping Accommodation in Bombay Harbour*, 285 :—Mechanics' Institution of, *ib*

C

Chesney, General.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 343.

Clive, Robert.—See *Rise of the Navy and Army at Bombay*, 290.

D

Dams and Rivers of Khandeish.—System of irrigation in Khandeish, 48 ;—sites for dams, 49 ;—materials, *ib* ;—native plan of construction, 50 ;—works frequently failed, *ib* ;—system formerly prevalent in the province, 51 ;—at present restricted to a few talookas, *ib* ;—khundarras in the Western districts—Pimpulnair, *ib* ;—Baglan, Malliganum, Dhoolha, and Nundoorbar, 52 ;—Sooltanpoor and Amulnair, 53 ;—watercourses, 54 ;—manner of clearing them, 55 ;—causes of injury and waste of water, *ib* ;—repairs of the works difficult, for various reasons, 56 ;—management of former Governments, 57 ;—specific repairs required by each watercourse, *ib* ;—diminution of irrigation, 58 ;—the causes, *ib* ;—revenue settlements, 59 ;—consequences of neglect of the works, 60 ;—statement of expenditure on public works in the province for the last eleven years, 61 ;—amount of revenue, *ib* ;—increase of sugarcane cultivation, *ib* ;—assessment of irrigated lands, 62 ;—control over public works, 63 ;—abstract of methods which have prevailed, 65 ;—strength and duties of the civil engineer's department in the province, 66 ;—employment of prisoners on public works, 67 ;— vexatious system of control, 68 ;—inference drawn from the present method, 70 ;— suggestions for improving the organisation of the engineer department, 71.

De Lessyrs, Ferdinand.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 328.

Draper, Daniel.—See *Age of Progress in Bombay*, 139.

E

Euphrates Valley Railway, The.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 337.

Exodus of the Indus Exile.—Review of works on the overland passage, 119 ;—curious fact connected with writers on Indian subjects, *ib* ;—advice to Anglo-Indian aspirants to literary fame, *ib* ;—incidents of the journey to and landing in India, 120 ;—the last few weeks at home, *ib* ;—the departure—leave-taking, 121 ;—the steamer, 122 ;—fellow passengers, *ib* ;—commencement of the voyage, *ib* ;—habits acquired, 124 ;—Malta, *ib* ;—the Mediterranean—nearing Alexandria, 125 ;—the captain, *ib* ;—clandestine meeting near the boiler, *ib* ;—dinner-time in the saloon, 126 ;—address to the captain, *ib* ;—oration by a cold-water colonel, *ib* ;—his advice to young people, 127 ;—abrupt conclusion of the speech, *ib* ;—presentation of the address, *ib* ;—Alexandria, 128 ;—hot baths of Cairo, *ib* ;—the voyage from Suez, 129 ;—a young lady, *ib* ;—progress of totalitarianism, 130 ;—Bombay harbour, *ib* ;—reflections of the voyagers, 131 ;—the landing, 132 ;—palanquins and 'venerables,' *ib* ;—adventure with a buggy-walla, 133 ;—the rescue, 134 ;—Anglo-Indian slang, *ib* ;—an Anglo-Indian, 135 ;—road scenes, 136 ;—peculiarities of the natives, 137 ;—an Anglo-Indian establishment, 138 ;—Bengal and Bombay servants, *ib* ;—the first day and night, 139 ;—preparations for a tumasha, 140 ;—society, *ib* ;—'fifteen years' experience of the country by a military man, 141 ;—rules for the preservation of health, *ib* ;—the dinner-table, and the chairman, *ib* ;—toasting, singing, and speechifying, 142 ;—the break-up, 143.

F

Fergusson, James.—See *Indian Architecture*, 300

Feroze Toghluq.—See *History of India*, 32.

Ferrier, J. P.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

H

History of India.—Review of works on, 1 ;—India as a field for the historian, *ib* ;—why do almost all writers on India re-write its history? 2 ;—the present authors' objects, 2 ;—derivation of the word 'Hindu,' 3 ;—cause assigned for India's backwardness in the march of national improvement untenable, *ib* ;—population, compared with that of Great Britain, 4 ;—civilisation, *ib* ;—definition of the word, 5 ;—paucity of materials for a history of Ancient India, 6 ;—diseases of India, 7 ;—leprosy, *ib* ;—average of human life, *ib* ;—natural history, *ib* ;—immigrant races, 8 ;—identification of various names with 'Goth,' 9 ;—a large portion of India formerly called 'Indo-Scythia,' *ib* ;—Mohamedism in India and Persia contrasted with the Gothic system in Europe, *ib* ;—Hinduism, *ib* ;—caste system of the East India Company's Army, 10 ;—account of the mutiny of Vellore, *ib* ;—its causes, 11 ;—proportional loss of English life in Indian victories, 12 ;—British Government, 13 ;—its popularity, *ib* ;—source and stability of its power, 14 ;—annexation of Oude, *ib* ;—Britain's mission, 15 ;—Dr. Allen's ideas of France as the governing power, 16 ;—vexed questions, 17 ;—protected states, 18 ;—the Nizam's court, *ib* ;—Indian treaties, 19 ;—wars, 21 ;—origin of the Pindari war, *ib* ;—begging fraternities, 22 ;—destiny of British power in India, 23 ;—cause of the Burmese war, 24 ;—freedom of the press, *ib* ;—annexation of the Punjab, 25 ;—its causes, 26 ;—spirit of the Indian Directory, 27 ;—administration of justice, *ib* ;—educational measures, 28 ;—dissatisfaction therewith, 29 ;—the Government scheme 'impartial' or 'neutral,' 30 ;—universal satisfaction not to be expected, 31 ;—public works, Mohamedan and British, 32 ;—Brahmanical endowments, 33 ;—religious toleration, 36 ;—return made by England for the wealth drawn from India, 37 ;—theory respecting the possible extent of British conquests, 38 ;—the Vedas, *ib* ;—monotheism of Brahmanism, *ib* ;—magic, sorcery, and witchcraft, 40 ;—temples, *ib* ;—sacrifices, 41 ;—metempsychosis, 42 ;—early marriages, 43 ;—their objects and effects, 44 ;—polygamy, *ib* ;—case of converts to Christianity, 45 ;—never practised with divine sanction, *ib* ;—confounded with legitimacy, 46 ;—the only remedy, *ib* ;—Romish and Protestant missions, 47 ;—conclusion, 48.

I

India.—History of, 1 ;—irrigation in, 18 ;—overland passage to, 119 ;—political relations with Persia, 197 ;—the silver question regarding, 223 ;—life in ancient, 242 ;—mutiny act for, 265 ;—architecture of, 300 ;—naval routes from England to, 328.

Indian Architecture.—Review of a work on, 300 ;—progress of the art, *ib* ;—sketch of a minaret of a mosque (pl. i.), *ib* ;—first and reproductive systems of Europe, 301 ;—Bombay edifices, 302 ;—the modern architect, *ib* ;—can we have a new and original style? 303 ;—progress of design, 304 ;—improvements on old plans, 305 ;—course adopted in India, *ib* ;—conception and execution, 306 ;—Indian architecture—Buddhist lāts, 308 ;—dagobas, 309 ;—cave temples at Behar, 310 ;—in the Oodyseree, near Cuttack, 311 ;—in Western India, *ib* ;—ornamentation of cave temples, 312 ;—date of their excavation, 313 ;—caves at Railec, Ellora, and Kanari, *ib* ;—

rock-cut temple of Kylas, at Ellora, and ruins at Mahavelhipoor, 311 ;—temples of Southern India, *ib* ;—the second temple at Jerusalem, as rebuilt by Herod, 316 ;—the northern Hindu style, *ib* ;—temple at Baroli, 317 ;—the Guzerat style, 318 ;—sketches in illustration (pl. ii.), *ib* ;—the Guzerat dome, 319 ;—sketch of one (pl. iii.), 320 ;—sketches of the 'torun' or truss, bracket, window, and string-course ornaments (pl. iv.), 321 ;—description of the plate, *ib* ;—fortresses of Guzerat, 322 ;—a 'bowlee,' *ib* ;—tanks devoted to religious purposes, 323 ;—Guzerat temples, *ib* ;—the Roodra Mâla of Sidhpoor, 324 ;—Jain temples and sacred mountains, 325 ;—marble edifices at Mount Aboo and Khoombareca, 326 ;—temple at Ranpoor, *ib* ;—relative value of Indian art, 327 ;—conclusion, *ib*

K

Kennedy, General Vans.—See *History of India*, 6.

Kenney, C. L.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 328.

King Lear.—The story, 363 ;—no standard by which to estimate the plays of Shakespeare, 361 ;—false criticisms, 365 ;—trait in Lear's character, 366 ;—development of Goneril's character, *ib* ;—review of the drama, 367 ;—Shakespeare's powers of observation, 370 ;—sources of his knowledge, *ib* ;—return to the play, 371 ;—Lear and Hamlet, 376 ;—tone of Shakespeare's mind, *ib* ;—Othello, Macbeth, and Brutus, 377 ;—Shakespeare's capacity for joy or sorrow, *ib* ;—return to King Lear, 378 ;—the mock trial of Goneril and Regan, *ib* ;—discernment in withdrawing Lear at this time from the stage, 379 ;—his re-appearance, *ib* ;—subsidence of his insanity, 381 ;—closing scene of the drama, 382 ;—criticism of the play, 383 ;—objection to the acting of King Lear, *ib* ;—it was written for the stage, 384 ;—Shakespeare's age and ours, *ib*.

Kitto, Dr. on Leprosy.—See *History of India*, 7.

L

Life in Ancient India.—Review of a work on, 242 ;—the reviewer's misgivings at the exterior appearance of the book, *ib* ;—reassurance on opening it, 243 ;—its orthodox commencement, *ib* ;—enthusiasm of the authoress, 244 ;—the three great divisions of 'Life in Ancient India' laid down by Mrs. Speir, 245 ;—Indian literature—the Vedas, *ib* ;—Brahmans, 246 ;—the Code of Manu, 247 ;—a tale of conjugal affection, 249 ;—Buddhism, 251 ;—legendary accounts of Buddha, Sakyamuni, *ib* ;—Piyadasi, Asoka, 252 ;—Buddhist architecture, 253 ;—Brahmanism, 254 ;—Hindu poetry—the birth of the War-God, 255 ;—the drama, 'Sakountala,' 257 ;—'the toy-cart,' 258 ;—'Mudra Rakshasa,' 259 ;—the Bhagavat-Gita and the Puranas, 260 ;—judgment of Sanskrit literature, *ib* ;—conclusion, 264.

Livingston, H.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

M

Morris, H., Esq.—See *History of India*, 1.

Munro, Sir Thomas.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

Mutiny Act for the East Indies.—See *Rise of the Navy and Army at Bombay*, 283.

N

Niebuhr, C.—See *Age of Progress in Bombay*, 158.

O

Our Social Selves at Home.—Review of 'The Newcomes,' 345 ;—tendency to the social emancipation of British India, *ib* ;—theme of the reviewer strictly national, 346 ;—Anglo-Indians looking towards home, 347 ;—the most ambitious have home aspirations, 349 ;—opinions of *n* in England, 350 ;—a phoenix of an Indian, 351 ;—the Anglo-Indian of the stage, 352 ;—East Indians in England, 353 ;—their improved condition, *ib* ;—their regencrators, 354 ;—Mr. Thackeray's Indian predilections, 356 ;—the hero of the novel, 357 ;—orientalism of the characters, 359 ;—useful though not very interesting reading, 360 ;—passage indicative of its author, 361 ;—'splendid proconsul,' *ib* ;—the term a mistake, 362 ;—the reviewer's opinion of the author, *ib*.

Pendennis. A. Esq.—See *Our Social Selves at Home*, 345.

Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia.—Review of works, speeches, and despatches, 197 ;—Sir Thomas Munro's estimate of the practicability of a Russian invasion of India, *ib* ;—another eminent statesman's ideas on the same subject a few years later, 198 ;—Colonel Sutherland's opinion, 199 ;—alarm about the spread of Russian influence in the East, *ib* ;—the Afghan war, 200 ;—Lord Auckland and Sir John Hobhouse, 201 ;—the Crimean war 'the people's war,' 202 ;—first signs of the Persian war, 203 ;—our diplomatic blunders, *ib* ;—essential elements for success, 205 ;—writers on Persia, 207 ;—Morier 'the Scott of Persian romance,' *ib* ;—English connexion with Persia, *ib* ;—alliances and treaties, 208 ;—blindness of England to the causes of her diplomatic failures, 209 ;—importance of an influential position in Persia, *ib* ;—Persia and Afghanistan, 210 ;—sketch of their early history, *ib* ;—Nadir Shah, *ib* ;—Ahmed Shah, 212 ;—amalgamation of the two countries improbable, 213 ;—the tripartite treaty, *ib* ;—Russian agents at Cabul, 214 ;—Afghan opinions of the British, *ib* ;—Persia's past and present, 217 ;—the fable of 'the wolf and the lamb' being enacted on the shores of the Caspian, *ib* ;—could not the present war have been prevented? 218 ;—policy which must now be pursued, *ib* ;—counsel of the Duke of Wellington at the outbreak of the Canadian rebellion worthy of remembrance, 219 ;—the most recent intelligence, 220 ;—General Sir James Outram's appointment, *ib* ;—want of troops, *ib* ;—attitude of France, and her Persian policy, 221 ;—policy of the Persian invasion, *ib* ;—another method for more promptly securing the main object of the war, *ib* ;—Jacob, Brigadier General John, 222.

Professor Aytoun.—Review of a poem entitled 'Bothwell,' 73 ;—flattering reception of 'Bothwell,' *ib* ;—aim of the author, 75 ;—form of the poem, *ib* ;—introduction of 'Bothwell,' *ib* ;—his first meeting with Mary, 76 ;—analysis of the poem, 76—86 ;—Mary, Queen of Scots, and the courts of her time, 87 ;—school in which she was brought up, *ib* ;—her return to Scotland, 89 ;—Mary and Darnley, *ib* ;—character of Darnley, *ib* ;—his meeting with Mary, 90 ;—advancement of Rizzio, *ib* ;—marriage of the Queen, 91 ;—Darnley's hatred and jealousy of Rizzio, *ib* ;—murder of Rizzio, 92 ;—Mary's love for Darnley replaced by dislike, *ib* ;—her passion for Bothwell, 93 ;—her neglect and aversion of Darnley, and love for Bothwell increase, 94 ;—a divorce proposed, 95 ;—the murder of Darnley decided on, *ib* ;—baptism of the infant James, 96 ;—Mary's letters, *ib* ;—asserted by Professor Aytoun to be forgeries, *ib* ;—evidence of their authenticity, 97 ;—Mary's defence and denial of them, 99 ;—internal evidence of their source, 100 ;—Mary's dislike and contempt of Darnley, *ib* ;—sudden change in her manner, 101 ;—its cause, 102 ;—correspondence with Both-

well, *ib* ;—Darnley's return to Edinburgh, 103 ;—position and arrangement of his residence, *ib* ;—preparations for his murder, 104 ;—Darnley's suspicions of danger, 105 ;—his melancholy position, 106 ;—Mary's last visit to him, *ib* ;—his murder, 107 ;—Mr. Aytoun's prejudices, *ib* ;—Mary's duplicity, *ib* ;—proofs of her guilt, 108 ;—supposed testimony to her innocence, *ib* ;—her conduct after the murder, 109 ;—interment of Darnley, 110 ;—cry for vengeance, *ib* ;—sham trial of Bothwell, 111 ;—Mary's after-proceedings respecting him, 112 ;—Bothwell obtains a divorce, *ib* ;—pretended abduction of Mary, 113 ;—her marriage with Bothwell, *ib* ;—chronological review of Mary's acts at this period, 114 ;—conduct of John Knox towards her, 115 ;—characters of Mary and Knox, *ib* ;—the behaviour of Knox explained, 117 ;—conclusion of review, 118.

Projects for Improved Shipping Accommodation in Bombay Harbour.—Review of Bombay Government records, and proceedings of the Bombay Mechanics' Institution on the subject, 385 ;—good roads, docks, and harbours essential for the civilisation and means of every people, *ib* ;—railways and docks for India, 386 ;—number of square-rigged vessels and steamers which entered Bombay harbour in 1855, 387 ;—their tonnage, *ib* ;—manner of unloading them, *ib* ;—trade of the port increasing, *ib* ;—accommodation deficient, 388 ;—plan of the site of Bombay, *ib* ;—schemes for docks submitted to Government, 389 ;—particulars of four projects, 390 ;—merits of two of the schemes, *ib* ;—an alternative scheme, 392 ;—arguments in favour of a sea-wall, 393 ;—review of proceedings, 394 ;—sites suggested for the wet docks, 395 ;—boldness of Mr. Walker's design, 396 ;—his project practicable in a modified shape, 397.

R

Raynal, Abbé.—See *Age of Progress in Bombay*, 158.

Richardson, D. L.—See *Erodis of the Indian Empire*, 119.

Rise of the Navy and Army at Bombay. 1742—1760.—Review of 'Debates in the House of Commons on the Mutiny Act for the East Indies,' 265 ;—reduction of the marine and military establishments of the East India Company in 1742, *ib* ;—consequences of the reduced state of the marine—losses from piracy, 266 ;—French privateers appear in 1747, 267 ;—engagement between the 'Anson' and the 'Apollo,' 268 ;—mutiny on board the 'Bombay,' 269 ;—the ship seized, and commander and officers made prisoners, *ib* ;—the mutineers return to duty, 270 ;—arrival at Bombay, 271 ;—the mutineers escape unpunished, *ib* ;—improvements in the state of the marine, *ib* ;—the old military establishment, 272 ;—reductions effected, 273 ;—'shave-for-a-penny' and other officers, 274 ;—a Company's officer's existence, 275 ;—qualification for promotion and appointments, *ib* ;—military reforms, 277 ;—a mixed force of 2,000 raised at Surat in 1746, *ib* ;—a company of artillery, and ten companies of European infantry formed at Bombay, 278 ;—description of soldiers sent from England by recruiting agents, 280 ;—a Swiss company arrive in Bombay, 281 ;—Major Sir James Poulis assumes command of the troops, *ib* ;—reforms introduced by him, 282 ;—introduction of the Mutiny Act, *ib* ;—jealousy evinced by the British people at all attempts to introduce military law, *ib* ;—passing of the Bill in 1689, 283 ;—the Bill for the East Indies read for the first time on the 19th February 1754, *ib* ;—passed the Lords on 25th March 1754, 284 ;—proclamation of the Act at Bombay, *ib* ;—formation and rise of the Bombay army dates from that time, 285 ;—strength in 1754, *ib* ;—in 1759, 286 ;—dress, pay, and rations, 287 ;—grievances of officers and men, 288 ;—the first court-martial, 289 ;—Clive's remonstrance with the Government, 290 ;—the second court-martial, 291 ;—the third ditto, 293 ;—standing order issued in consequence of this court-martial, 294 ;—remonstrance by the King's

officers addressed to the Government on the subject of the order, *ib* ;—reply of the Government, *ib* ;—desertions from the ranks, 295 ;—revolt at Tellicherry, 296 ;—repugnance of officers to the service, 297 ;—resignations and retirements, *ib* ;—extent of British territory in Western India in 1751, 298 ;—troops transferred to Madras, *ib* ;—Clive's expressions, 299 ;—the first morning and evening gun at Bombay, *ib* ;—war with Spain proclaimed, *ib*.

Rival Routes from England to India.—Review of various publications on, 328 ;—schemes in the field, 329 ;—the Suez canal, 330 ;—marked hostility shown to the scheme, 331 ;—grounds for opposing the project, 332 ;—the nautical and commercial objections thrice refuted, 333 ;—Mr. Kenney's argumentation, *ib* ;—supposed dangers of the Red Sea, *ib* ;—the British Channel without lighthouses, &c. far more dangerous, 335 ;—length of the passage up and down the Red Sea another objection, *ib* ;—steamers make it quick enough all the year round, *ib* ;—voyage favourable for sailing vessels during the greater part of the year, *ib* ;—steam-tugs might be made available at unfavourable seasons, *ib* ;—the next objection—'the shortest way by miles not the shortest way by time,' 336 ;—proof adduced, *ib* ;—the Euphrates Valley railway, 337 ;—objects of both the foregoing schemes, *ib* ;—complaints of their promoters, *ib* ;—object of Mr. Andrew's 'Memoir on the Euphrates Route to India,' 338 ;—estimate of the matter of the 'Memoir' by 'Two Travellers,' *ib* ;—merits of the project examined by the 'Travellers,' 339 ;—Mr. Andrew's errors in the details of his scheme, *ib* ;—reception of his statements in England, 340 ;—his promises, *ib* ;—facts. 341 ;—estimate of the cost of the line, and time necessary for its completion, *ib* ;—probable cost of transport of food on the line, *ib* ;—the project condemned in India, 342 ;—guarantee of the Sultan's Government, *ib* ;—General Chesney's connection with the scheme, 343 ;—his services to his country, *ib* ;—concluding observations on both projects, 344.

S

Shakespeare, William.—See *King Lear*, 363.

Shiel, Lady.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

Shiel, Sir Justin.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

Singer, S. W.—See *King Lear*, 363.

Smith, Captain R. Baird.—See *Dams and Rivers of Khandeish*, 48.

Smith, Right Hon. Vernon.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 197.

Spicer, Mrs.—See *Life in Ancient India*, 242.

St. Hilaire, Mons. Barthelémy.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 328.

Stoequeler, Lieutenant.—See *Exodus of the Indian Exile*, 119.

Suez Canal, The.—See *Rival Routes from England to India*, 330.

Sutherland, Colonel.—See *Political Relations of Great Britain and India with Persia*, 199.

Sykes, Colonel.—See *The Silver Question as regards India*, 223.

T

Thackeray, Mr.—See *Our Social Selves at Home*, 355.

The Daisy Chain.—Review of Miss Young's 'Daisy Chain,' 144 ;—peculiarities and defects of the author's works, 145 ;—their religious tone, *ib* ;—propriety of admitting religion to works of fiction, *ib* ;—Miss Young's characters,

CONTENTS of No. XI.

- I. THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.
- II. EGYPT AND THE WHITE NILE.
- III. EPITAPHS: EUROPEAN AND INDIAN.
- IV. SIR JOHN MALCOLM.
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